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THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

THE CALLED JADE WINCES.

It appears that my little sermon, entitled "King Charles the Martyr," has stirred up the Anglicans, and that, like Jonah, they feel that they do well to be angry. I hadn't the remotest intention of offending these good people by relating the history of their church organization. As I did not make said history, but only summarized it as I found it set forth in their own chroniques, I fail to see wherein I have given cause for offense. I freely conceded that the Anglicans, or as we call it in this country, the Protestant Episcopal Church, contains many excellent people—those who have risen superior to a spiritual environment which has ever been the handmaid of kingcraft and the enemy of human liberty. Intelligent Episcopalians understood this, and were no more offended than though I had stated any other historical fact; but in every institution, sectarian or secular, there are ignorami impatient of legitimate criticism, and who mistake calumny for religious zeal and insolence for logic. From this class I have received many letters, and I select from the lot one for the edification or amusement of my readers. I have expunged some matter not germane to the subject, and much unfit for publication because of its bestial obscenity; but it is still sufficiently rank to demonstrate the truth of that evangelist's thesis who declared there is no necessary relation between morality and religion. The writer, by himself considered, is unworthy an introduction to an in-

telligent audience, being a cross between King Cambyzes and Caliban, but as all his arguments and much of his misinformation are stolen bodily from a series of lectures delivered last March in New Orleans by Bishop Thompson, I am afforded an opportunity to vicariously correct that distinguished prelate by the very satisfactory expedient of pulling the tail-feathers out of his parrot. It was once the practice of some royal princes; hence there is precedent for making a blockhead suffer for the sins of a bishop:

Memphis, Tenn., April 22, 1897.

MR. W. C. BRANN:

I shall presume to address you a communication regarding an article appearing the April number of the *Iconoclast*, an article to which I must take exception—"King Charles the Martyr." The impression with me has been that the mission of your paper was to search for the truth concerning all things. After reading the above-mentioned article the conclusion is irresistible that if truth really be your object, you go not far beyond your limited knowledge in quest of it. I must emphatically dissent from your statements regarding the origin of the Church of England. To all intelligent people, excepting the leaders of the Papal hierarchy, the claim of the Roman Church to priority and supremacy is absurd. To prove this let us consider briefly a few important facts in connection with the birth and spread of Christianity with which the Catholic Church has been so prominently identified. It is cheerfully conceded by all Christians, regardless of sect, that Jesus of Nazareth founded the Christian Church at Jerusalem about 2,000 years ago. Catholics assert that after the resurrection, Christ remained on earth for forty days instructing his disciples. The New Testament records

that these disciples remained in Jerusalem for ten years after the Ascension, perfecting their principles of worship and government. Then from Jerusalem, as from a common center, they radiated in all directions, bearing the gospel of a new dispensation. Some reached Rome—there is no historical evidence to prove that Peter was among them—succeeded in introducing Christianity, and from the Eternal City, as a second center, their followers spread over the vast domain of the Roman Empire. The same zealous souls that preached “The Kingdom of God is at hand” in the streets of Rome carried the joyful news to Britain—some claiming St. Paul himself went thither. The simple inhabitants of that lonely isle eagerly received the glad tidings. The incursions of the Angles and Saxons soon followed. The simple faith was swept before these heathen invaders into the mountain fastnesses of Wales and across the waters into Ireland, and there confined until Augustine, a Roman monk, sent thither by Gregory I converted the Saxons. Under and after Augustine, almost all of England was Christianized, and at the time of the Norman conquest the church was firmly established and known as the Church of England, on an equal footing with the Church of Rome and the Church of Constantinople. A short while prior to the conquest, the Bishops of Rome, called Popes, were beginning to assert their supremacy over all other bishops, Rome being the chief city of the then civilized world. The Church of England, though certainly recognizing the Bishop of Rome as primate, the holder of the first see of the Christian world, denied his supremacy, either temporal or spiritual, steadily resisted the growing encroachments on her rights, and stoutly affirmed the independence of her clergy. That up to the time of the Norman invasion her independence was unquestioned, is clear from the fact that the Pope blessed

the Conqueror's enterprise, on condition that England be held as a fief of St. Peter. Not, however, until some years later, did England really become a vassal of the Pope. Hildebrand's claim to supremacy had met with determined opposition in every quarter, but Rome was powerful, and aided by the dissensions, jealousies and petty quarrels of reigning princes succeeded in establishing her claim. Spain early lost her independence, Portugal soon fell, and with Spain has been down ever since. Almost all Continental Europe followed. England alone held out. The East, with Russia and Greece, could not be coerced. Here occurred the first great scism. The Greek Church withdrew from communion with the Roman and recognized the Bishop of Constantinople as primate. Now doubtless you can tell who founded the Greek Church, since you seem to regard any church not in communion with Rome as heterodox. The Church of England could be moved neither by threats nor bribes. Bulls and anathemas alike were unavailing. Possibly she would never have yielded to Papal influence had there not appeared in the person of her king, a traitor, false alike to both church and country. This King, John I, in return for certain concessions, promised to hold England and Ireland as a vassal from the Pope, and to pay yearly a thousand marks. Thus by force of a king's arms was Papal power extended over the Church of England. This degradation of the Church and State so enraged the bishops and barons, already indignant at John's disregard of their rights, that they mustered their forces and proceeded to make war on the king, who, unable to defend himself, was reluctantly forced to grant Magna Charta, the foundation of English constitutional liberty and forerunner of the American Declaration of Independence. One of the provisions of this instrument declares that the Church of England shall be free and

clergymen secure in their rights. This charter the Pope annulled, claiming his rights were invaded.

It is true that during the next four centuries England was Roman Catholic, but only in the sense that the Pope of Rome was the head of the church, his authority upheld all the while by the king's bayonets. When Henry VIII quarreled with the Pope he withdrew from the support of Papal supremacy the arms of the State, and the Pope unable to maintain his authority was forced to relinquish his claim. The Church simply changed her head. Bad as Henry VIII is conceded to have been the Pope of Rome was no better. Henry having refused to be longer the pliant tool of the Papacy, it was simply a case of "when thieves fall out honest men get their dues." The Church of England so long held down, threw off the yoke, shook herself free from the errors and superstitions that had crept in during papal administration, revised the book of Common Prayer and became again what was before John—the third great branch of the Catholic Church. Henry VIII was no more her founder, than is the editor of the *ICONOCLAST* the originator of the vile calumnies he flings against her. Luther's opinion of him was rendered while he was proudly wearing the title "Defender of the Faith" and it is a well-known fact that he was born and died a Papist. The above are the authenticated facts of history, and the sneers of the ignorant, the denunciations of the half educated and the sophistry of the cultured can no more affect them than can the gentle winds that blow out over the gulf stay the tides that sweep the sandy shores of Texas. The whole of your article is so grossly exaggerated, so shockingly indecent, so scurrilously bitter and so outrageously false, that I scarcely know whether to regard it as the irresponsible slobberings of a drunken fool, the ravings of an idiot, or the mouthings of a Jesuit.

Had you gathered all the accounts of the inquisition and the records of massacres by savage Indians, selected the most inhuman practices and impossible cruelties, changed names and dates to suit your purpose, and applied the resulting infamy to the Anglican Church and its record after the Reformation, you could not have fathered a more deliberate falsehood than you did. The article purports to be a resume of the history of the Church of England. From the manner in which the events alleged to have been connected with its origin are described, it is evident that you are about as capable of presenting truthfully anything connected with England and the English as the devil of telling the story of heaven or an ape picturing the thoughts of angels. Instead of writing the truth, your effusion is simply a sewer through which the flotsam and jetsam of a prejudiced mind and corrupt imagination has been spewed. Penned from the standpoint of an Irishman, it is not surprising that truth should be ignored and prejudice allowed full play. If there is anything an Irishman loathes with all the intensity of his nature, both as an Irishman and Catholic, it is England and her established church. This feeling is so strong as to blind him to the most patent facts of history and common knowledge. Thus when you say the Church of England is the apologist of tyranny you overlook the Magna Charta; that it is a foreign element you forget the father of his country and his numerous compeers who were members of this church. Possibly you regard the Roman Church as indigenous to American soil. With the mass of its following ignorant Irish, the offscourings of a nation, Spaniards and Dagoes, the refuse of European immigration, with an American name as rare among its priesthood as truth amid the columns of the ICONOCLAST, its only reason for existence in this country is to hold in check the fierce passions of

the turbulent element that supports it. The Roman Church, however, this everlasting rock you prate about, is now strong only in benighted Spain and degraded Portugal, decaying fossils of the 16th century. With its worship of dead men's bones, images and relics it has been relegated to the lands where it belongs, the dying embers of once fierce fires. Half breed mongrels in South America dance half naked around its expiring corpse, while its mighty and infallible head having lost all temporal power, is now virtually a prisoner in the Vatican, receiving his mails by the grace of the Italian government. Why is this? Simply because in days gone by it undertook to map out and define science and philosophy as well as theology until no man could open his lips without peril of heresy. No opportunity being left for progress, every avenue of intellectual development being closed and freedom of constitutional government an impossibility, men were driven to revolution. Any kind of freedom was preferable to a bondage that contradicted the instincts of human nature, and no religion at all seemed better than the hard, narrow, mechanical, corrupt religion produced by such a policy. Being infallible, the Church could not admit its error and has had to suffer the consequences.

You claim the Anglican Church has ever been the uncompromising foe of freedom and display about as much knowledge of the subject as of the Single Tax. According to your own statement, England has been dominated by the power of this church since the time of Henry VIII. Can you point in the wide world, or in the pages of history, "reaching back into the twilight of fable," to any nation or aggregation of individuals that enjoyed the priceless boon of liberty to the extent that do the English people of to-day, and those with whom English influence has been or ~~is~~ paramount? If to Republican institutions it is a per-

ennial fount of poison, a mother to tories, anglomaniacs and traitors, is it not a little strange that the greatest of all instruments designed for the preservation of human rights and liberty—the Constitution of the United States—should have embodied the principles of government long practiced by the Anglican Church? But if it be true, why cannot the same thing be said of the Roman Church? Take away from this Church its Pope and its infallibility, its ideas of purgatory and absolution, its errors and its superstitions, and tell me where lies the essential difference in faith, dogma, practice and government. The vast difference which you will probably ignore, and which, after all is the great difference, is this—that while the Anglican church to a great extent embraces the culture and refinement of this country, the Roman Church is supported by the lowest classes, the mental slaves of American society, else papal infallibility, indulgences, relic worship and cannibalistic transubstantiation could not for a moment endure the light which the strong common sense of American people would direct against it. Episcopalianism, occupying the middle ground between the fanaticism of Protestant orthodoxy, and the superstition of Catholic infallibility, holds in trust all that is best and truest, purest and noblest of the teachings of Jesus. It stood sponsor at the birth of the English nation, and if Democracy and its twin attributes, liberty and equality, are indebted to any church for being, it is, through the English nation, to the Church of England at Runnymede.

I recognize the unalterable fact, that as a church, planted upon the tradition of the life and death of Jesus, and rooted in his teachings, the Catholic Church, with its three great branches—Roman, Anglican and Greek—is the only one with the slightest claim to authority in matters religious. All others are interlopers, the ignorance

of their ministers, the character of their teachings and the barrenness of their efforts having done and now doing, more to bring God and Religion into contempt than all the persecutions of the Catholic Church throughout the ages. The Roman Church, as a religion, to guide men to immortal life, is a back number, a voice from the past, a spirit of the tombs, a last lingering buzzard hovering over the whitened bones of its countless victims. You boast that you have associated much with the Jesuits. The association is evident, as you have become an adept in two of their most striking characteristics, falsehood and deception. It is also quite apparent that you are not unfamiliar with the society of the bagnio and saloon, since your writings clearly indicate an unusual proficiency of the vernacular that obtains in these avenues to hell. In conclusion let me suggest that if you would not appear ridiculous, that you steer clear of a subject about which you are lamentably ignorant, but in treating which the vindictive character of your spleen is only too apparent. I would also voice the hope that you permit the influence, neither of the wily Jesuit nor the subtle Bacchus to again prompt you to an effort so asinine, so brutal and so mean, and would commend to your voluble Fraudulency the observation of the experienced Solomon: "Even a fool when he holdeth his peace is counted wise," though it would take no ears to prove that you could be the father of a mule.

H. H. MANGUM.

Whether such an outward evidence of inward grace will convince the American people of the divine origin of Anglicanism, I cannot undertake to say; but it is a trifle suggestive that nearly all the vicious letters I received treat of religious subjects. How this godly man so readily

recognizes the "vernacular of the avenues of hell" he does not see fit to inform us; but we may assume that he was educated in argot by reading the biography of that Anglican saint, Queen Elizabeth. Well might I exclaim with Konig Ottokar:

"I have not borne me wisely in thy world,
Thou great all-judging God;"

But why this fellow insinuates that I frequent bagnios I cannot conceive—unless he suspects that I may be his father. He certainly has just cause to complain of his sire for having left him so poorly supplied with sense; but he need not quarrel with me, for he's no maverick of mine. Nor should he bite his thumbs at the *maison d'joie*, for the Anglican church was born in a king's harem and nurtured in the polyandrous establishment of a red-headed harlot. That such is its birth and breeding every reputable English historian has demonstrated beyond the peradventure of a doubt. Why should Episcopalians turn up their saintly proboscides at me on the supposition that I worship at the shrine of Semele's son? Bacchus was a god; Henry VIII an unclean beast. One was the divinity of wine, blessed in the Eucharist as the Savior's blood; the other the patron saint of uxoricide and incest. *Similis simili gaudet!* My correspondent says:

"Henry VIII was born and died a Papist."

Now, what in the name of St. Anne Boleyn, is a Papist? Webster defines the word as follows: "A Roman Catholic; one who adheres to the church of Rome and the authority of the Pope." Henry died at the head of a rival church organization, in open rebellion against Rome, denying the authority of the Pope. And this is the fellow who prattles glibly about the "half-educated," and takes his little type-

writer in hand to correct the **ICONOCLAST!** The anserine idiot is not only unfamiliar with English history, but unacquainted with the English language. Verily it is true, now and always, that "Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is accounted wise." The trouble is that a fool cannot be persuaded to bottle his yawp, but insists on making an indecent exposure of his ignorance. This learned Theban takes a fresh grip on his lungs and thus offends the atmosphere:

"The Church of England, though certainly recognizing the bishop of Rome as primate, denied his supremacy."

According to Webster, a primate is "the chief ecclesiastic of a national church." Thus we have a recognized chief whose supremacy is denied. We have the Pope of the Church of Rome duly recognized as chief ecclesiastic of a church which is independent of the Holy See. As primate of the Church of England he is in open rebellion against himself as Pope of the Church of Rome. Let him fight, with Mr. Mangum as referee—it's none o' my funeral. My correspondent declares that "up to the time of the Norman invasion the independence of the Church of England was unquestioned"; that "it was on an equal footing with the Church of Rome and the Church of Constantinople." Now the Church of Constantinople did not become permanently independent of the Church of Rome until the 15th, nor the Church of England until the 16th century. From the 3rd to the 15th century we see the Bishops of Byzantium, the Patriarchs and the emperors, with occasional revolts, acknowledging the spiritual supremacy of the See of Rome, and when these revolts occurred the Pope excommunicated the recalcitrants. The relations of the Greek and Roman churches is a question I did not raise and shall not discuss with a man altogether

ignorant; but let us examine the assertion that, concerning England, "the claim of the Roman church to priority and supremacy is absurd." Whether St. Peter reached Rome or St. Paul visited England are matters with which I have no concern. Who first carried the Gospel to Britain and when, nobody knows; but Rev. Canon Perry, a good Anglican, and author of "History of the Church of England," declares that Christianity was practically blotted out of the island by the incursions of heathen hordes, and that it was reëstablished by Pope Gregory, who sent the Benedictine monk Augustine and 40 companions thither for that purpose. Columbus, the despised "dago," was probably not the first mariner to discover America, any more than Augustine and his "dago" companions were the first to teach the Christian religion in England, but he was the first whose discovery amounted to anything, and is honored accordingly. Just as the world is indebted to a "dago" for its knowledge of America, so England is indebted to "dagoes" for its knowledge of Christ Jesus. Prof. E. A. Freeman (Ency. Brit.) says:

"England was the special conquest of the Roman church, the first that looked with reverence to the Roman pontiff. The Roman planted, the Scot watered; but the Briton did nothing."

What are you jumping me for? Why don't you settle the question of Roman "priority" with Prof. Freeman, and the question of Roman "supremacy" with Canon Perry? The latter says:

"In 668 Theodore, a Greek, was consecrated bishop of Canterbury by Pope Vitalian. Nearly the whole of the island was now Christian, and all parts of it recognized and submitted to Archbishop Theodore"—the Pope's ap-

pointee. Again "In 736 Egbert, bishop of York, obtained the pall from Rome, and was thus constituted a metropolitan."

Yet you tell us that until the Norman invasion the Church of England denied both the temporal and spiritual supremacy of the Pope! Why don't you procure a child's history of England and hide out in a haymow until you learn something about your native land. If Henry VIII did not found the Church of England who did? William Cobbett ("History of the Protestant Reformation") says: "Our ancestors for 900 years were *Roman Catholics*." Is the Church of England Roman Catholic? If not, somebody must have founded it in the 16th century. God knows I didn't. Swallow this from the *Columbian Cyclopaedia*, a rank anti-Catholic publication, and see if it doesn't raise knots in your epigastric region:

"Till the time of the Reformation ecclesiastical affairs would be more properly described as the history of the Church *in* England; from that period the Church of England dates her existence."

I might fill forty pages with equally respectable testimony to the effect that from the days of Augustine to the time of Cranmer there was no Church of England in contradistinction to the Church of Rome; yet, because I attributed its genesis to "Old Harry" the uxoricide, Mr. Mangum, having stuffed himself to the bursting point with the foolish prattle of a windy bishop, bestraddles the CONOCLAST as gaily as though it were a feather-bed.

"Oh, great restorer of the good old sage,
Preacher at once, and zany of thy age!
Oh, worthy thous of Egypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!"

Prof. Freeman says: "One of the first acts of Henry II. was to obtain a bull from the one English Pope, Hadrian IV., granting him the dominion of Ireland. Henry presently granted the kingdom of Ireland to his son John." He was the party who as king—says my learned critic—"extended the Papal power over the Church of England"; a power recognized by his father and by almost every other English sovereign for a period of nine centuries. It was John's recognition of the Pope's *temporal* power over the English *nation* which provoked the revolt—a revolt led by Archbishop Stephen Langton, an appointee of the Pope. As one good turn deserves another, I would suggest to my correspondent that if he would not appear ridiculous, he steer clear of a subject about which he is lamentably ignorant. "If he would spend more time studying history and less in gorging himself with the sophism of Single Tax slush, he might attain to that beautitude where he could open his face without providing a roomy receptacle for both feet. The English Catholics insisted in maintaining somewhat the same relations to the Vatican in the days of John that American Catholics do in the days of McKinley. During those long centuries there was sometimes friction, occasional departures from Roman dogma, even attempts to set up an independent hierarchy, as did Emperor Zeno in the 5th century; but there was no church of England until the revolt of Henry VIII. I do not deny the right of secession from Rome; I am but reciting history for the enlightenment of Anglican ignorance. The Greek schism was occasioned by disagreement in dogma so radical as to preclude compromise; the English schism solely by King Henry's concupiscence. The historicity of that statement has never been called in question by any man with an ounce of brains, an atom

of information. England was intensely Roman Catholic when Henry ascended the throne of his ancestors, and he proudly wore the title conferred on him by the Pope—Defender of the Faith. He grew weary of his wife, fell in love with his illegitimate daughter, Anne Boleyn (that she was his daughter has been demonstrated by the public archives of England) and applied to Rome for a divorce that he might wed the child he had already debauched. As the Pope declined the role of Pandarus, Henry declared the Catholics in England absolved from their allegiance to the Holy See, and himself their spiritual head. As “an evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit,” it is important to know for a surety whether that incestuous beast, Henry VIII, really founded the Church of England. It is claimed by Episcopalians that he was only “nominally” its head. Such appears to be the idea of Mangum the multiloquent. Canon Perry declares emphatically (Ency. Brit.) that, infuriated by the failure to secure his divorce, he demanded of the clergy in England their acceptance of his claim to supremacy over the church, and that after many threats they at last acceded. Now, let us see whether Henry became the nominal or the active head of the new theological infant. Perry continues: “The convocation was called upon to promise that from henceforth no new canons should be made or promulgated without the king’s consent, that a review of the old canons should take place, and that only those ratified by the king should hold good. Henceforth no convocations could be summoned but by the King’s writ. The King had pressed the acknowledgement of his supremacy, and had sacrificed in doing this many victims, and among them two of the most eminent men in England, Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More. In 1536 the first authoritative

statement of reformed doctrine was made. Ten articles were drawn up by the king. In the following year a larger body of reformed doctrine was put forth."

"Nominal head" your gran'dam! Henry was not only Pope of the new church, but its entire college of cardinals and ecumenical council! Thus was the Church of England, according to one of its distinguished dignitaries, established by King Henry's law, supplied by him with a creed, and forced upon the people by his bayonets! What an immaculate thing that church must be which was born between the incestuous sheets of Anne Boleyn! I can scarce wonder that it is the favorite cult of such men as Mangum. During the reign of Edward there was more creed-making, superintended by Cranmer—that saintly soul who subsequently declared that the new faith was false as hell and begged the forgiveness and prayers of the Pope! During the reign of the bastard Elizabeth (King Henry, Parliament and Cranmer so called her) the church took on some more reformation cargo—while Parliament was decreeing that if the "Virgin Queen" could pick up an heir at her royal bagnio it should succeed to the sovereignty, should become the "first gentleman," as she was "the first lady" of the supercilious "Anglo-Saxons!" Verily "the odor of sanctity" emitted by the Church of England is so dense that it can be sawed into slabs. If it was independent of the Holy See before the Norman Conquest, how came all its saints to be Roman Catholics? But I crave the reader's pardon; it's a mere waste of ammunition to turn a Maxim gun loose on a Malodor. I suppose that I ought to feel profoundly grateful to these fresh young men who so kindly propose to supply me with intellect from their Socratean superabundance. Bishop Thompson made one or two remarks in his opening lecture which my correspondent neglected to steal—tha†

being the only reason his essay isn't even more idiotic. He said: "The Catholic Church is fond of claiming that Henry VIII established the church of England because he could not get a divorce from his first wife. The fact is that under the cannon law of the church Henry was not married. The church forbade marriage to a brother's widow, and Pope Julius dispensed the law when he permitted Henry to marry his brother's widow. That particular canon is a law of God, laid down in the Bible, and the Pope had no right to change that for Henry or anywhere else. The Roman Catholic Church never had any standing in England."

The most accomplished Jesuit could scarce find smoother casuistry in his supposed *Moneta Secreta*. Catherine was only nominally the wife of Prince Arthur, the ceremony having been performed when he was but 15 years old and never completely consummated. After the death of his son, Henry VII proposed to marry Catherine, but her mother refused assent, and the Pope granted dispensation for her marriage with Prince Henry on the ground that she had never been defacto the wife of Prince Arthur. Would Bishop Thompson have us believe that the founder of the Anglican faith would wed with his son's widow—that incest was a family failing? If so I shall offer no objection. But if "The Roman Catholic Church never had a standing in England," why did Henry VIII. appeal to its pontiff to grant him a divorce? Would a Baptist appeal to an Anglican court, or a Methodist tell his troubles to a Presbyterian synod? Brer Thompson is articulating through his episcopal chapeau. It may be that the Roman Catholic Church was not "by law established," as is the Anglican—it being necessary to enforce its doctrines and collect its tithes with a policeman's club; but that it exercised spiritual, and sometimes tem-

poral authority there for nearly a thousand years there is indisputable evidence. It had a very decided "standing" there—a standing so strong that the princes and nobles were suspicious, and perhaps justly so, of its desire for temporal domination. It was not against the Pope as a priest, but against the Pope as a Prince that the Catholic barons revolted and won Magna Charta at Runnymede. While English Catholics were quite willing to import their theology from Rome, and thereby save incestuous princes the trouble of supplying it, they insisted on making their politics themselves—just as American Catholics are doing today. The Catholic Church not only had a "standing" in England, but a very considerable commercial rating, King Henry being able to despoil the monasteries of nearly \$200,000,000, leaving the poor unprovided for and the young to grow up in ignorance. Bishop Latimer (Anglican) thus laments the first fruits of Henry's "reformation:"

"Marry! they maintained them (poor scholars) and gave them livings that were very Papists and *professed the Pope's doctrine*; and now almost no man helpeth to maintain them. Truly it is pitiful to see the schools so neglected."

Latimer, be it remembered, was one of the divines who decreed Henry's divorce, and was burned as a heretic by Mary. I have not in this, or in any previous day, quoted other than a Church of England man against the "establishment," yet am accused of unfairness. What would my critics say should I print the testimony of Catholics and Puritans, who suffered the most dreadful persecutions at the hands of this divine (?) institution which "occupies middle ground between the fanaticism of Protestant orthodoxy and the supersition of Catholic infallibility?" My Memphis correspondent would assuredly break his pucker-

ing string—whatever that may be. Henry having robbed the monasteries and divided the swag with such saints as Tom Cromwell—his vicar general, and Bishop Cranmer, his divorce doctor, young Edward—the second hierarch of the Church of England—despoiled the trade-guilds and hospitals on the plea that they were “Popish” institutions, thereby filling the streets of the cities with paupers, cripples and invalids. My authority? Bishop Stubbs, an Anglican, good sirs. Booty and Beauty seems to have been the shibboleth of those blessed “reformers,” the founders of an institution so sacred that it were rank blasphemy to criticise. I could fill a thousand pages with the story of the Church of England’s infamy, and not employ one word except the testimony of her own communicants. My critic is for once correct: “The editor of the *ICONOCLAST* is not the author of the foul calumnies he flings against her”—that honor belongs to her own bishops.

It were not surprising that an Irishman should “loathe with all the intensity of his nature, both as an Irishman and a Catholic, England and her established church. Were I an Irishman I would hate and abhor England as the thievish despoiler of my country and the cowardly assassin of my ancestors. Were I a Catholic I would “loathe” her mongrel “establishment,” which was conceived in sin, brought forth in iniquity, and foisted upon my people by force. Being an American sovereign and denying the whole body of Roman dogma, including the Immaculate Conception, as well as the Apostolic Succession, I am able to view, if not with indifference, at least with contemptuous pity, “the most dutiful subjects” of a beery old female, and their theological hoodoo inherited from incestuous Henry. I would probably not have concerned myself with a sect sprung from the black heart of

an assassin and nurtured by hangmen and harlots had not a gang of sexless Anglo-maniacs, calling themselves Americans, met together in the birthplace of our independence and profaned the very penetralia of the Goddess of Liberty by snivelling like a lot of whipped eunuchs in a nigger harem over that contemptible cutpurse, "King Charles the Martyr." Gods! 'tis a wonder Liberty Bell did not alarm the patriot dead with its clamor, calling the Conscript Fathers once more to the defense of Freedom—endangered not by foreign bullets but by native bots!

Failing to conquer Ireland and Scotland, the Caesars abandoned England as not worth the cost of its keep. The "offscourings" of surrounding nations then poured in and amalgamated with the abandoned serfs like so many Mangumesque malodors, evolving what is now known as the "Anglo-Saxon" or free-born Englishman. Finally this mongrel brood of mental misfits and moral abnormalities—the offspring of pirates, peons and prostitutes—was wrought into something approaching a civilized nation by the untiring energy and sleepless vigilance of the Church of Rome, which has ever made the conversion and uplifting of degraded peoples and inferior races her special care. After some 12 centuries of progress from subter-savagery toward semi-civilization, England was able, partly by the aid of foreign mercenaries, but chiefly by treachery to subjugate Ireland to make it an appange of her own Serbonian mire and Bocotian fog-banks—an emerald brooch gleaming on the naked hide of a yaller nigger! She forced her lust-born, harlot-bred religious establishment on the conquered people, destroyed their temples, insulted their shrines, stole their land, confiscated their revenues and decreed that a Catholic caught teaching a child to read should be treated as a common criminal. And now England, or calf dropped by that breed of

cattle, has the supernal gall to sneer at "the ignorant Irish"—to turn up his beefy snout at a country which was Europe's greatest repository of learning before it fell by fraud under the brutish dominion of a church begotten by a wife-butcher and a bawd. It is not remarkable that the Pope who authorized Henry VII. to subjugate Ireland should have been born and bred an Englishman, for only an Englishman could have been guilty of the infamy of trying to make the eagle valla! to the vulture.

"Priceless boon of liberty!" cries my correspondent. Aye! Aye! Won at Runnymede, not by Protestant Episcopalians, but by Roman Catholics. Won at Lexington and Yorktown by men who so "loathed" England that they marched barefoot over ice and snow, armed with scythes and pitchforks, to hurl themselves upon the bayonets of her Hessian hirelings, and with their mangled bodies built a barrier against her damning tyranny while her savage Indian allies were butchering their helpless babies and laying waste their homes! We are told that all this is in the past and that unless we forget and forgive we are "jawsmiths" and "jingoes." I am not an other-cheek Christian like the meek and lowly Mangum, and the record of England's Indian atrocities and other cowardly infamies is writ too deep in the history of my family to permit of pardon. England is a most remarkable apostle of freedom. It was not until the year of grace 1829 that Catholics could sit in the House of Commons or even municipal office. In 1851—only 46 years ago—a law was passed by Parliament imposing a fine of \$500 on Catholics who accepted ecclesiastical titles. Previous to 1829—within the memory of men now living—they were excluded from the practice of law and pedagogy, could not purchase land or hold it on long lease, and priests

who endangered the precious souls of Protestants by marrying them to Catholics were executed. Yet the Irish were inveigled into the Act of Union by the solemn promise of an English premier that Catholic disabilities would be immediately removed. That was 97 years ago, and they are not all removed yet—there's no such thing as religious liberty in England. There are important secular offices from which Catholics are still debarred because of their creed. Not until 1858 did England remove the civil disabilities of the Jews—yet this stultiloquent idiot has the audacity to intimate that the broad liberty enjoyed in the United States is the fruit of English example! For what freedom Jews and Catholics now enjoy they owe nothing to the Church of England. It bitterly opposed every proposition looking to the removal or amelioration of their civil disabilities; it originated and forced through the infamous Ecclesiastical Titles Assumption Act in 1851—a statute so subversive of liberty, so rankly intolerant, that, enacted in the latter half of the 19th century, it made the name of England a byword and a reproach and a shaking of the head to the nations. The favorite dogma of the “establishment,” time and again promulgated, is *non-resistance* to the sovereign no matter how tyrannical his acts. That's why it bred Tories and traitors among us during the Revolution—yet we are asked to believe that the Church of England—with the dogma of *non-resistance* in one hand and the sword of Gideon in the other, won Magna Charta at Runnymede! Will my Memphidian friend kindly forward before-and-after taking photographs? England feared that, if longer oppressed, the Jews would take elsewhere the capital which gave her commercial supremacy and supplied the sinews of war; that if Catholics were not accorded a larger liberty she might not be able to ensconce herself in time of danger

behind a bulwark of Irish bayonets, so she reluctantly followed the example of the United States.

The man who seriously intimates that "English influence is paramount" in this country should be tapped for the simples. It ceased to be "paramount" more than a century ago—when King George's "most dutiful," etc., struck their flag and were given hours in which to pull their freight. Of the 121½ million immigrants who landed on our shores during the half century ending 1890, England supplied only about 1½ million, and a majority of those came either to ply the trade of thievery or wear livery as the servants of American sovereigns. It is not Ireland or Italy, but England that supplies America with flunkeys. I would not be at all surprised if Mr. Mangum had worn brass buttons and danced attendance at some American's door, for he has all the pertness of a Jeames de la Pluche. His wit suggests the *bavardage* of the but-tery. His suggestion that I may be the father of a mule is a particularly brilliant below-stairs *bonmot*; but he need not wave his ears at me—I never grazed in the same pasture with English mares. Perhaps the most densely ignorant, the most hopelessly stupid people on earth are the English. The farming class of that country cannot so much as speak a civilized language. Each district has a barbarous gibberish peculiar to itself, and when people from the opposite shores of the 2x4 island meet they have to make signs like different tribes of savages. The great bankers of England are Jews, its great merchants are Irish, its great manufacturers are Scotch, its reigning family is Dutch, while all its great authors and orators, soldiers and statesmen have been either Celts or of Celtic extraction. The genuine "Anglo-Saxon" runs chiefly to beef and brutality and little to brains.

I do not forget the father of my—not your—country.

In the article which you puked upon like a bilious buzzard because you could not confute, I distinctly acknowledge the exceptions that prove the rule. There have been Cretians who would not lie, niggers who would not steal, Englishmen who were not pragmatic prigs, Single Taxers who were not wise simply in their own conceit—and American Episcopalians who were true patriots; but 'tis the general, not the particular, which proves the truth of a proposition. Washington was not a consistent Anglican, else he would have accepted the pussillanimous doctrine of non-resistance to tyrants instead of waging successful war upon his sovereign. He was compelled to choose between Anglican dogma and American patriotism; and being a man of sense and courage, he chose the better part. It is worthy of remark that while the Anglicans of New York were putting up daily prayers for the success of the king, Washington was thanking the Roman Catholics of the same city for their sacrifices in defense of human freedom. The Anglican clergy in America were *Tory almost to a man*.

It is not my province to defend the Church of Rome against the stupid calumnies of alleged Christians who keep their mouths open so much that the sun shines into 'em and curdles their milk of human kindness; having all I can do to keep my flock of webfoot Baptists paddling against the current. It is quite noticeable, however, that while the Church of England is making no converts among Catholics, the better educated of its own communion are rapidly deserting it for Roman dogma. Bishop Newman was the ablest man the "establishment" could boast. Where is he now? Safe in the bosom of the church which you—like Aesop's snail on the marble monument—are seeking to beslime. Strange that if the Church of Rome be so disreputable, the "establishment" should have

striven so hard to get into closer communion, only to have its prayers denied. Of course the Anglican church "embraces the culture and refinement of this country." It has *you* corralled—and you are the squintessence of culture, the double-distilled extract of refinement, the Gamaliel of the googoos, the Chesterfield of the happies. As Chimmie Fadden would say, you are de tiptoe o' de too-toos, as smart as a spanked kid an' de swellest wot dey is. You suggest some bright papilonaceous creature innocently basking in a perfumed sunbeam, or beauteous bird of the genus *Pavo* artlessly disporting its gaudy plumage in the Gardens of Gul. If we had a few more æsthetical polecats of your proficiency in the art of distilling sweet odors an Oscar Wildean pelingenesis were possible. You have stunk for attention and got it—have crawled out of the unclean ooze of your obscurity to slander the Mother Church and make your name forever more a public synonym for shame. You could not rest content until you found yourself

"Exalted o'er your less abhorred compeers
And festering in the infamy of years."

Having floundered through the blue-back speller, Progress and Poverty and Bishop Thompson's lectures, you must needs set up as a man of learning and weary a gab-cursed world with what you don't know, instead of meekly trailing a pair of your infecund fellows through the lowly cotton-patch. The Anglican church is eminently "respectable"—so much so that were Christ Jesus to appear in his travel-soiled single garment the usher would bundle him unceremoniously into a back seat and the bejeweled congregation ignore him utterly. It looks after the spiritual welfare of Dives, leaving to Rome the care of Lazarus. It is a Pullman train to the heavenly hence-

forth and carries the Cross in a baggage-car. It is the aw—the fashionable church, dontcherknow, the Fifth Avenue of the faithful—a social clearing-house and temple of ease in Vanity Fair. No danger that it will soil its white kids with the world's "offscourings." What I most admire in the Catholic church is its utter disregard of pharisaical "respectability." It is not forever pandering to Plutus, nor does it demand a Persian rug upon which to pray to One who went barefoot and slept in the brush. It seeks the poor who need aid, the ignorant who require counsel, the criminal who want grace. It is the universal Good Samaritan and Angel of Mercy. It holds out its hands to the "ignorant Irish," the "dagoes," the semi-savages of South America, and even to the brutal English crying "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." It acts on the theory that Christ came, not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance—that the proper mission of the Bride of God is to "hold in check the fierce passions of the turbulent," and teach them the humility of the Master. Its priests are not too proud to follow in the footsteps of the lowly Apostles, nor too libidinous to accept the vow of celibacy sanctioned by the Savior. Pope assures us that religionists "can't be wrong whose life is in the right"; and while such remains the practice of the Church of Rome she cannot fail to command the veneration of all manly men. Sects and schisms are born and live their little life and die; but the Church of Rome is indeed "an everlasting rock." There she stands! as she has stood for nearly nineteen centuries, the civilization of a world growing with her growth and strengthening with her strength. She is the one reliable repository of Christian faith from which all Magilases and Luthers, all King Henrys and Calvins must be furnished forth—the sun of the Christian cosmos from which

all these fast whirling planets came, to which they must all return. To paraphrase the ancient boast of the Eternal City,

While stands the Vatican Rome shall stand;
When falls the Vatican Rome shall fall,
And when Rome falls—the world!

* * *

JUDGE LYNCH AND THE LAWYERS.

ONE J. S. Hogg, attorney-at-law by trade, has been taking what he evidently considers a terrific fall out of Judge Lynch. He picks this preter-jurist up by the slack of the pantelettes and wraps him around the periphery of a gum-stump with an armipotence that fills the quivering atmosphere with fragments of "liver and lights" and the pungent odor of toasted tripe. Hogg is a roasting-mill for your gridiron when he does the Ingalls act—or thinks he is, which is just as satisfactory to his soul. When the "storm tossed" lashes himself to fury and begins to fulminate, he's preëminently a hot potato. When he assumes the rôle of malefactor and begins to spout fire, Philaris' brazen bull were an icebox or the chilly kiss of a Boston schoolmarm by comparison. There is an explosive force to his dehiscence that would shame a dynamite shell. He's past grand master of the science of anacamptics, and can, with one blast upon his bugle-horn, awake the slumbering echoes from Sabine's slimy ooze to the Rio Bravo's glistening sands. Harken to the deep-toned dreadfulness of Texas' only Hogg:

"Judge Lynch is the most contemptible, the most villainous, the most cowardly of all the red-handed murderers whose souls ever roasted in the log-heaps of hell," etc, etc.

Bravo! Old Balaam, the prince of curse-peddlers, could scarce have done better. The trouble with Hogg, however, is that he has no concept of proportion, the positive and comparative having been eliminated from his vocabulary to make room for the super-superlative. It has been said that he cannot distinguish between buttermilk and bordeaux, between corn-pone and pound-cake—that whatsoever he can get through his neck is welcome gastronomic grist; and I must fear that his estimation of men and measures is faulty as his idea of edibles. In the opinion of this adipose limb of the law, those who hanged the bank-robbers and assassins at Wichita Falls; those who burned a buck nigger for ravishing a 3-year-old babe at Paris; those who executed a black beast for having forcibly debauched a white maid near Bryan, are infinitely worse than the fiends they put out of the world. In other words, it is more “contemptible” to unlawfully slay a professional assassin than it is to unlawfully slay a worthy citizen. It is more “villainous” to send a rape-fiend hence without due process of law than to take an infant from its cradle and sacrifice its life to lust. It is more “cowardly” to string a negro up in the face of heaven than to pounce upon an unprotected maid, defile her and inoculate her with a loathsome disease! Disliking to say anything disrespectful of a man whose intentions it believes to be good, the ICONOCLAST refrains from comment. It is of the opinion that a majority of the participants in the affairs above referred to are undeserving of such severe denunciation. They did not go about their work “masked and in the darkness of the night,” as Mr. Hogg imagines is the invariable practice of punitive mobs, but with uncovered faces and in the broad open light of day. They believed that when such desperate criminals are caught red-handed, the proper thing to do is to crack their necks

with the least possible delay, instead of saddling themselves with the expense of long and tedious trials and affording various learned lawyers an opportunity to pad their weasel-skins by perverting justice and turning the offenders loose upon the land. I grant you freely that there should be no such thing in this land as mob-law; but instead of attempting to blow Judge Lynch off the earth with what Casca calls "a deal of stinking breath," it were the part of wisdom for Attorney Hogg to inquire diligently what brought him thither. I fear that a critical examination of the matter will demonstrate that mob-law is due chiefly to the lawyers—to the very class loudest in its condemnation. They shape our laws, and take precious good care in doing so not to deprive themselves of their occupation by making statutory intent too plain and court procedure too simple. Having secured a criminal code which it requires an expert to interpret—a labyrinthic maze inturbidated with a ridiculous terminology—the lawyers are preparing to entangle an innocent man in its meshes or secure the release of a Jack-the-Ripper as goes the professional fee. Of course there are honorable exceptions to this rule, for it is not absolutely necessary that a lawyer should be a rascal. Some there be who would scorn to accept a fee from the blood-stained hand of a criminal; but candor compels the confession that they are in nowise numerous. No matter how honorable he be in his private capacity, the average lawyer is professionally ambidexterous, and, within the courtroom, morally ambilevius; he is not only ready to accept service under any flag, but to strike foul blows to win his fight. I do not mean by this that he will pack juries and suborn witnesses; but that he will employ all those arts recognized by his too liberal code of ethics to mislead the court and shield his client. If justice will acquit his client then he would have

justice "though the heavens fall"; if justice would hang or imprison his client, then he becomes a conspirator against the peace and dignity of the commonwealth. We will say that Smith meets Jones on the streets of Tyler, by gross insult provokes an assault, then shoots his assailant dead. He employs as counsel Messrs. J. S. Hogg and J. M. Duncan, both of whom are now tearing their lingerie to tatters because of the activity of Judge Lynch. These distinguished attorneys promptly set up the plea of self-defense. The county is raked with a fine-tooth comb to secure a dozen fat-headed aphides who have formed no opinion about the case simply because not blessed with "the grand thaumaturgic faculty of thought." A week is extended in securing this museum of mental misfits, and another in badgering and browbeating witnesses, who become so confused that they would contradict themselves in attempting to state their names, ages and occupations. The jury is overawed by Hogg's pomposity, befuddled with Duncan's sophistry, and impressed with the idea that the dead man was a dangerous character who was seeking to slay defendant instead of trying to tweak his nose as offset to a gratuitous insult. Then it is locked up—having but a shadowy conception of lawyer-made law and utterly unable to analyze attorney-distorted evidence. What can you expect of such a tribunal? Has not the blundering of petit juries passed into a proverb? Do you not know of a dozen men formally tried and solemnly acquitted who should have been hanged or put in the penitentiary? Can you not cite a score of cases in which poor devils charged with trifling offenses were given the extremity of the law, while men guilty of capital crimes received lighter sentences? Do you not know that it is more dangerous for a beggar to steal a mule than for a plutocrat to kill a man? The Smith-Jones jury probably agree to disagree

simply because the miserable blockheads can not tell what the devil the contention is all about; in which case the pitiful farce must be played over again—at the expense of the people. The next time the defendant is convicted of manslaughter and given two years in prison instead of ten minutes on the gallows. On some flimsy pretext a motion is made for a new trial. Perchance one of the jurors went to sleep during a tedious wrangle over the admission of unimportant evidence; or some one in the crowd may have passed him a bottle of Prohibition bitters. The motion must be argued. If overruled, an appeal is taken on some fool technicality. More delay. Finally the case is reversed and remanded. Smith can now be tried only for manslaughter, having been formally acquitted of deliberate murder. New trial; mistrial; change of venue; case continued from term to term until important witnesses die or disappear. The public loses interest in the case and forgets the dead man's family. Smith has joined church and is leading an exempalry life. The public becomes sorry for the defendant and when he is finally acquitted, crowds around to congratulate. And the name and fame of Hogg and Duncan are exploited far and wide as "great criminal lawyers"—men whose services other vicious hoodlums may find invaluable. And the next time a murder occurs under like conditions, the people, remembering the incompetence of courts, take the law into their own hands. And the mistake they make in hanging the homicide instead of stringing up Duncan and Hogg, whose skill in protecting criminals encouraged him to commit the crime. They are guilty before God; for had Smith been hanged as he deserved, the second murder had not been committed. Yet Duncan indulges in mandragora moans and Hogg puffs himself up like some bloated *bufo vulgaris* and denounces the people as contemptible cowards—whose

pernicious activity has deprived him of a fat fee. They are cowards, says he, because they have killed "an unarmed prisoner"—just as though sheriffs conducted executions by releasing the condemned men and providing them with loaded muskets! When Mr. Hogg roasts a hare he does so while it's running. It has been said that the shortest route to a man's pericardium is through his purse—and every rape-fiend lynched, every murderer hanged by the mob takes a shingle off some lawyer's house. Doubtless mobs sometimes make mistakes; but in this particular they may well challenge comparison with the courts. As a rule Judge Lynch will harm no man unless his guilt be established beyond the peradventure of a doubt. With him it is simply a question of identity and evidence. There are no delays, no loop-holes in his law, no technicalities and continuances, no foolish red-tape and no lawyer's fees. How is it in our criminal courts? On one side is the prosecuting attorney eager to convict, no matter if the prisoner at the bar be innocent as a babe newborn, for both his fee and professional reputation are concerned; on the other side is the counsel for the defense, intent only on securing an acquittal, though he knows his client to be guilty of every crime in the calendar. The defendant is alternately painted as an angel of light and goblin damned, the lawyers pro and the attorneys con seeking to "make the worse appear the better reason" to a dozen sleepy dunderheads, who view the proceedings with eyes that bespeak the intelligence of a string of burnt holes in a blanket. It is not an attempt to determine right and wrong, but a torney between opposing counsel, the prisoner the bone of contention and ignorance officiating as umpire. And so it is that the courts, which should be the pillars of order, become the nidi of anarchy. Statutes exenterated by technicalities and courts eviscer-

ated by red tape, constitute the *raison d'être* of Judge Lynch—and he will never be debauched by denouncing the effect while the cause is permitted to remain. We have mob-law because we have lawlessness, and we have lawlessness because we have too many criminal-shielding lawyers. Every criminal statute needful could be printed within the compass of this little paper and made so plain that judges need rely no longer on "precedent," but adhere to the strict letter of the law. The courts should be stripped of all circumlocutory customs and made in truth temples of justice instead of tilting-ground for smart attorneys. The unit rule should be abolished in the jury room, a two-thirds vote made sufficient for a verdict, and intelligence instead of blank ignorance called to the box. As I have frequently suggested heretofore, it might be well to elect our jurors as we do other county officials, and make their vote in every case a matter of record, thereby fixing upon them more than a transient responsibility, and securing for such important service men in whose honesty and intelligence the people had formally expressed their confidence. As matters now stand, when a man of average intelligence finds himself on the jury, he is distracted by thoughts of his neglected business and can not give his undivided attention to the case. He is driven to a disagreeable duty for which he is in nowise qualified, and is inclined to compromise that he may be the sooner released. An elective jury would save the public great aggravation, expedite the business of courts and materially reduce the cost. Experience would soon enable them to properly analyze evidence and make them impervious to attorney-sophistry. Such a jury would constitute an elective bench of judges, be subject to impeachment and removal, and would be careful not to render verdicts which the court of appeals would reverse. Any

attorney will tell you that if he has a good case, he would prefer to submit it to the judge, because that official is usually capable of determining it wisely and well and it is to his interest to do so; but that if he has a bad case, he wants a jury, and the more stupid and irresponsible the better. The jury is so interwoven with our institutions that to altogether abolish it were probably unwise, certainly impossible at present; but instead of keeping pace with our civilization, the system has retrograded until, instead of being "the bulwark of our liberties," as once appropriately called, it has become the shield of criminals and the nursing mother of anarchy. It was once the custom to select as jurors "good men and true" who were supposed to know most, rather than those who knew least about the case, and they were at liberty to decide the matter without the assistance of contending attorneys or the taking of other testimony than what themselves could furnish. If they failed to agree, the dissidents in the minority were discharged and other reputable men of the immediate neighborhood called in. This was repeated until a verdict was reached, and the punishment decree followed as swiftly as in the days of ancient Israel. A man accused of crime was then tried by a "jury of his peers," or men who were more than his equals; he is now tried by a jury of jackasses. There should be no attorneys employed to prosecute, none retained to defend in criminal cases; but a skillful lawyer should be attached to the court to see that all important evidence is properly laid before the jury, while the judge interprets the law. To such a court the people would turn with respect and confidence and we would soon hear the last of Judge Lynch. Punishment, to have a repressive effect upon the criminal class and satisfy the public sense of justice, must follow sure and swift upon the commis-

sion of a crime. Statesmen take cognizance of the world as it is rather than indulge in Ernulphus-curses, because it is not all they imagine it ought to be. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and a life for a life, is not only the law of Moses, but is a statute deep-graven on the heart of humanity by the burin of the Almighty. When one commits a dreadful crime, the public conscience demands that he speedily die the death; and where courts notoriously fail to execute this mandate, uprisings of the people and mob-violence may be expected. What Hogg and Duncan so vigorously condemn is the result of society's inherent sense of justice, of pity for its outraged member and lack of confidence in the courts. The contemptibility, the villainy, the cowardice and the disregard for life of which they complain are the attributes of those attorneys who prostitute their talents to preserve intact the forfeited neck of the felon—who are willing, for a money consideration, to turn such monsters loose upon the community. When a lawyer begins to berate mob-violence, to brand whole communities with the stigma of Cain and consign them to “the log heaps of hell,” it were well to ask him if he ever shielded a criminal from the sword of Justice, thereby not only provoking but making necessary the very deeds he condemns. And if he can not return a negative answer he should be advised to poultice his impudence. The people of this county are neither “contemptible,” “villainous” nor “cowardly”—if they did twice make Hogg chief magistrate. They will respect the laws and the courts when and only when they are worthy of respect. Of course, I will be told that laws and courts are creations of the people, who are responsible for their imperfections, and who should reform instead of defying them. This is theoretically true, but practically false. The people demand various general

laws, and they are enacted, and satisfactory penalties provided; but the lawyers prescribe methods of court procedure and make their enforcement a costly and difficult matter. The general public has just about as much to do with the practical workings of our jurisprudence as it has with the science of medicine. How will the general public so reform the judiciary that a millionaire murderer may be tried, convicted and executed within ten days and at a cost of a few hundred dollars, when it can not so much as get a decent fee-bill enacted after making it an imperative platform demand? How will it deprive several thousand lawyers of their perquisites in criminal cases, when it can not compel a few stall-fed county officials to either resign or serve for a reasonable consideration? Could we expect the self-righteous Hogg and the begodly Duncan to favor a reform in our judiciary that would leave criminal lawyers without occupation and consociate our courts with common sense? The public, be it remembered, with more tongues than the hydra, more eyes than Argus, more hands than Briærus, is dumb and blind and helpless, sprawling this way and that on its multitudinous legs in the wake of various leaders who travel in a circle—in the center of which are the political flesh-pots. The public is seldom agreed as to what it does want, but is quick to determine what it does not want—and it does not want a rape-fiend or assassin to live one minute longer than necessary to determine his guilt and get a rope around his goozle. Like a blind horse, it may be led to water, but making it drink is a different matter. Until the courts can crack a criminal's neck while his offense still rankles in the public breast, Judge Lynch may be expected to do business despite all denunciation. There be some who seem to entertain the mistaken opinion that the people were made for the criminal and the criminal for the lawyer, on the princi-

ple that every bug must have smaller bugs to bite it. The lawyers, being pretty good fellows, non-professionally considered, will not, I opine, take serious umbrage at this indictment or attempt to argue it before that august tribunal we call the people, realizing, as it certainly must, that it were safer to promise reformation and cast themselves upon the mercy of the court. They have fallen into the bad habit of worshipping "due process of law" because it yields victual, forgetful that it is in nowise worthy adulation unless it yields also protection to the people. Of course certain would-be John the Baptists will rise up in the wilderness and denounce me as an advocate of lynch law; but remembering that Cicero assures us "even flies have their spleen," I will make a prayerful effort to survive. I am not an advocate of mob-violence; but I do say that no honest man in Texas fears Judge Lynch a little bit, while to the criminal class he is a greater terror than all our courts. If the man who religiously respects the persons and property of other people lives until he is made the central figure of an impromptu necktie sociable, he'll make old Methuselah appear a veritable mammoth-rept. In some way the public must be protected from the vicious, and Judge Lynch is like to hold his ægis over his people until a potent substitute is provided. I would prefer that all necessary hanging be done by sheriffs duly ordained; but to save me I can not add aught to the ostentatious tear-jugs of Hogg and Duncan because a few desperate criminals have been sent to hell by an irregular route. Perhaps my sob machinery would work smoother and my snuffle glands give down more voluminously if I could remember only the criminals and forget their victims.

THE RAPE FIEND REMEDY.

WHEN I suggested some years ago that we would yet be compelled to drive the negro out of this country or drive him into the ground, the northern press in general and the Ohio press in particular, reared up on its hind legs and hurled at me sizzling wads of reproach. I am not a little curious to know how the people of Urbana now regard the suggestion—whether the thousand and one women who have since been defiled by black fiends, as well as the immediate friends and relatives of these unfortunates, are inclined to join that indignant Cleveland dominie in denouncing the forcible expulsion of blacks as “a damnable crime conceived in the brain of a Texas brute.” It was said of old it is easy to bear the sorrows of others; but if we leave the disposal of the blacks to those men whose homes they have forcibly dishonored, will they receive a lighter sentence than banishment? If they decide that the blacks shall be permitted to remain, then I withdraw my suggestion and beg the pardon of that civilization which it is said I have “insulted.”

The “coon” has ever been a curse to this country. He has caused an amount of sorrow, suffering and shame which only Almighty God can measure. From an economic standpoint he has cost this country more than all the wars it has waged, added to the ruin wrought by flood and fire. He is, and will continue to be, an industrial stumbling-block, a political ulcer, a social scab, a moral nightmare so long as he is permitted to remain. His presence here is a ten-fold greater curse than all the apocryphal plagues laid upon the land of Egypt. He is a perpetual pestilence, an inexhaustible fount of political putrescence and moral poison. It is said that Ham was cursed with blackness because of his impudicity—his utter disregard of the laws of

decency; and that characteristic has been transmitted unimpaired to his descendants of the present day. The negro is a lazy, lying, lustful animal, which no conceivable amount of training can transform into a tolerable citizen. He lacks the fundamental elements of manhood. Ye cannot gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles; ye cannot hatch nightingales of goose eggs; ye cannot make a gentleman of a jackass or one of nature's noblemen of a nigger. The Ohio people propose to make rape a capital crime and apply the death penalty. Such statutes are impuissant, afford absolutely no protection. Such is the law of the South, and it is ably supplemented by Judge Lynch; yet no white woman is safe in her home, no white maid is secure beneath her father's roof unless shielded with a six-shooter. Even babes have been debauched, and we dare not leave toddling innocence or decrepit age beyond the reach of the white man's rifle. In days agoⁿe the red Indian hung like a circle of hell-fire on our frontier; but he was an angel of mercy compared with the Ethiop. His gust was for blood, not beauty; he destroyed, but seldom debauched. The Indian was an evil with which we could contend—an evil which we could and did crush out with unfaltering courage; but the negro is a pestilence which walketh in darkness and becomes more deadly with our every effort to strike it down.

Our Northern neighbors do not understand the negro. Plenty of sloppy sentimentalists who have absorbed "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and reams of kindred "rot" think that they do, but they don't. His mentality is in nowise akin to that of the white man. It is murky as his hide and resembles that of a hog. I mean no offense to the porker by comparison. You can teach a hog almost anything except to control his appetite, in which respect he is cousin-german to the "coon." Leave your garden gate

ajar for a moment, and Mr. Hog meanders in. Your dogs half devour him; but at the first opportunity he returns—returns, well knowing that it means a cruel clubbing and a cataract of curs. He is cowardly as a heifer calf, or that Warren, O., lazar who writes insulting anonymous letters to Southern ladies; but his belly rules his brain. A dozen times he is driven thence with a dog swinging to either ear and half a dozen more hanging to his bleeding hams; but a dozen times he returns in the hope of getting one more mouthful before squealing in vain for mercy. Such is the character of the “coon.” He well knows that if he assaults a white woman the chances are as 10 to 1 that he will be killed like a hydrophobic cur. He is cowardly to the last degree and has no intention of committing such a crime; but the opportunity offers and in the fever of his brute desire he forgets that there is such a thing as death. Examine the daily press, and you will find that the courts are imprisoning and hanging negro rape fiends—that Judge Lynch is after them with the torch, the rifle and the rope; and you will find also that there is a steady increase in this character of crime. The fact that a negro has been hanged, or even burned alive for ravishing a white woman, makes others fearful, but it also suggests to their foul minds the crime itself. To a negro a white woman is as Dian to a Satyr or Athena to old Silenus. That one of these superior creatures has actually been enjoyed by a lustful black sets them all adreaming and makes them dangerous. A white woman is found unprotected; all visions of the rope or the stake vanish, drowned in the hell of desire, and Judge Lynch claims another victim—thereby spreading the foul infection. What can be done with such cattle? The evil is irremediable so long as the blacks are permitted to remain. Have we the moral right to apply such a drastic remedy? I answer yes—that we

would be amply justified in slaughtering every Ethiop on the earth to preserve unsullied the honor of one Caucasian home. Show me the man who would purchase the lives of an hundred million blacks with the defilement of his wife or daughter—and give me a gun. Yet the daughters of white men are debauched by Ethiops every day. The rights of the Caucasian are paramount and, in case of conflict, extinguish those of the inferior race. Where the honor of white women is concerned, the Ethiop has absolutely no rights which we are in duty bound to respect. Of course, it will be urged that the good blacks should not be made to suffer for the sins of the bad. I answer that the good are few, the bad many, and it is impossible to tell what ones are not dangerous to the honor of the dominant race until the damage is done. When we see a wolf we do not pause to inquire if it will slaughter sheep, for we know that such is the general tendency of its tribe. There was a time when the negroes were, to some extent, worthy of our trust. It was when they were held in bondage and not permitted to roam abroad. Perhaps they were as immoral then as now; but they recognized their racial inferiority, and no more coupled white women with the idea of evil than the owl aspires to mate with the eagle. Emancipation, the elective franchise and a smattering of education are responsible for their present acts of infamy. When Fred Douglass, the saddle-colored miscegenationist, died, nigger preachers at Dallas declared in memorial addresses that all black men wanted white women, a fact which shows the drift of the darky's thoughts and the danger. The negro has heard that in England and other degraded European countries no social distinction is made because of color, and conceives that he is being robbed of his sexual rights. He sees his woman courting, and not without success, the favors of white men, and, like Iago,

he demands "a wife for a wife." In short, his yearnings by day and his dreams by night are for forbidden fruits, and, like the drunkard, he misses no opportunity to gratify his appetite, though he knows indulgence means damnation.

I would not wrong the Ethiop race—would not forcibly expel it and leave it to perish. The white man is responsible for the presence of the black man in America. Frugal Yankee traders and witch burners—the blessed Covenanters who enacted New England's blue laws—captured him in his native wilds and sold him to us to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. Having stuffed their pockets to the bursting point, built fine churches and employed impudent preachers of the Beecher brand with the profits of the slave trade, these sanctified thieves with Sunday faces and cerulean equators, despoiled us of the very property for which we had paid them, and made it our political peers. And we submitted to the infamy at the point of the sword, because we had found slavery unprofitable and did not then appreciate the deep damnation thrust upon us by the new conditions. It was not until "reconstruction" days that our eyes were opened. But we must let the dead past bury its dead and face the future. The question now is, how can we get rid of the niggers? Fertile land sufficient to colonize them all can be had in Africa for the asking. We should send them thither at our own cost and provide them with whatsoever may be necessary to make a crop. The entire cost need not exceed 200 millions, and their expulsion would, in five years, add ten times that amount to the taxable values of the Southern states. The hiatus would be quickly filled with worthy white immigrants, who now avoid the South because of the negroes, and by the natural increase, hence the expulsion regarded from an economic standpoint, were good policy. We owe the negro nothing. We found him a naked, snake-

worshipping savage, and conferred upon him all the polish of civilization that he is competent to receive. We have taught him the use of tools, opened to him all the avenues of knowledge and supplanted his serpent fetish with the Christian faith. True he will, in one or two generations, subside again into savagery if withdrawn from Caucasian association, such having ever been his history; that is neither our coat nor our cake. Having lifted him out of the serbonian bogs of savagery, we are under no obligation to bear him ever on our shoulders. It were charity to do so, doubtless; but charity begins at home, and our first consideration should be the safety of our wives and daughters. If the man who provides not for his own household be worse than an infidel, what must he be who fails to protect its purity to the fullest extent of its power?

The strangest feature of this whole affair is the fact that whenever the negro is seized with the migratory fever, the Southern press opposes it. Sambo is begged to remain "among his friends in the South," to imperil the honor of our women while his lewd wenches corrupt our sons. What the devil we want with the "coon"—unless it be to call us "colonel" in exchange for our cast-off clothes—I cannot comprehend. Perhaps we have become "wonted" to the nigger—like the Scotch to the itch and the Spanish to the infamous malodor of leeks. The Southern people are inclined to contemplate the negro, not as he now is, but as he was in ante-bellum days, when he loved "massa, missus an' de chillun" and served them faithfully. But those old days are dead, as well as the old darkies, and new conditions bring new duties. There is a soft spot in my heart for "Uncle Remus" and the "ole black mammy" with her crooning lullabies and corn-cob pipe; but we are confronted now, not by these faithful servitors,

but by the elective franchise "coon" whom it is becoming ever more and more necessary to kill. Of course, the plan of expulsion will be pronounced "impracticable" by those wiseacres who imagine nothing can be done which has not been done for a century or so, and by those Republican politicians who need the black in their business; but if the women of the South, who stand ever in dread of a fate worse than death and damnation, had the "say," there wouldn't be a Senegambian between Cape Hatteras and San Francisco by the end of the century. I am, as a rule, opposed to petticoats in politics, but every decent woman in this nation should, if not for her own and her daughter's sake, then for the sake of her imperiled sisters of the South, demand the speedy expatriation of the negro, the banishment of this black shadow of lust and brutality from the land. Let them bear in mind that it is an evil which no law can lessen, which the blind fury of mobs cannot abate. Death by the rope, says the law, death by the faggot, says Judge Lynch; but slaves to the hell-born harpy of lust and drunk with the beauty of the daughters of men, these beasts from Afric's jungles transplanted into our civilization like the worm o' the Nile between Cleopatra's glowing breasts, continue their damnable work. O that I dared picture to the maids and matrons of America this abomination of desolation in all its hellish hideousness—the little children sacrificed to glut the appetite of apes; the young women whose future has been wrecked, the wives whose happiness has been ruined, the gray-haired gran-dames who have been murdered. Not even the dead are sacred in the sight of these monsters who have learned to walk upright in the shape of men. If I might do this—if I might recount the particulars of crimes that have been perpetrated in America within the month by this accursed race, the shame and suffering it has wrought, e'en the

women who weep for the woes of the condemned wife-butcher would cry out, not that the blacks be mercifully banished to a foreign shore, but that every living thing containing one drop of Ethiop blood be instantly executed.

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THE REPUBLIC IN PERIL.

PESSIMIST, of course! But just the same, it's a 2-to-1 shot that the Bird o' Freedom gets its head pulled off before it's much older, and that by some wretched buzzard like Great Britain, whom it could put out of the pit in two flutters and a shuffle if it had its gaffes filed. And our humiliation will be entirely due to those canting "Conservatives" who forget that the unexpected ever happens— affect to believe that we need never hear the roar of another hostile gun if we do but howl "Jingo" loud enough and crawl at the feet of every European country. We are placidly ignoring all the lessons of history, all the portents of the times, all the warnings of the early patriots, at the instigation of a coterie of emasculated money-grubbers who are destitute of national pride as a yaller dog, who would sell the honor of their country and add thereto the virtue of their wives for less cash than induced Judas Iscariot to betray the Christ. Thanks to the brute selfishness of these servants of Mammon, the greatest nation of all the ages has been time and again disgraced, and is drifting toward everlasting dishonor. We are relying upon our isolation to keep us out of international entanglements, upon our potential strength to pull us through if we are forced to fight; but we are no longer isolated, and, because of alterations in the science of war, we could not enter unprepared upon a struggle with even a second-class power and acquit ourselves with credit. Rapid transit and the

expansion of commerce have brought the distant near and given to every great nation interests and responsibilities as wide as the world. When we last fought England we did so with cheap wooden ships that could be quickly builded almost anywhere, and it took a month or more to transport a small army across the ocean; now it requires elaborate preparation and a year's time to construct and arm an efficient battleship, while troops by the tens of thousands can be poured into our ports from any European capital ere the ink of a hostile declaration is scarcely dry. With rapid-firing guns, swift-sailing ships and destructive dynamite shells, war is not a question of years but of days; its fortunes are no longer swayed by the number and valor of the combatants, but are dominated by machinery. One first-class battleship could inflict more damage on our coast cities in a month than all our previous wars have cost. Should England attack us to-day she would find us with a navy vastly inferior to her own, our coasts practically unprotected, and she could easily prevent our building another battleship until the agony was ended. Should we erect coast fortifications we could not, in five years, provide them with efficient armament. Nor have we the trained American seamen to man, or the powder to fight for a single hour our warships now afloat. Our standing army is a mere handful, and we would have no time to properly train and equip new troops. In our great Civil War neither party to the controversy was prepared, and the struggle was prolonged; but in case of war with a European power we would suffer the same humiliation that Germany so quickly inflicted upon France. It is idle to urge that there is no danger, for in 120 years we have had four wars and been upon the very brink of as many more. Even Cleveland, so eminently "conservative" that he fights only by proxy,

came near embroiling us with Great Britain, and it is only by a namby-pamby policy which swallows the grossest insults and ignores the invaded rights of our citizens, that we have avoided a controversy with Spain. We may be forced into it yet if we would preserve a shadow of our self-respect, in which event our enemy will be aided, openly or secretly, by other European powers, all of whom dislike our Monroe Doctrine. Even our proposition to annex Hawaii, at her own request, has brought a vigorous protest from one nation and an angry growl from others. With a boneless foreign policy, which makes Columbia contemptible and compels her citizens abroad to put themselves under the protection of European consuls, we may yet be forced to fight. The phenomenal development of this nation and the fear that, dominated by some full-blooded man like Blaine, it may become active in the world's political affairs, causes various governments to regard it with a jealous eye. The "balance of power" is becoming more than a European question, and we have already ample warning that in case of war with any European country, howsoever just our cause, we may find ourselves confronted by a powerful coalition. I sincerely pray that the curse of war will be forever spared this country; but should Columbia be compelled to take up arms in defense of her honour, she cannot afford to wait to forge the weapon. We must maintain a navy commensurate with the dignity of the nation, and, by making the service attractive, again acquire a sufficiency of hardy American sailors. It is not necessary that we keep a large standing army; but we should be able to equip, at a moment's notice, a million men with the most approved weapons of war. Ample preparation for trouble is the best possible guarantee of peace. Despite the pitiful "Conservative" policy of Uriah Heep, Uncle Sam is

continually subjected to petty insult. Put a sword in his hand and let it be distinctly understood that he will maintain his rights with the last dollar of his wealth and the last drop of his blood, and the embattled world would hesitate to incur his wrath. Why should a nation that is at once the wealthiest in the world, and comprises its best fighting blood, play second fiddle to petty European powers? Why?

* * *

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

Boston, the "Hub" not of art and eloquence, poetry and song, but of professional pharisaism, cold feet and the blue-grass fad, would not accept MacMonnie's "Bacchante," because the brazen thing wore neither spectacles nor bloomers; so it has gone to New York to grace the Metropolitan Museum. Boston was no place for such a work of art anyway, even had her pseudo-æstheticism and solecistic sanctitude been willing to receive it. How it ever occurred to mortal man that a priestess of Bacchus should be placed astride an iceberg I cannot imagine. Such a statue in Boston, where codfish gravy is the only cardiac and navy beans the alkahest of knowledge, were as anachoristic as a sun-umbrella under the arctic circle, or a gondola in a desert. It was not in accord with the eternal fitness of things that the idealistic "Bacchante" should waste its beauty on utilitarian Boston. It suggests life and love, the sun-kissed hills and riant champagnes, the dewey dawns and subtle perfumes of the South, where

"——round the vat's empurpled brim,
The choral song, the vintage hymn
Of rose youths and virgins fair
Steals on the cloyed and panting air."

It speaks to us of the honey of Hymettus and the spirits of the hills, of the wine of Falernus and the symposiacs of the Grecian sages. Boston suggests only cent per cent, tract societies, and 50,000 old maids who want to get married, mamma, but are prevented by the scarcity of men. No wonder the "Hub" would not have it; for how could the few he-things who have remained within hailing distance of Fanueil Hall, yet escaped matrimony by living in storm-cellars during leap year, be expected to wed Beantown maids after learning from this counterfeit presentment that a woman may be beautiful? How could a man sit him calmly down and read Browning's cryptograms to some blue-nosed dress deformer in yarn garters and goloshes, after having gazed on divinity unrobed and got his head filled with Homer's Iliad and Anacreon's sensuous odes? Why, after taking one glance at the "Bacchante" a man would walk out of Boston, bound for Texas, the modern home of beauty, keeping time on the ties to the tune of

"Some airy nymph with fluent limbs
Through the dance luxuriant swims,
Waving in her snowy hand
The leafy Bacchanalian wand."

Hand and wand don't rhyme very well, but poets, like saloons, must have lots of license. The "Bacchante" is neither "immoral" nor "obscene," despite the dictum of Beantown; it is simply a reproduction in bronze of the most beautiful thing on earth, the most ennobling this side of heaven, the figure of a lovely female. The man to whom it would suggest an impure thought is made altogether of mud, and of the brand God employed in the manufacture of monkeys. There's no more sentiment in his soul than in the bowels of a satyr. He would see a

Duessa in every Dian; and vote Minerva a nuisance because he couldn't get hold of her and bite her neck. He would disregard the Venus of Melos because she's dead, and spit upon the god-like imagery of the ancients. Had he met Egeria in her grotto she would have required a bodyguard. A town that sees obscenity in the "Bacchante" needs a nerve tonic. But perhaps a bean diet is an aphrodisiac. If MacMonnie desires to redeem his credit with the culchawed Bostonese, he will henceforth give faces to his conceptions like those we see at hen conventions, and make their briskets flat as ironing-boards. He will remember that in Boston a limb that is larger at the top than at the bottom is considered ootray. He must put on each statue a pair of specs and a poke bonnet, color its equator with indigo and encase its underpinning in purfled pantalettes. Poor old Boston! She's so awfully nice that she's infernally nawsty. She ought to soak herself over night in carbolic acid and employ a scavenger to deodorize her intellect.

Now that he is dead, it is pretty generally conceded that Francis Schlatter, the "divine healer," was crazy as a corybant, that he took on more religion than he could comfortably carry and it went to his head—a phenomenon of no unusual occurrence. This would indicate that the tens of thousands who sought his assistance were cracked in the same spot, or that our boasted progress is the merest moonshine—that while changing his customs and the cut of his clothes, man has remained the same superstitious ignoramus he was in the earliest ages. Had Schlatter practiced in some barbarous country like Kansas—a gynocracy bossed by petticoats and Prohibitionists—the furor he created would merit little consideration; but the scene of his "miracles" was Denver, one of the

most progressive of American cities. There for three months he "healed" with such constantly augmenting fame that it became necessary to run excursion trains to accommodate pilgrims from distant points in search of blessed handkerchiefs and health. The learned and the unlettered, the rich and the poor crowded about the crinose crank who had left the shoemaker's bench to distribute heaven's blessings, and when he disappeared those who had failed to reach him wept in their despair. And this in the last decade of the Nineteenth century—with its scientific discoveries, universal education, Republican victories, tidal waves of prosperity and other indubitable evidence that we are moving onward and upward like a buzzard with its tail-feathers ablaze! What meat we would be for an Apollonius or a Cagliostro—we, who suffer ourselves to be gulled by a crazy shoemaker imagining himself the successor of Jesus Christ! Ten thousand printing presses groaning in parturition pains; able editors everywhere enlightening the universe; pulpiteers expounding divine wisdom for a consideration and reforming our politics for advertising purposes only; the highways and byways full of pedagogues flourishing birch rods as magic knowledge-wands—and the whole country clamoring for a nose-rag hoodooed by a zany lacking sufficient sense to eat when he was hungry! Yet we wonder that Sam Jones, with the smell of the stable on his boots and the boozing-ken on his breath, is a three-times winner with niggers and poor white trash; that people who could take in the ball-game for 50 cents, prefer to hear Rev. Whoa Gee Templeton, the Sunday crank of Oak Cliff—because salvation's free. Poor Schlatter! Had you stuck to your hog's bristles and beeswax and spent your spare time biking and drinking beer, you might be pegging away this day, and some thousands of American sovereigns had not made greater

donkeys of themselves than kind nature intended. But you did not live and die in vain. You demonstrated once again that, cloak the veriest tommyrot with a semblance of religion and so-called civilized man will gulp it down even as a hungry sow does swill—and comfortably damn you if you dare to doubt.

What action the senate will take anent Hawaiian annexation cannot at this writing be definitely known. Nor does it much matter, as neither the approval or rejection of the treaty would put a penny in the average pocket. As might have been expected, all the Cleveland-cuckoo-mugwump-anglomaniacal organs are “agin” annexation—“view with alarm” Uncle Sam’s reluctance to close the door in the face of a people who want to come under his flag. They denounce such hesitancy as lust for dominion and departure from time-honored principles, and otherwise suggest that God intended them for asses, but neglected to glue on their ears. They are vigorously revamping that old flamboyant falsehood that this government was responsible for Queen Lilikizooki’s dethronement; that the Harrison administration betrayed the confidence of the trusting islanders, while McKinley proposes the consummation of what Wilyum Gotterdammering Sterret calls “a cowardly and dastardly crime.” Whenever Wilyum deliberately mixes himself up with international affairs of great pith and moment and begins telegraphing his truly remarkable observations to Texas for the enlightenment of 7329 awestruck readers, I simply roll over in my hammock and absorb his Oriental rhapsodia with the esurient appetite of a piacular pickaninny in a melon patch, or a chambermaid devouring the idealogic idyls of Clarence Ousley. Wilyum doesn’t know a protocol from a prolapsus, an exequatur from an exarch, but when it comes to

the manufacture of political history he can give Mark Twain's pelagic Marco Polo ace and deuce and stick him for the drinks. Finding the Hawaiians a tribe of brutish cannibals, the Americans civilized and Christianized them as far as possible, and developed the resources of their country. They grew weary of being ruled and robbed by a half-wit colored harlot, pulled the throne from under her and set up a reputable government. The Hawaiian revolutionists now desire annexation to the United States, just as did our fathers who freed Texas from Mexican dominion. It is also desired by the more intelligent natives, who realize that Hawaii must choose, and that quickly, between American civilization and Oriental savagery. The Harrison administration was in sympathy with the Caucasians resident in Hawaii, who were more than half as numerous as the natives and represented the wealth and intelligence of the island. Cleveland attempted to reinstate the operabouffe queen, to make more than 20,000 white people subject to a black bawd; but the Hawaiians wouldn't have it, and this country did not sustain him in the attempt to commit this hellish crime. Since that period the name of Cleveland has been anathema with every white man possessing an atom of racial pride. For such a foul insult to civilization the impudent old tub of tallow should be yoked to the colored strumpet and the twain lashed naked through the streets of Honolulu. The Caucasian has done for Hawaii exactly what he has done for the American continent—rescued it from the dominion of idle savages and transformed it into a land of happy homes. Victoria has as much right to attempt our subjection to Indian chiefs as Cleveland to attempt the subversion of the Hawaiian Republic for the benefit of a savage ruler. Partisan politics still blind the people to the full measure of Grover Cleveland's iniquity, even raises up for him

foolish apologists; but the historian of the future, contemplating his Hawaiian policy without passion or prejudice, will write him down either as the most stupid idiot or the most brutal enemy of the superior race into which Almighty God ever put guts. Hawaii is not necessary to this country either from a strategical or commercial standpoint. It could probably be made self-supporting, and the plea that an increase in our navy would be necessary to protect it from foreign foes is the rankest folly; but besides its notoriously worthless native population, which according to Clemens can outlie the Cretans, it contains thousands of Mongolians—and we have race problems enough already. Furthermore, history teaches us that when the territory of a nation becomes abnormally large, catalysis is but a question of time. We should foster the spirit of liberty in both Hawaii and Cuba, but permit each to float its own flag.

The *Scots Magazine*, published at Perth, Scotland, and edited by a pulpit-thrumming Gowkthrapple named Carrick, takes a six-page fall out of the inoffensive little ICONOCLAST. Brer Carrick protests loudly that he doesn't like my paper a little bit, yet seems to have read it with exceptional interest—perhaps as a counter-irritant for the itch, a disease said to be endemic with the oat-eating people of Perth. He declares Brann's ICONOCLAST to be an "anonymous" (sic) publication, then gravely adds:

"I strongly incline to suspect the editorship to subsist in the person of that obtuse and hardened atheist, Bob Ingersoll, who with the greatest cuteness his obfuscated intellect can command, ranks the plays of Shakespeare above the Bible. Why! in the name of common sense, let us consider how that playwright *prigged* the sentiments of

the most effective passages he ever elaborated from the Bible itself."

And that is "English as she is spoke" by a pretentious Scotch periodical! Shades of Carlyle, Scot and Macauley! It seems to me that a man with such an intorted tongue would choke to death while trying to talk. Parson Carrick should make a careful study of maieutics before again becoming pregnant with ideas, and thus avert the possible necessity of a surgical operation. Should the juvenile reporter of a cheap Texas daily turn in such an awkwardly written article as this six-page "roast," the editor would hold him up by the haw ear and kick him full of holes. Parson Carrick should be held to answer for committing a murderous assault on the Queen's English. He says that the *ICONOCLAST* is indecent. Perhaps; the Scotch critics preferred the same charge against Johan Wolfgang von Goethe. That it contains slang. Victor Hugo stands accused of the same crime. That it is blasphemous. That's what the Good Two-shoes critics said about Christ. That its editor is a liar. David said in his heart that all men are liars, and he evidently intended to include Parson Gowkthrapple Carrick, who after a careful perusal of the *ICONOCLAST*, declares it "atheistical." Bill Shakespeare, Bob Ingersoll and Bill Brann doubtless constitute a very tough trio; but I am surprised and pained that a professional follower of the meek and lowly Nazarene, who forgave his crucifiers from the cross, should vindictively assail men who never harmed him. Shakespeare was a literary thief, Ingersoll is a stupid fool and Brann a blasphemer, according to the almighty Carrick. Well "misery loves company," and he could scarce have picked out for me more acceptable companions. Parson Carrick says he burned my paper after perusing it. For ages it has been the practice of splenetic-

hearted fanatics to destroy what they could not confute. I scarce think that his vulgar diatribe will affect the circulation of the *ICONOCLAST* among the intelligent people of Scotland, who have thus far shown it kindly consideration. Having, in all likelihood, proven unsuccessful in the pulpit, Parson Carrick has become the hired man of Messrs. Cowan & Co., publishers, and his occupation suggests the following (*mutatis mutandis*) from Byron, who was likewise remorselessly "ripped up the back" by Scotch reviewers:

"A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,
A scurvy scribbler of some low lampoon,
Condemned to drudge, the meanest of the mean,
And furbish falsehoods for a magazine,
Devotes to scandal his congenial mind;
Himself a living libel on mankind."

Eddie Bok, who edits a paper for ladies only—is the man milliner of literature and Gannymede of Dame Fashion—is pleading with his petticoated patrons to cease adorning their hats and bonnets with the plumage of birds, as decrease in the number of the latter is imperiling the crops. Foolish Eddie! to forget for a moment that female vanity and the edicts of Fashion are more potent than altruism and the dictates of mercy! He is correct, however, in placing his plea for the birds on a purely utilitarian basis, that being the only one the average woman of fashion can comprehend. The woman who will sacrifice a songster on the altar of her vanity is wholly devoid of sentiment. There's no more music in her soul than in a ham sandwich, less poetry in her life than can be found in a horned frog. A bird on the bonnet means that the woman beneath it would embalm her baby and wear it as a brooch if

Dame Fashion decreed it. A wise husband would hesitate to insure his life in favor of such a woman, for she'd pour hot lead in his ear or dope his dinner to secure the price of a new dress. Eddie tells the ladies—at least such as have stomachs for Home Journal slop—that only they can stop the slaughter. He says: "Those who kill the birds cannot be rightly blamed—they simply supply the demand." Then we may presume that if the dear ladies desired to ornament their headgear with the large pendulous ears of goldbug "Democrats," the Pops could not be blamed for turning an honest penny by supplying the demand. This is a question in casuistry worthy serious consideration. It is useless to appeal to either the bird-slayers or their employers. It is enough to know that the birds are necessary to our material well-being, and that fact was established before the misfortune of Eddie Bok's birth. What then? Send those who slaughter birds for their plumage, those who deal in it and those who wear it, to the workhouse for sixty days. It is idle to appeal to vanity, it is useless to petition greed—ring for the police. In the meantime let us deal with the man caught killing the birds that protect our crops just as we do with fence-cutters—fill him so full of buckshot that a tender-foot would mistake him for a mineral claim.

The Catholics have been denied the privilege of erecting a chapel at their own expense on government ground at West Point. This is not a matter of much importance by itself considered; but taken in connection with the fact that government has a chapel there paid for by the whole people, and that an Episcopalian minister is remunerated out of the public revenues for regularly preaching therein, the affair assumes a very different phase. This being a land of religious liberty, constitutionally considered, what

right has government to select a particular church for its patronage, and then deny to others the privilege of erecting and maintaining contiguous chapels at their own cost? And how came it to "establish" as governmental church that particular one which was the nursing-mother of every accursed royalist and "divine-right"-worshipping rascal of the Revolution. The fact of the matter is that this whole chaplaincy business is a brazen humbug that should be abolished. It is simply a scheme to provide at public expense soft snaps for preachers with a "pull"—sanctified pharisees who are too lazy to work and too cowardly to steal. It is in direct contravention of the spirit of the constitution to tax the whole people for the benefit of a religious system which a vast majority believe to be either foolish or sinful. When the government puts its hand into the pockets of Catholics for the support of a Protestant sect, or into the purses of Protestants to further the dogmas of Rome; when it taxes Jews and Atheists for the benefit of either, it not only violates the principles of religious liberty, but is guilty of infernal robbery. The cadets at West Point are drawn from every part of the country and represent all religions. How then can government provide them with an acceptable chaplain? The religion of the cadets is a matter with which government can have no legitimate concern—there being "no God in the constitution." It is no affair of Uncle Sam's whether they be faithful servants of the Lord so long as they are good soldiers. I do not mean by this that all religious worship is folly, but that providing it is nowise a governmental function. Let government shut up its gospel shop and permit the cadets to attend religious services off the reservation. Congress and every state legislature must have a brace of chaplains to mumble a few words every morning, which the legislators do not hear,

and the Lord does not heed. Each receives for a two-minute prayer more money than a workingman can earn in a week, and it is paid on compulsion chiefly by men who believe his religious dogma a broad highway to hell. At the national and at all the state capitals there are churches of various denominations to which our public servants may resort for the observance of religious rites; hence there is no excuse for this pulling the taxpayer's leg that the sanctified pets of political cabals may fill their purse. The preacher who will accept a chaplainship where he knows the service rendered will not be proportionate to the pay, would steal sheep if given an opportunity. Such men are not enlisted in the Army of the Lord; they are but cowardly camp-followers who insult the prisoners and strip the slain—are but foul buzzards whose god is their belly.

E. J. Harding, one of Geo. Vanderbilt's English flunkies, succeeded in attracting considerable attention to himself by refusing newspaper men accompanying President McKinley permission to visit the manorial estate of his master. Upon the president's refusal to accept the invitation to honor the place with his presence if the scribes were excluded, the priggish Jeames de la Pluche hauled in his horns. Harding declared that "Mr. Vanderbilt spits on newspaper notoriety, and so do I." Oh, you do, do you? And who the hades are you, that you are likely to obtain any newspaper attention unless you frantically bid for it by insulting your betters under conditions that enable you to escape getting the bust of your breeches caved in by somebody's boot? The newspapers are likely to hold Geo. Vanderbilt responsible for the insolence of his seneschal, and by the time they get through with the tallow-faced little parvenu he will probably have a greater

dislike than ever for publicity. The fact that we are breeding a class of predaceous cattle in this country who import European flunkies to add insult to injury, is not likely to improve the temper of the people or postpone their day of reckoning with the robbers.

The San Antonio *Express* has been having another of those distressing politico-economic pains which wring its "innards" so often. Commenting on Senator Pettigrew's proposition to submit free silver coinage to popular vote at the congressional elections next year, it protests that the people know comparatively nothing of monetary science—and that if this silver question is submitted they will again vote it down. This is what Carlyle might call "a concatenation and causation." The *Express* assures us that free silver is a "corpse," that it is "dead as a herring." This is startling news indeed. Only a few months ago it marshalled more than 6 million lusty men; and now it is as a song that is sung or the snows of yester' year. Perchance the swift-rolling wave of returning prosperity o'erwhelmed it as did the Red Sea the hosts of Pharaoh. Else frightened by the loud-roaring industrial tide, it climbed the craggy steep like some new rosmarine, fed upon the empoisoned dew and died. Poor thing! "Last noon beheld it full of lusty life, last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay;" and now it's gone! But there be dead for whom there is a resurrection, and my contemporary is evidently oppressed with an awful fear that the silver "corpse" will burst its cerements—that there is to be rattling of dry bones. The *Express* opines that the American people are so stupidly ignorant that they must intrust all matters of public policy to professional politicians. That is good gold-bug "Democracy,"

but precious poor patriotism. My foolish contemporary should switch from tamales and beer to brain food.

I did not accept the Queen's invitation to attend her Diamond Jubilee, my cotton being badly in the grass and the boll-worm hard at work. We sovereigns should be polite to each other, and not absent ourselves unnecessarily from each other's fêtes, fendangoes and soforth; but I think Vic will understand that I meant no offense by remaining with my roan mule and cultivator instead of occupying a seat in her carriage, helping entertain the crowd and slinging a little eclat into the occasion. I notice that she succeeded in pulling her Jubilee off without my assistance, and that, according to Whitelaw Reid, Willy Wally Astor and Chauncey Depew, it was eminently recherche and quite up-to-date. Vic's a gay old girl who knows how to give an A1 show without going into her sock for a shilling. Of course it was nothing like the Waco Carnival, with its baker's dozen of young and beautiful queens in line, still it did very well for London, and I'm going to send Col. A. H. Belo as my special envoy to congratulate the British government on its success and negotiate a new arbitration treaty. Vic couldn't "stack up" like our Texas Queens, and probably didn't get half so much fun out of the affair; but considering that this opera-bouffé sovereign business has become quite a chestnut with her and that she is hereditably afflicted with cold heart, she managed to get almost interested. Just what it cost the British people to thank God that she has been permitted to draw something like \$2,000,000 per annum salary during sixty years for unrendered services, I cannot say; but assume that it was over \$100,000,000 every-

thing considered. Of this sum the Queen herself didn't contribute a cent. A pleasant episode of the Jubilee was a dinner given to some poor children of London by her daughter-in-law, the wife of the Prince of Wales. Not being born a Guelph, this lady is able to give up an occasional guinea without spraining her conscience. This is the more remarkable as the Prince and his family only receive \$430,000 per annum from the British people for kindly consenting to breath; but H. R. H. manages to patch out this paltry income by cheating at baccarat and renting himself to parvenues with social aspirations at \$1,000 per evening, and such sums as he can "borrow." Unfortunately the Princess could not feed the starving millions of India or the thousands who are suffering for life's necessities in Ireland—the two provinces that have been so systematically drained for the enrichment of the upper class in England. I say upper class, for with all its boasted wealth, "Merrie England" is preëminently a country of paupers. In England and Wales, having a population of 33 millions, there are more than 780,000 paupers, as against 73,000 in America, with its 70-odd million; hence it is still better to be born an independent American sovereign than a "most dutiful British subject." That fact was forcibly exemplified in another way when the lawmakers of the kingdom called on the Queen to tender congratulations. "My lords and gentlemen" were required to dike themselves out in a peculiar toggery suggesting the livery of lackeys and stand in the presence of their Sovereign, while Premier Salisbury, on bended knees at the pudgy feet of this eminently respectable, but inordinately stupid old female, read a long-winded address composed of equal parts unctuous taffy and foolish falsehood. The humblest American plowing a Texas cotton-patch or digging "seng" in Tennessee, is Lord Salisbury's

superior, for he has to bend his marrow-bones only to God Almighty.

Georgia has a Sunday law that may be called a howling jimhun. A man found working on the first day of the week can be fined a thousand dollars, driven in the chain-gang a year, then imprisoned six months as a common felon. If he declines to work when ordered to do so by the contractor to whom his services are sold, he may be adjudged guilty of "insurrection" and comfortably hanged. No exception is made in the case of those who observe the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath, hence a Jew may be legally executed in Georgia who has in nowise encroached upon the rights of others, but merely observed the law of his religion. No wonder Georgia produces Jones, Smalls and other canting epizoa to afflict the country. There is evidently something in the unctuous goober that makes for Puritanical intolerance and greases the machinery of persecution. According to the United States census, Georgia runs largely to illiterates, Baptists, 'coon dogs,' possums and Prohibitionists. Which is cause and which effect, I shall not undertake to determine. Were Christ on earth he would scarce tackle Georgia legislature with that scourge of cords with which he cleansed the Temple—not if he could get a shotgun. So far as we are informed, he was the first man charged with violating a Sunday law, and he threw hot shot into the gang of sniveling hypocrites. Georgia ought to be expelled from the Union until it learns something of the genius of this government. A state with such a mediæval monstrosity, such a statutory abnormality, ought to be annexed to Kongo—or Kansas. But Texas has small cause to cackle. Even here we have to sand our hands and hold the ban-dogs of the Baptist inquisition back by tail and

ears. They're all heretic-hungry—all eager to persecute some inoffensive citizen for "the greater Glory of God."

Mrs. Edwin L. Lockwood, of Minneapolis, Minn., has obtained a judgment in the sum of \$15,000 against her husband's parents for alienating the affections of that party. Eddie, a tender blossom of three-and-thirty, fell in love with a pretty seamstress and married her; but although a worthy woman in every way, his pa and ma persuaded him that she was not "tony" enough to be the wife of a wealthy ironmonger. The verdict is an outrage, such husbands not being worth a dime a dozen. Mrs. Lockwood should have thanked her parents-in-law for ridding her of such a puppy, for had she continued to live with him she might eventually have found herself the mother of a crop of fools. Eddie should not be permitted to marry again until formally divorced from the apron-strings of his meddlesome old mammy.

Princeton 'Varsity has conferred on G. Cleveland, prize ignoramus of the universe, the degree of Doctor of Laws. This politico-economic quack doctored our laws for eight years—and that's what ails the country to-day. It is a comfort to reflect that his diploma does not entitle him to further practice.

The *Democrat* and *Courier*, of Natchez, Miss., declares editorially that W. J. Bryan succeeded in obtaining an unwilling invitation from the New York Democracy to deliver an address in the metropolis, July 4th, by promising not to accept it—that the Nebraskian wanted it solely for political buncumbe. A correspondent asks what I think about the D-C's ebullition. I think that if I couldn't manage a more plausible falsehood I'd make a reasonable

attempt to tell the truth. Such a foolish prevaricator as the editor of the D-C can do the gold-bug Demmy-Rep cause no good, for he is what Doc Yandell would call a political *appendix vermiformis*—"a useless little blind gut."

Rev. Arthur Ritchie is an Episcopalian preacher of New York, who has made a desperate attempt to distinguish himself by insulting the entire American people. Having filled himself with the sanctified feculence of Henry VIII., he pukes on the American flag. The antics of this Anglomaniacal idiot would be laughable were not such asinine exhibitions by a pulpiteer calculated to bring religion into contempt. "Yankee spread-eagleism" and the "insufferable arrogance" of American ministers of other denominations in assuming for themselves social, intellectual and clerical equality with such eminently superior creatures as Episcopalian clergymen constitute the gravamen of Ritchie's turine roar. He insists that ministers of such "low, time-serving, ignorant superstitions" as presume to dissent from the Church of England or Episcopalianism," must be made to feel their inferiority" to "the vice-regents of heaven"—by the grace of Henry VIII. What the Rev. Arthur Ritchie seems to need is a pin-worm counter-irritant, a pint of liver pills and a hot mush poultice applied to his *amour propre*. It is not strange that he should dislike "Yankee spread-eagleism," as that complaint was chronic among Episcopalian pulpit-pounders during the struggle for American Independence. Those of New York especially were traitors to the land from which they received their living, and should have been hanged higher than Haman, else thrown into the ocean and advised to swim over to their beloved England. Episcopalianism is a bastard religious cult, being neither

Protestant nor Catholic. It suggests a yaller nigger, who usually possesses the vices of both races and the virtues of neither. It bears the stamp of fraud on its face, for if its clergymen be "the vice regents of heaven" they could have received such authority only from the Pope whom they impeach. It is a bird that befouls its own nest—a child which brands its mother as a bawd. It owes its origin to King Henry, the most contemptible cur that ever disgraced mankind. Episcopalians deny this; but there stands the historical fact that King Henry was not only its original hierarch, but personally drafted its first body of doctrine. Yet here is an impudent propagandist of a dogma conceived between old Henry's incestuous sheets, who is sneering at "Yankee spread-eagleism" and all things American, and turning up his beefy proboscis at ministers who do not admit the divine origin of Episcopalianism—even presume to hold up their heads in the presence of such holy "viceregents of heaven!" Why, you religious mongrel and political pariah, you do not rise to the clerical level of a Mormon elder or the intellectual altitude of a Piute medicineman. You ought to thank God that Anglomaniacal cattle are permitted to live in this country—that Sam Jones doesn't expectorate on you and drown you in tobacco-juice. Please send me your picture, Artie; I want to see what a slob looks like that's got your abnormal gall. So you propose to teach preachers of other churches "their proper place," to "order themselves lowly and reverently to their betters." Well, sonny, I wish you success, but would advise that you take out a little accident insurance, for you may run up against some lusty American member of the church militant who'll take you by your elephantine ears and slam you against the face of God's creation until you can't tell the Catechism from a cold potato or the Thirty-nine Articles

from an ichthyosaurian. I much fear, my Rev. Arthur Ritchie, that you are what we cowboys call a "rosette."

At this writing President McKinley has not announced his much-talked of Cuban policy. He has been four months in the White House, and has not yet made up his mind to stop the brutal butchery of non-combatants and the systematic insults offered our citizens. He is so fearful of being called a "jingo" by the plutocratic press that he plays the jackass to the disgust of the people. Had Andrew Jackson been inaugurated last March, Spain would have taken her butchers home instanter, or, "By the Eternal!" he'd have given her "haughty dons" a little of the same unshirted hades that cooked the goose of Pakenham. Oh ye gods! that we could once more make a live man chief magistrate, instead of filling the office with such cold-hearted, timber-headed cunctators as Cleveland and McKinley!

* * *

DOC TALMAGE'S INDIGESTION.

TWO REPORTERS IN PARADISE.

My old friend, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, has been having another vision of heaven. I feared that something of the sort would happen were he not more careful of his health. DeWitt has an unfortunate habit of filling his pod with pickled pig's feet and cold mince pie, then sleeping on his back while his mouth gives an imitation of the Hoosac Tunnel. A man in that condition is quite apt to get his slats tickled by the vagrom heels of a wandering nightmare—even imagine himself in the orthodox heaven, or

some other uncomfortable dog-hole. This is about the forty 'leventh time DeWitt has imagined himself pottering about the golden streets of the Sacred City, and every time his report of his pilgrimage has been substantially the same. He must be getting dreadfully tired of it by this time. I was editing a daily paper when he was afflicted with one of these syndicate "dreams," and by some mistake we got the foolish thing in type three days before it was supposed to have occurred. Like his last fit of indigestion it was utilized as a Sunday sermon and began substantially the same:

"Such a dream I had this morning! It was about 5 o'clock, and the day was breaking. It was a dream of heaven. Would you like to know how heaven looks? That is what I am going to tell you. I was there this morning. I have just got back," etc.

How a man knows the time o' day when he's asleep I can't imagine; but I'm quite sure he preached that sermon, for a printed report thereof had been mailed to me several days before marked, "Release for Monday." And now I find this new Sunday morning vision printed in Texas papers the next day after delivery, and know it came more than a thousand miles by *mail*. There's either something crooked, else the transportation companies have everlastingly smashed the Sabbath. I am beginning to suspect that DeWitt isn't above the sin of deception—that there are tricks even in the ministerial trade. I really would not be surprised to learn that when he tells his congregation "I have been in heaven this morning—have just got back," he's doing a little cheerful long-distance lying. It is possible that he dreams over a typewriter on the second day of the week, shoves up the date line on the following Sunday and expects the syndicate to do the

same; that instead of seeing all those feathered bipeds harping and hymning in heaven, he merely imagines that he might do so were he there, and throws in an account of a supposititious journey there as a piece of "realism" to capture the crowd and make his syndicate slush *sell*. If he really does dream such ridiculous things he should either change his diet or come to Texas and ride wild mustangs and raise 6-cent cotton until he can digest a raw dog. It is a duty he owes to the Christian faith to ring himself down, for no sane man wants to go to the heaven he assumes to see. You couldn't give me a title to the entire place conditioned that I remove thither from Texas. I'd soon pull off one of the pearly gates and sling it at one of the perpetual serenaders. I don't mind a little melody rung in between lemonades; but I'm taking no stock in a German band wound up to last an eternity without pausing for beer or breath. The tawdry glare of the place would make me tired—if those emasculated simians who regard "slang" as the chief of sins, will permit the expressions. And if I found such characters there as Talmage assures us hold all the municipal offices, I would break down seven panels of the jasper walls in my haste to get elsewhere. A man who dreams of heaven as Talmage pretends he does (but doesn't) is a stupid savage whose highest concept of happiness is a perpetual circus. He sees only resplendent residences of Hallelujah street and gorgeous palaces on Emmanuel avenue, costly gewgaws and barbaric glories, monster temples and sickly incense. In all his sterterous pilgrimages to heaven he has never discovered the inhabitants doing aught in which a man of sense could take the slightest interest. They appear to be always glorifying—throwing boquets at Father, Son and Holy Ghost. I cannot imagine the Trinity finding satisfaction in the eternal soft-soap of a gang of triflers

who escaped hell only by the skin of their teeth. G. Cleveland or the Akhoond of Swat might enjoy for a time an unceasing string of taffy; but think of the Creator of the Cosmos being tickled throughout all eternity by the cringing adulation of a Talmage or the unctuous palaver of a Parkhurst; by millions of slaves ever circling 'round his throne and crying "Holy! holy! holy!"—wriggling on their bellies like a tubful of angleworms after a summer shower and charivaring him with cymbals, harps and horns! I don't believe that he permits any such pachalic poppycock in Paradise. The assumption that he does so has a tendency to bring the Christian religion into contempt with people of cultivation. Pomp and pageantry do not satisfy the soul. The real man is not apt to consider whether there be mansions in heaven not builded with hands. He cares naught for the workmanship on gates and walls or for temple glories. He almost forgets that God is there, and that life is everlasting; but across the Sahara of Sorrow and through the Sirocco of Death he sees the smiling faces and beckoning hands of those he loves. Where they are is heaven and heaven enough, though it be a desert land of Mara-waters, of toil and trial. What cares the mother when the clods rattle on the coffin of her firstborn, whether heaven be a city of many mansions or a wigwam in the wilderness so long as she again feels the cold dead of the loved and lost beating against her breast, and the dumb lips are released from the seal of silence. Why insult ye the man who has been despoiled of "his dear heart's better part," by prating that by and by he shall wear wings, have a crown upon his head, a harp within his hand and stand in the presence of his Lord. To the devil with your feathers, your lyre and your diadem! 'Tis not God he would see in his glory, but the woman he won coming to meet him as in the old

days at the garden gate. How desolate he would be in the thronged streets of heaven, how lonely amid bright angel bands, how sorrowful at the foot of the throne itself, did he not find her there! Imagine him seeking news of her of the Recording Angel and learning that she was among the lost—that while he feasted on celestial fruits she fasted in sulphur fires!—that age after age and æon after æon would roll away, but that her sufferings would abate no jot or tittle, that he would know her no more forever! Perhaps Bro. Talmage could be happy in such a heaven; but I—I'd *raise hell*. The Talmagian concept of heaven is a barbarism borrowed ages ago from the courts of the Orient. The streets of God's city are not paved with gold bricks, nor is it an Aladdin grotto stuck o'er with petty baubles. The inhabitants do not wear wings, that idea being a consecratory of that other which places heaven overhead and makes feathers necessary to navigate the atmosphere. As 100 miles from earth there's no breath of air, of what avail were the plumage of birds? The redeemed spend little time singing Gloria in Excelsis, having something better to do. Talmage admits that he has been to heaven several times; but I visited the celestial wonderland but once. When I was a young man and studying for the ministry, I fell asleep one sultry summer's day while a droning pulpiteer was giving us an official description of Paradise. Methought I was a boy playing with a red wagon in the streets of Jericho when Elijah and Elisha passed through en route to Jordan, and that I followed them. When the chariot of fire descended for Elijah I "hooked on behind" boy fashion, and we shortly arrived in heaven. Doubtless we went over the wall, for I caught no glimpse of a gate. Knowing that I was an illicit stow-away, I made a sneak as soon as we landed, and saw no more of Elijah. I looked about me at the "promised

land" and found it to be a country of quite limitless extent, lying

"Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair, with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea."

I felt for my wings and was disappointed to find that they had not developed, for I wanted to fly. I had often watched the hawks sailing in graceful circles, and figured what fun I'd have with them when I would skip through the cerulean in my nightshirt. Boy-like I wanted to see the celestial circus procession and all the curious and gigantic animals that were supposed to roost about the throne, for although I had gone thither with Elijah, I could still recollect much latter-day pulpit droning, so inconsistent are dreams. "Pappy" Hawkins, of Humboldt, Ills., (we called it Milton Station then,) had once taken me to a political torchlight procession at Charleston and a menagerie at Mattoon, and I concluded that I was in for a show that would beat them both combined. I walked many miles in heaven, but saw no city resplendent with gold and gems, and not a single soul was fluttering a pin-feather. I could find no mighty temple, and my mind reverting to the sermon to which I was supposed to be listening, I said "Parson Conner may be a good Campbellite, but he's 'way off on his celestial cosmography." Perhaps one of the elders nudged me, for my dream took a turn, and instead of being an ancient Hebrew lad I became myself, but still in heaven. My disappointment regarding the wings passed, and I no longer wanted to see any circus. All heaven seemed a mighty anthem such as I have often heard on earth, only it was clearer, more melodious, with greater compass and fewer dissonances. In it were blended the slumbrous thunder of lazy summer waves breaking on a shimmering beach of yellow sand, the trill of a mock-bird singing to his mate, the tinkling bells

of kine in the leafy boskage, the drowsy hum of honey-bees amid the clover blooms, the voice of a maid singing as she went about her work, and the laughter of little children tumbling in wild abandon about a velvet lawn. I was surprised to see everywhere birds and beasts, for I had been taught to believe that only people would be "saved" and whenever any dumb thing that I loved was taken from me by death it left in my heart a clot of black rebellious blood because of the cruel scheme of things, and I denied with angry tears that I could be happy in heaven without my farmyard pets and the wild things I had tamed in the woods. Everywhere the people lived in little communities that seemed to link each into the others like some wondrous loose-woven cloth of green and gold, those dearest to each other on earth being closest united in heaven, where grew trees of every kind and blossomed flowers of every hue. All were employed, not in idle adoration, but in beautifying their homes, gathering fruit and grain, improving their minds, enjoying the society of their friends, and striving in generous rivalry which should prove most worthy the esteem, not of a master—monster who sat swathed in clouds and lightnings and mystery like some Moses on the Mount or veiled Mokanna, but a gentle Father who walked familiar with them as with Adam before that fateful fall. Everything and everybody appeared to be in a state of progress from good to better, from finite knowledge to Infinite wisdom, instead of completed and rounded off—eternal life all objectless. Thus Shakespeare and Æschylus were still writing plays, while Roscius and Garrick, Rachel and Siddons presented them to an appreciative populace. Homer had composed a celestial Epic, and the Chian harp thrilled the hearts of an hundred generations of men pressing about him and drinking in the melody; Socrates was teaching the less gifted wisdom even as he did in Greece, while Pythagaros

and Plato walked with their disciples in fragrant groves or discoursed in shady porticos of the still unfolding mystery of Life. Nowhere was there officer or prison, for evil had been banished thence with Lucifer; nor churches, for all heaven was one vast temple (as is the earth) and existence adoration. As God moved majestic through his vast desmesne he was attended by no courtly train, nor did a bedizened herald with blare of trumpet cry, "Make way—the King!" There was no crown upon his head or sceptre in his hand, for he needed not these foolish ensigns of earth-born royalty to command obedience and respect. Men did not prostrate themselves at his approach, but stood erect like well born sons to receive a loving sire. His grace and majesty transcended human tongue; but the Bard of Avon, walking arm in arm with his Rare Ben Jonson, and noting where he stood, amid a group of the pure in heart, murmured some lines that were a sublimation of those in which he once described an earthly king:

"A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill—
A combination and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal."

"Our Father, who art in heaven," lisped a little child playing in the flowers about his feet. He laid his hand lightly upon its head, and beneath his touch the child grew lovelier. He turned and left the group, and a young man, radiant as Apollo, followed him. "It is my son," cried a woman joyfully, "and the good Father hath found him worthy some high emprise." She knelt and reverently kissed the hand of God. He raised her gently, blessed her, and she came back to us with all a mother's pride and all a mother's love shinging in her eyes, but

mingled therewith naught of human selfishness. Everywhere the Book of Knowledge was unfolding leaf by leaf like a celestial rose; everywhere hearts were growing happier, people fairer, homes more beautiful, while the Spirit of God permeated the place like a perfume. "This," said I, "is heaven, and it's all hunkidori"—meaning thereby that it suited me exactly; and thirty years' reflection has not induced me to change my mind. The only heaven I can conceive of is a place of intellectual progress, where one may rise by merit age after age to nobler heights of knowledge, to purer happiness. Man, as we knew him first, was but little exalted above the brute. Through the slow-moving centuries he has grown in mental strength until he can weigh the sun and measure the stars. His mind alone is immortal. It is a fleck of imperishable fire, a mere light-point in immensity. There is no magic in death to make of the flor-worm a constellation, or expand the finite mind of man to infinity. Immortality but gives it time to *grow*. Perhaps there is such a heaven as Talmage pictures—for savage people. It is possible that it is the first heaven, while Elijah's chariot carried me somewhat higher. For a man just out of Washington, for instance, a preparatory stage were doubtless necessary. To such the quiet intellectual life with loved ones, upon which I was permitted to look, might seem to lack excitement, even what we call *éclat*. Pearly gates and pageantry, splendid residences on Hallelujah street and gorgeous palaces on Emmanuel avenue may be just the thing for a fashionable preacher fresh from the world in all its show and seeming, Foxes have holes, babes require bon-bons and foolish Christians want feathers. "God ordereth all things well"—adapts the idea of heaven to every intellect.

There are said to be divers and sundry ways of removing the cuticle from an adult thomas cat, but the action of the Texas legislature in adjourning that it might be called in special session next day, and thereby switch from \$2 to \$5 per diem, is calculated to make an expert confidence operator turn green with envy. Had that more or less honorable body not been a chronic gab-mill, it could have transacted all necessary public business in a month and returned to the forks of the creek in time to put in a cotton crop.

* * *

A HOMILY ON HELL.

I AM in receipt of an essay on "Hell," by one, G. S. Lincoln, a party of whom I had not hitherto heard, but who seems eager to do the Ingersoll act. "Pagan Bob's" success—in the accumulation of ephemeral notoriety and hard cash—has spoiled a great many hewers of wood and drawers of water, just as Sam Jones' gaucheries have bred a legion of ambitious imitators who only succeed in becoming importunate beggars and noisy noodles exploiting the profitless doctrine of Negation. This particular metaphysico-rhetorical homiletic exegetic discourse on "Hell" appears to have been employed to pad the somniferous columns of San Antonio's dreariest diurnal, and is sent me by a young lady who expresses a curiosity to know whether Mr. Lincoln is hopelessly lunatic, or merely a somnambulist who writes a foolish essay in his sleep. My dear girl, I know not; but if I might, as a divino-medico, presume to diagnose his disease, I would say that he had an incurable case of *cacæthes scribendi*, complicated with liver complaint. He may also have a touch of phlogistophobia, for he goes into convulsions and froths at the

mouth at the sight of fire. It is possible that he secretly suspects hell will be the portion of those who weary a busy world with idle speculations regarding foreordination and free-will; yet he loudly protests that there is no such place. If this latter view of the case be correct, he is certainly making a great deal of noise about nothing. If there be no hell I can not see w't t' 'ell he should wear himself to a frazzle hammering a hiatus, should set his polemical spear in rest and charge full tilt at a hole. The moldy straw which Mr. Lincoln is blithely bearing has been threshed ten thousand times before, and by men who knew how to handle a flail. As they could get out of it no grain warranted to grow and verdurize this too unhappy earth, Mr. Lincoln is not likely to sow Time's great seed-field to its remotest corners with the educt of his labors. While sloshing round in his subject like a small bat in a large barn, disturbing the cobwebs of Sixteenth century sophistry and the clammy mold of dead and forgotten scholastics, he gives us his more or less valuable opinion of God. Harken to this wisdom that comes achortling out of the West:

“My opinion is that this idea of God was born in the brain of some savage who was inspired by the desire for revenge.”

So? Then you are truly an object of pity, being tied, Mazeppa like, to the back of a dead beast and in imminent danger of the bities. Your remarkable explanation of the origin of the “God idea” was first advanced by the foolish Diderot, and it didn't live long enough to raise a laugh. If you persist in exhibiting this carcass of a mental mooncalf the health authorities should either compel you to have it embalmed or encased in a metallic coffin. Let the dead and unbeautiful rest. Thinkers who decline

to look to God himself for the "God idea," usually agree with "little Mr. Pope" that Superstition

"from the rending earth and bursting skies
Saw gods descend and fiends infernal rise:
Here fixed the dreadful, there the blest abodes;
Fear made her devils and weak hope her gods."

As the sun, or "life-giver," seems to have been the first object of man's adoration, Mr. Lincoln's stolen hypothesis that man's conception of the Deity was born of a lust for "revenge," is a sublimation of the silly. Yet, Pope's idea, reduced to the last analysis, is no less absurd, for the question recurs: Whence came this Superstition—which is but a distorted conception of the supernatural? Why, in the simple phenomena of Nature, should the savage see "gods descend and fiends infernal rise"? If all things bring forth after their kind, why should what we call the natural engender what we name the supernatural? How comes it that of the dead unthinking material is born the sentient omniscient spiritual? Do we gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles? Granting that this *mecanique celeste* of the materialists is capable of engendering tadpoles and atheists from malarial muck; whence comes these strange visions and dreams, these aspirings toward godhood, these strivings to mount above the stars? They seem to bear no direct relation to *vifda* or other victual—may signify that man's existence has a meaning, that this earth of ours is something more than a moribund "mother of dead dogs." Gods and dæmons are conceptions of their kind—of the supernatural existent in man himself. But perchance we are drifting beyond Mr. Lincoln's depth, and had best paddle shoreward ere the poor man drown. If I might presume to give the impubescent Bob Ingersolls and vigesimal Voltaires a word of advice, I would suggest

that they eschew the empty dogma of Denial, their mockeries of heaven and maunderings about hell, and plant hogs; for verily I say unto you that the man who maketh two fat shoats to grow where one evasive hazel-splitter flickered in the hitherto, doth more for his country and his kind than do all those who brush their pants and sit them down upon this bank and shoal of time in close communion with goose-quill and copy-pad to explain what they don't know about Oromasdes and Ahriman, about Deity and Devil.

The man who requires more evidence of God's existence than he can see with his eyes shut may well envy the blind cow, that, by intuition, knows her own calf. Every man is a direct divine revelation to himself and carries both heaven and hell within the compass of his own cuticle, if he but have the heart to comprehend. It was not the thunders of Sinai and the miraculous parting of the Red Sea, not the earthquake's shock and ocean's storm which first revealed to man the all-important fact that he is half infernal and all divine—that what he denominates the finite is but an infinitesimal fraction of the Infinite. As there were brave men before Agamemnon, so were there priests and prophets of God before Melchizedek, and men who slept at the foot of heaven-scaling ladders on which angels ascended and descended, while old Laban's too thrifty son-in-law still lay formless in the far future. Satan, we may well believe, went to and fro in the land ere the much-vexed Man of Uz was born; and sages listening to their own souls, heard the "still small voice" of the Lord ere the foundations of Jerusalem were laid. "The common man," says Jean Paul, "is copious in speech, exigious in reflection;" and it requires some little self-communion to realize that nature—the universe—is not a soulless machine, but "the visible garment of God," who is even here

or nowhere; that every sentient creature is a sparkle of that Divine Essence which animates the All. Strange that any creature endowed with reason, howsoever murky, should imagine for one moment that thought, an intangibility, could be evolved by blind force operating on and in inert matter—that their creature should be infinitely superior to its creators! Stranger still that those whose blood has beat time in delirious ecstasy to the melody of love, and burned in the Harmattan—winds of hate, should doubt the existence of heaven and hell, of Deity and Devil. Whence comes this song in whose ineffable sweetness the soul swoons and all of self “passes in music out of sight”?—this discord dire which makes the heart of a man a monster-haunted Gehenna? Think you that these flashes of Promethean and Plutonian fire, which illumine for us the whole universe and shed a soft rose-radiance or fierce sulphur-glare upon the very throne of God itself, are stored up like albumen in pullet-sperm?—that bull-beef was the Alborak of Mohamet and plum-pudding the Pegasus of Byron? Whence came that altruism which drove Guatama to the wilderness, Damien to Molokai and Christ to the Cross? Do we find the cicatrice of such all-embracing love, such self-sacrifice, in potatoes and pie? Then whence comes it, if there be naught of the supernatural in man, no God in Israel?

Why Deity, being omniscient and omnipotent, doesn't “kill the Devil” and banish evil from the earth—a policy which Mr. Lincoln modestly suggests for his consideration—is a question in theodicy a trifle too profound for a safe-brush theologaster. If you knew everything you'd be equal to Jehovah, and, like Lucifer, be laying for his job. “The critic fly,” says Carlyle, “if it do but alight on any plinth or single cornice of a brave, stately building, shall be able to declare, with its half-inch vision, that here

is a speck and there an inequality; but to take in the fair relation of the Whole, to see the building as one object, to estimate its purpose, the adjustment of its parts and their harmonious coöperation towards that purpose, will require the eye and the mind of a Vitruvius, or a Palladio." A wise observation truly, and one which it were well for Mr. Lincoln to carefully digest ere he again assumes to criticize the Architect of the Universe.

The picnic red-bugs now fishing around in my diaphragm are doubtless not a little puzzled regarding the origin and intent of *their* universe, and consider its ways with wonder. While striving to read Mr. Lincoln's essay, and reflecting how many times theretofore I had explored such theological sewers in a fruitless search for gold, I fell asleep. Methought my body lay in uneasy stertotous slumber, while its spirit, the ego or I—hovered near on softly-feathered wings, but instead of a harp of sixteen strings and a mouthful of hallelujahs, was provided with a powerful microphone and a magnifying glass which made a chigre look almost as large as an atheist. Every little while the sleeping beauty would dig spasmodically at his cuticle with fingernails as big as the shovels of a dredge-boat, killing or maiming a number of the pestiferous hog-headed parasites. A colony located on the left small toe were quite generally of the opinion that these disasters were "judgments" sent upon them by a god who lived a long way off, and who was wroth because they had neglected to kill the fatted pullet for the Methodist preacher, smashed the Sunday laws, mobbed a rape-fiend and indulged in progressive euchre and dancing; so they redoubled their devotions, held camp-meetings and corralled the "second blessing"—even sent a contingent of solemn-faced missionaries to convert the heathen red-bugs who were sacrificing to heathen deities on the other side of the

digit. There was a tradition current that several thousand seconds before certain wise chigres had been spoken to by a great being, and that he laid down the law to them with thunderings and lightnings and the smell of sulphur; that his commands not being heeded, there came a mighty flood which covered the entire country to a frightful depth, and only a few of their tribe were miraculously saved for seed. Some scoffed at these sayings, calling them crass superstitions and priestly fables intended to fill ample pockets with tithe of mint and anise, and argued learnedly that it could not be demonstrated by evidence admissible in the red-bug Areopagus that there existed anywhere a being wiser or more powerful than themselves. They declared that the toe they lived on, and the four others dimly discernible at a vast distance, were the result of the action and reaction of "natural laws," which got themselves framed and enforced in a most unnatural, not to say miraculous, manner—which was a very curious explanation indeed; but as none could disprove it they passed for wise men, talked loudly of "my opinion" and wrote essays for the papers—which foolish editors published when short of "boiler plate." One foolish old red-bug who lived in a pore all by himself and was considered something of a crank, advanced the startling thesis that the toe they lived on was *alive*, and that the whole universe—the five toes and the terra incognita which lay beyond—was but the material body of a great being; but he was quickly cackled down by the level-headed (or fat-headed) crowd, and, descending to his cave by a hair that resembled a sequoia tree growing in the crater of an extinct volcano, quietly hanged himself—as all people should do who are given the horselaugh by the herd. The Ingersolls and Voltaires, the Diderots and Footes, were busy pulling the miracles to pieces, and ex-

plaining that, as *they* had seen nothing of this alleged great being, of course the story of his existence was all poppycock; while a little fellow named Lincoln strutted about with his beaver up, demanding to be informed why Deity did this and refrained from doing the other, and receiving no answer to his impertinent questions, considered the matter as settled. While he was trying his Demiurgus in a chicken court and pronouncing adverse judgment, my sleep became mercifully too deep for dreams, and now I know not whether I've had a true trance vision of the world or a case of cucumber colic. I suspect, however, that a chigre is as competent to pass on the laws of my being and explain why I go to picnics and acquire a crop of red-bugs to roar about, as is this Nanac Shah of San Antonio to comprehend the plans and attributes of the Creator. All Wisdom, Space and Time are but relative. To a being as much superior to the wisest man as the wisest man is superior to a micrococcus, this world—the universe itself—may not appear wonderful, and a thousand years be as one tick on the horologe of Time. The wiser among us, the poets and prophets, what we call “inspired men”—which means simply those who have more *soul* in proportion to their modicum of *mud*—have caught here and there a note of the sphere-music, of the eternal harmony: have comprehended this and the other fraction of the Divine Plan: but as the singing of the morning stars cannot be reproduced on a hurdy-gurdy, there be men who may never hope to hear it; as the thoughts of Omniscience cannot be filed down into the nursery jargon of intellectual infants, there be those who cannot understand. Sad it is for those of our brethren who, being denied intelligence to lead, have not faith to follow.

Perhaps the foolishhest man alive knows that a Stradi-

varus cannot be whittled out of a cornstalk, nor the poems of Petrarch rendered in the patois of a Piute; yet we have what Swift not inaptly calls "forked radishes with fantastically carved heads," demanding that the plans of the Infinite be explained in the language of the finite. If you can not in classic Greek, the grandest vehicle ever devised for the transference of human thought, depict the love-light in the eyes of a dog as he greets his master, can we complain if John of Patmos stammers when his vision of heaven, "and all the wonder that will be," is translated into our rude tongue? So narrow are the limitations of human language that we can only picture heavenly joys as harping and hymning and filling ourselves with fragrant fruits—a perpetual Manifest; must borrow brimstone from our little earth with which to build a hell for Lucifer, and filch from this more, swimming in immensity, paltry gold and foolish gewgaws with which to adorn the throne of the Living God! As there is a poetry grander than can be penned, a song sweeter than can be sung, a beauty which defies the brush of Raphaël and the chisel of Phidias, so is there a conception of God which cannot be reduced to words even by St. Paul or David's wisest son. Why play at atheism because others have failed to describe the indescribable, to comprehend the incomprehensible and make it all plain to men of little minds? Do we seek the incense of a rose with a microscope, or the taste of a truffle with hay scales? Can you take the cube-root of the mock-bird's trill or handle the rainbow with a pair of ice-tongs? You can not: yet by such material methods would atheism disprove the existence of a God who dwells in all that is, or was, or can ever be. How know ye that there is such a thing as "evil" in this world?—being but a poor "critic fly with half-inch vision," unable to comprehend the Whole? Whether there be a hell

does not much matter. If such a calefactor exists in the great economy of nature, no man, we may be sure, will be sent to dwell thither who doesn't richly deserve to be damned. Let those worry about it who have occasion to, and mend their ways. Everywhere in nature we note that the fit survive while the unfit perish; and the laws of nature are the laws of God. Perhaps it were just as well that Mr. Lincoln either provide himself with an asbestos overcoat or carry a little fire insurance. But perchance he is himself hell—the Scriptures assuring us that it is full of wailings and worms. Be that as it may, I beg of him to hammer the Christian cultus lightly; for does not Dean Swift point out that, with its disappearance, certain poor fellows who pick up occasional ha'pence by insulting it, will have no longer profitable occupation or excuse for existing?

* * *

INSURANCE AND SUCKERS.

EDITOR BRANN'S ICONOCLAST:

In your issue for May I notice your article entitled "The Life Insurance Iniquity," I notice with pleasure that you think that the family and the dependent ones should be protected by means of life insurance, and so strongly are you in favor of life insurance that you would urge the government to go into the business, and, if necessary, compel heads of families, unless already well off, to insure their lives for the benefit of those dependent upon them. But the "iniquity" seems to be the fact that the "old-line" companies have accumulated more than one thousand million dollars, and you draw the conclusion that the people are paying too much for their article. But the people can buy insurance at almost every and any price, anywhere from three or four dollars per thousand

up. So this being the case, there must be some reason why the people are willing to pay the high prices for life insurance. They want good insurance and not cheap insurance; not too cheap. Suppose it is acknowledged for the sake of argument, that life insurance would be cheaper if the government would go into the business: What then? Would not the cost to the people of the banking business be also cheaper? What industry of any magnitude would not be cheaper if the government should go into the business? But you say some one may cry "socialism." Don't you see that your argument would bring us to socialism? Where would be our individual freedom? The government should take charge of those things which in their nature are monopolies; but life insurance is not yet one of them. The government should also take for purposes of revenue those values which are produced by the community, such as franchise values, land values, etc.; and the equality of the citizen would soon be the result. The government should guarantee in this way equal rights to all and the present social conditions would rapidly pass away.

THOMAS RHODUS.

As Mr. Rhodus is president of the Western Mutual Life Association of Chicago, it could scarcely be expected that he would approve my suggestion that government embark in the life insurance business. Probably George Gould would view with alarm an intimation that it should take charge of transportation, and John D. Rockefeller inveigh lustily against its embarking in the oil business; but the American theory of government is "the greatest good to the greatest number," and that this end would be subserved by governmental life insurance I think I made clear in the May ICONOCLAST. Perhaps no two men employ the

term "socialism" in exactly the same sense; but if we mutually agree to consider it a synonym for "communism," I fail to see that governmental life insurance would be more socialistic than those principles unqualifiedly approved by my correspondent in the concluding lines of his letter. We need not be frightened by this boggy called "socialism," for the term has been applied to almost every economic reform accomplished since the days of Fourier and St. Simon. It has ever been the cry of those engaged in plundering the people—the growl of the wolf intent on consuming the carcass. Governmental life insurance might curtail somewhat the "individual freedom" of certain very elegant gentlemen now pocketing large salaries and 20 per cent dividends; but would not the appropriation of ground rent by the state put a similar crimp in the cherished prerogatives of landlords? The people of this country, without respect to parties, are rapidly arriving at the conclusion that they should do collectively what they can do better thus than individually—that the proper function of government is to promote as far as possible the mental and material well-being of the general public. They have found it advisable for government to embark in the educational business, to improve rivers and harbors, to distribute the mails and care for the incompetent—interfering to that extent with individual freedom. Mr. Rhodus would have them further curtail the liberty of the unit by public landlording and the taking "for purposes of revenue those values which are produced by the community." What values, we may ask, are more certainly produced by the community than are the vast accumulations of old-line life insurance companies? The man who builds a railway or telegraph line, who develops an oil-field or a coal mine *creates* wealth; but the life insurance companies simply *concentrate* in their own hands

that produced by others. They create nothing, are simply sure-thing gambling concerns. In other words, their profit represents wealth, surrendered by the people in excess of what they receive. If this be true, then by Mr. Rhodus' own argument, life insurance is a proper governmental function, and the present enormous profits should either be utilized as public revenue or suffered to remain in the pockets of the people. But there is a broader and better reason for governmental life insurance than is embraced in Mr. Rhodus' argument. "Self preservation is nature's first law," and we have an indefeasable right to protect ourselves as far as possible in the enjoyment of our lives and property. It is our privilege to say to the moneyless man about to found a family, "You must first make provision for your potential dependants lest they become paupers and be cast upon us for support. From the ranks of the public dependants come most of the criminals; hence the man who provides not for his own house-hold is a public enemy, and it is our duty to take cognizance of his case." In no way can he do this except by life insurance in some shape, hence it is our privilege to compel him to insure, not for his own protection, but for our own. And if we do this it is to his interest, to the interest of his family and that of the community in which his surplus revenue is expended, that such insurance be not only safe, but supplied at the smallest possible cost. We must not make life for him a hardship not deprive his family of more of his earnings than may be absolutely necessary to provide for his dependants in case of his untimely death. Life insurance when properly applied will become a mighty bulwark against pauperism and crime; but as exploited for years past by the old-line companies, it is but an aggravation of the evil. Why? Simply because only superior risks are accepted, and those at prem-

iums so exorbitant that a vast majority of policies are soon allowed to lapse. Because while premiums are fixed by the proven biometry of a whole people, the companies exclude those who do not attain a high standard of health and those whose occupations are considered hazardous. Under the manipulation of private corporations life insurance is most emphatically a monopoly, "and its doubtful benefits are enjoyed only by people having least need of protection. I would extend the benefits of life insurance—in a limited amount and on the ten-year annuity plan—to every individual who, in the opinion of reputable physicians, might reasonably be expected to live ten years. I would compel every able-bodied man whose financial circumstances did not guarantee provision for himself in case of disability, and his family in case of his death, to carry a specified policy, and whenever he failed to maintain the premium would require him to either prove physical disability or work it out as a fine. It is no encroachment on the rights of the citizen to compel him to provide in the time of his strength for his support in the day of his disability, as well as for the proper maintenance of every infant he brings into the world; but it is an outrage to saddle you and I with the support of people for whose existence we are in nowise responsible. "One man's liberty ends where the rights of another begins," says the French axiom. It is quite true that "people can buy insurance at almost any and every price," and that there is "some reason why they are willing to pay the high price." Mr. Rhodus knows full well what that reason is, but as it may not have occurred to all my readers, I will state it here: There have been many ephermal schemes, founded in knavery or folly, which have made the people suspicious of "cheap" insurance. Every institution which undertakes to write insurance at living rates is at once assailed

by all the old-line companies. They have great respect for the honorable gentlemen, but their "system" is bad and must result in insolvency. Other corporations have essayed practically the same principle, and gone aglimmering. Cast a shadow of suspicion on the potential solvency of a company and the prospective insurance at once concludes that he had better submit to the extortion of the "time-tried" which have amassed such tremendous returns by bumping the heads of other suckers, lest his policy turn to ashes in the hands of his heirs. A company which attempts to do a legitimate business, to charge premiums based in equity, has a long and costly struggle to overcome the suspicion cast upon it, directly or indirectly, by the cut-throat corporations, and unless it be exceptionally strong financially this very contention will kill it, and in its death its "system" of equitable insurance dies. For a dozen years after its demise the representatives of the "old-liners" employ its corpse as a club to kill off other competitors. Any practical insurance man could in a day formulate a plan that would be absolutely safe to the insurer and cheaper to the insurant, while admitting men of every occupation and of reasonable age and health on terms of equality. All presidential postmasters could be authorized to forward applications with the certificates of examining physicians, thus relieving the people of the support of thousands of non-productive solicitors and high salaried general managers, and the enormous amount thus annually saved would remain in the pockets of the people. It is probable, as Mr. Rhodus suggests, that any business of magnitude would be cheapened by the government embarking therein: but it by no means follows that we must accept communism in its entirety and throttle all private enterprise because we see fit to protect ourselves in a

practical way from the steady encroachment of pauperism and crime. Government insurance would simply amount to this: Every able-bodied citizen would pay to government a small sum annually—which need not exceed 5 cents per day and could be paid in monthly installments—in return for which it would maintain him if permanently disabled or provide for his dependants in case of his death. It would substitute a sound business system for public charity, would vastly reduce pauperism and its correlative ills and add immeasurably to the morale of the people. Mr. Rhodus understands, I think, that the *ICONOCLAST* is not warring upon the many excellent gentlemen who, in one capacity or another, are connected with life insurance as now practiced. It does not seriously blame presidents of old-line companies who pocket \$75,000 salaries, nor the companies themselves because of their enormous profits, realizing, as it does, that selfishness is the supreme law of commerce; but it sees in life insurance, not a panacea for all our industrial ills, but an emollient for one of great magnitude if it be properly managed.

It has been suggested by many of my correspondents that fire insurance should likewise be made a governmental function. I must emphatically dissent from this view, and for the very simple reason that, generally speaking, it affects only the individual and is, therefore, appropriately a matter for private enterprise. Life insurance, on the other hand, is a matter which affects the general public much as do education, pauperism and crime. It is true that the old-line fire insurance companies are not one whit less rapacious than are the old-line life insurance corporations. In fact it is doubtful if, in the esoteric science of wholesale predacity and unprincipled rascality, the old-line fire insurance companies are equalled upon the earth; but they are being brought into something like

a semblance of respectability by the patient evolution of wise and salutary laws. For the year ending January 1, 1895—the latest statistics I have at hand—the total cash premiums received by 528 fire insurance companies doing business in this country amounted to the comfortable figure of \$161,558,000, while the total loss paid by them in that time is “estimated” at \$70,000,000. The losses that year far exceeded the average, as proven by the statistics for twenty preceding years, What capital had these companies invested? Less than 71½ millions—yet they received from the people in a twelve-month 90 million more than they returned! In other words, to obtain 70 millions fire insurance, America paid more than \$161½ millions—and received a much better return on her investment that year than usual! Small wonder that, as I stated in the May ICONOCLAST, the insurance companies have in a quarter of a century concentrated in their hands 1-16 of the wealth of the world—and that without creating so much as a cabbage or a bushel of corn! Yet to hear these companies dictating to a community one would suppose them the great Deniurgus instead of a nest of pestiferous parasites. If the buildings of a town or city be not all fireproof; if there is not a hydrant on every corner and a paid fire company in every block; if some chronic incendiary whom the authorities cannot at once catch or kill, begins to practice his profession, up go rates, and if there is a protest these avatars of colossal impudence threaten to withdraw from the community, for if they cannot get two-for-one they do not want to deal. We pay them our cash in cut-throat premiums on impossible iron-clad policies, and they lend it back to us through the mortgage companies at robber rates. Look at their nine-figure “assets” and royal “dividends”—indicating that they are doubly solvent and that we are trebly suckers.

Whence came these profits and stupendous properties? From We, Us & Co., whom they have systematically robbed because we have meekly submitted. Scarce a week passes that some victim of fire insurance fraudulency does not pour his tale of woe into the ear of the *ICONOCLAST*. If a man is carrying fire insurance and burns out the companies set deliberately to work to brand him as an incendiary, a swindler, or both. It matters not what his standing in the community, or how ample the evidence that he has acted in all honor; he is, as the Nashville *Sun* aptly expresses it, "dogged by detectives and persecuted by hired appraisers, whose commissions are contingent upon the compromise they effect. If he refuses to compromise, to accept a sum far less than that for which he has paid, the chances are that he must appeal to the courts, where he encounters what Sydney Smith calls the "suitorcide delays," is haggled with and brow-beaten until, in self defense, he is compelled to compromise, to submit to brazen robbery to cut short the enormous cost and get back into business. The old-line companies all seem to stand together in this work of despoilment—proving thereby that there is co-operation if not honor among thieves. A case of this kind recently came up at Nashville, Tenn., in which the loss sustained was large and the insured above reproach; but in some manner the companies managed to settle with their victim for much less than the face of the policies. And now one of the appraisers employed is suing the companies for his salary and swearing in court that his remuneration consisted by agreement of a percentage of what he could save to his employees by inducing their patrons to accept sums less than those for which they had paid! That is indeed a fine arrangement for alleged respectable corporations to make with their employes—corporations which are so ready to call the in-

tegrity of others into question! A merchant writing the *ICONOCLAST* on the ill-treatment accorded patrons of fire insurance companies, states the following suppositious case—so often a reality—and comments:

“I commence business with a fresh stock of seasonable merchandise. I do a prosperous business and have the reputation of carrying a clean stock. I suffer a total fire loss. I submit my books to the insurance committee of appraisers and everything is found to be straightforward and businesslike. The committee comes to me and says: ‘Mr. B—, you show a stock of \$100,000 at your figures (they are always careful to chide your figures); but you got a 6 or 8 per cent. cash discount on that stock, which you have failed to credit. Your stock has depreciated and its marketable value is not more than 80 cents on the dollar at greatest (60 cents would be a fair offer), and at this season of the year (it makes no difference at what season your fire occurs) your stock is always small. You are insured for more than your stock could possibly invoice.’ ‘What right have they to question the extra discount you obtain by paying cash? Where do they obtain knowledge necessary to place a value on your destroyed merchandise, which they never saw? Why do they accept policies and collect premiums therefore on a stock for more than it will invoice?’ ”

How else could they collect \$2 to \$5 for every \$1 they return to their patrons? The evils of fire insurance cannot be so easily and cheaply remedied by governmental management as can those pertaining to life insurance; we must rely for their abatement upon wise codes and honest courts.

SALMAGUNDI.

THE First Baptist church of Dallas got so heat up while discussing the advisability of retaining Rev. C. L. Seasholes as pastor that it was necessary to appeal to the Lord to preserve the peace. Providence interfered and averted a free fight. Then 75 per cent. of the brethren voted to let Seasholes slide, while 75 per cent. of the sisters decided that the dear good man should continue to draw salary. How it chanced that the sisters were for and the brethren against Seasholes I can not conceive, unless we agree with Carlyle that "women are born worshippers,"—and usually adore the worthless—"no insight, or next to none, being vouchsafed them." It may be, however, that Seasholes is the Paderewski of the pulpit; that while the Skandiwegian hypnotizes his lady hearers by pounding on the clavichord and tossing his mane, the preacher exerts the same power by beating the Bible and working his mouth. Like his melodious rival in the affections of the fair sex, Seasholes is not an Apollo Belvedere or overly bright. He suggests the puppet of a ventriloquist with its jaw hung on hinges, or the *papier-mâché* lay-figure that on the Bowery disport second-hand suits; but he gets there just the same. It is said that when it was proposed to let him hunt another corner of the Lord's vineyard in which to labor, some of his lady parishioners wept real water, the parting gave them such pain. Perhaps they feared that if the dear love of a man were tied loose he would follow a wagon-track off and get lost. Happy Seasholes! I'd rather be a pulpiteer and smothered in petticoats than president and build tidal waves of prosperity with campaign wind. I envy Seasholes and Paderewski, Chollie Culberson, Eddie Bok and the rest of those magnetic little men who make feminine hearts

run round their fingers. How provoking it is to see them swimming in maple sirup while I'm denied so much as a lump of loaf sugar! Why did heaven make me so good and beautiful and withhold the power to please the female fancy? I am as a neglected hollyhock left blooming alone, or a love of a bonnet of yester year—doomed to ever ride to anchor like “a painted boat upon a painted ocean,” instead of filling my sails with the dewey breath of female devotees and sailing 'mid purple isles of spice o'er sapphire seas. Alas! That's what I said. Had John the Baptist been such a 'squire o' dames or knight of the garter he might not have got into hock and lost his head. All the women in his case voted to accept his resignation while the men submitted in sorrow. But John preached in the wilderness instead of in a fashionable church, wore a camel's-hair dress suit of antique cut and cared never a copper for elocution. He did not sleep in kid gloves to whiten his hands, nor potter about the streets of Jerusalem counting the harlots to make a sensation for the morning paper and advertise his pulpit. Poor old John! Just see the penalty he paid for preaching the kingdom of heaven instead of playing at municipal “reform” and poking a meddlesome face into other people's affairs. He failed to consider the power of the petticoat, and got his head served up on a souse-plate. But Rev. Sheasholes is all right—so far as the sisters of the Dallas First Baptist church are concerned. When he takes his departure they will carry him to the daypo in a flower basket, place him in care of the conductor and request that official to see that he doesn't fall off before reaching his destination. Whither he goes I know not; but the community afflicted by him is entitled to commiseration. He is one of those fussy, small-bore little busy-bodies who imagine themselves ordained by God to manage the universe.

The King's Daughters of Waco are evidently headed in the right direction. From a resounding leg show that made even the case-hardened baldheads blush like peonies, to a wax-works exhibition of Christ and His Apostles, is progress of which they may well be proud. Whether they found sacred *Wax passive* as remunerative as living legs *active* I am not informed, but presume that they would rather be right than rich. It seems to me that had money been the sole object of these worthy ladies they would have united their two great shows under one tent. A sparsely clad ballet-dancer entertaining the partakers of the Lord's Supper would have been the combination to "catch the crowd."

. . .

The *Houston Post* runs an ad. in *Printers' Ink*, intended to capture the eastern advertiser. It declares that it is using 502,319 pounds of paper per annum. The figures are calculated to make the average man suppose it has a world-wide circulation; but let us see about it. The *Post* prints 365 editions a year—which allows it, according to its own figures, less than 1,400 pounds of paper for each. The *ICONOCLAST* uses 12,500 pounds of paper per issue, or about 9 times as much as the *Post*. As one copy of the *Post* will weigh as much as two copies of the *ICONOCLAST*, it follows that the circulation of the latter is 18 times that of the former. Now if the *Post* tells the truth when it assures advertisers that it has an average circulation of 20,000 copies, it follows that the circulation of the *ICONOCLAST* must be 360,000. But it isn't, I regret to say. If I could only lie like some publishers I'd pull the advertiser's leg off and break open his safe with it.

. . .

The *Bibelot*, a bright little vigesimo-quarto published monthly at Portland, Me., contains the late Robert Louis

Stevenson's excoriation of Dr. Hyde, the theological doodle-bug who achieved some little notoriety by slandering Father Damien, the leper missionary of Molokai. The article will be appreciated by all lovers of good literature, but I much doubt whether it had any effect on Dr. Hyde, as cattle of his kidney are only amenable to a club.

The squabble between Grant and Green, a brace of 22-calibre (short) politicians, for the privilege of distributing Texas' portion of the federal pie, has so disgusted all decent people that when the next election rolls 'round it will be found that the g.o.p. in the Lone Star State has swunk to its former proportions—a handful of plotting white men and a gang of irresponsible but noisy niggers. Practical politics as played by the best of parties is bad enough, but that exemplified in the practices of Texas Republicans would disgust the devil and give a pole-cat dyspepsia.

From present indications Texas Populists will be numerously represented at the Nashville "Conference" called by the puppets of the plutocrats to prevent any possible fusion of the parties committed to the free coinage of silver. When the Democracy lines up for the next congressional battle it will find itself opposed by the Republican party, with the Demmy-Reps and Middle-of-the-Muckers serving it as "sappers." But unless that "wave of prosperity" comes rolling along in the nick of time, the Democracy will be able to pull the back-bone out of the Republican bull elephant and with it hammer its paid allies and wooden-headened dupes into the bowels of the earth. It is just as well for the Democracy to know early who its enemies are. The long-haired, lantern-jawed Piutes who will follow Paul Vandervoort and Miltonius

Park are not worth two whoops in hades to any party. They have only brains enough to know that they belong to somebody—are the political ejecta of the universe. Purged of them, the Populist party will be able to command the respect of men capable of ratiocination, and can be depended upon to ever place patriotism above partisanship, to co-operate with any movement having for its object the betterment of the people.

Sometime ago in paying my respects to Kansas, the home of Prohibition cranks and she-male politicians, I intimated that Nebraska was one hind leg of the east-bound earth and Oklahoma the other, and now the fair editress of the Enid (Okla) Wave is protesting lustily against the position assigned that fruitful land. I am perfectly willing to make Kansas one hind leg of the earth animal and Texas the other, if the angry lady would be better pleased with her new location.

A whale swallowed one Jonah, then puked him up in disgust on learning that he had a call to preach. Now a second of the name has developed at Phoenix, Ariz., and is launching anathemas at the ICONOCLAST. As Nineveh grew fat on the curses of the first Jonah, the ICONOCLAST will take courage. Whales being scarce in Arizona, the alkali bellyacher may get himself swallowed by a bullfrog.

The organs and orators of the Reps and Demmy-Reps (a distinction without a difference) were fond of declaring after the close of the late campaign that Bryan's followers consisted chiefly of "the ignorant and vicious foreign element." The ICONOCLAST demonstrated conclusively that a majority of those who followed the Democratic oriflame were native Americans and white men.

Now the aforesaid organs and orators are singing us a new song. It was the nativistic element that would have debased the currency, cries the *Chicago Chronicle*, and the *Gal-Dal News*, having a great gust for the fetid vomit of other dogs, greedily swallows the dose. The country must have been in desperate straits indeed when it required an "educational fund" of 20 millions distributed among Mark Hanna's imported peons and other lousy ignorami, to prevent it going to the devil. Now that it is definitely settled who "saved the country," perhaps the *Chronicle* will explain the difference between a Cleveland panic and a McKinley tidal wave of prosperity.

The gold-bug "Democratic" papers, having done their little best to elect McKinley, are now complaining bitterly because he is pursuing the identical policy mapped out by the St. Louis platform. Having basely betrayed their own party, the Demmy-Reps are angry because he declines to betray him. Like Launcelot, McKinley's honor rooted in dishonor stands, and faith unfaithful keeps him falsely true. McKinley declared time and again during the campaign that the tariff was the leading issue; but the Demmy-Reps, conscious of their own arrant dishonesty, supposed him as great a rascal as themselves. Like a certain little boy who was shown the sheets of his own bed, they should have nothing to say.

Rev. Pearl Romine, erstwhile pastor of the First Baptist Church of Jennings, Okla., is not what might be called a pearl of great price; at least not at present, members of his congregation having presented him with an elegant coat of tar and feathers for trifling with the Seventh Commandment. Thus one by one does a wicked and perverse generation invade the prescriptive rights and

time-honored prerogatives of the apostles of emotional religion.

* * *

“WHY WE HATE GREAT BRITAIN”

“WHAT is the ‘Gal-Dal,’ or ‘Old Lady?’” asks a curious correspondent at Parsons, Kas. The Gal-Dal, my dear sir, is a double-barreled Texas newspaper whose muzzles are 315 miles apart. Viewed purely as a newspaper, either end of the Gal-Dal would do honor to a city of half a million inhabitants. But for the “double-ender” Texas would be without a morning newspaper worthy of the name. The trouble with it is that it imagines itself a “moulder of public opinion” as well as a gossip-monger—is imbued with the fatuous idea that people expect it to direct the universe as well as record its doings. And it cannot so much as direct its own political policy. Although a felucca—with a helm at either end—it steers no straight-forward course, but swings around in the eccentric circles like flotsam in a maelstrom. It winked at George Clark’s populism when he was crying for fiat money by the barnful; it demanded the free and unlimited coinage of silver; it screamed for the single gold standard and hurled foul scorn at the “Poppycrats” and all their argentiferous works; it did its durndest to elect a Republican president while posing as the avator of Democracy and is now denouncing McKinley—and preaching consistency! In politics the Gal-Dal is a mugwump—is without a party, as it has ever been without a country. Yet it is not altogether devoid of influence, being able to elevate almost any man to office—by systematically opposing him. We call it the “Old Lady” because of its anility. Its editorial page has long been recognized as an intellectual chaos, a melo-dramatic nightmare. No man ever

succeeded in reading it for thirty consecutive days and dodging both paresis and death. It is philonegritic and hermaphroditic. It has Americaphobia and Anglomania, complicated with pharisaism. It is of the opinion that a white man may be good as an Ethiop only when he chances to be an Englishman. It never wearies of proclaiming what great things it has done and is still doing for Texas, but is discreetly silent anent the reciprocity clause. One would suppose from reading it that the Gal-Dal pried Texas loose from Mexico and has played guardian angel and Lady Bountiful to it ever since. If it has done aught for Texas for which it has not been well paid it was a mistake on the part of the management. If Texas has taken its advice in any matter during the past fifteen years no one is cognizant of that fact. But the "Old Lady" is no whit discouraged; she continues to stand as "sentinel on the watch-tower," or, like another discredited Cassandra, weep for her country's woes. She clothes her o'erteeming loins with sackcloth and puts ashes on her grizzled wig because she cannot trample out racial pride and American sentiment and make this country at once a paradise for nigger rape fiends and an appanage of England. The Gal-Dal's heavy man has become a veritable Heraclitus, and even Slob-Shots seems to no longer relish his hay. Occasionally, the Old Lady becomes sarcastic, scornful, even pasquillic in her agony, as witness the following excerpt from her essay on "Why we hate Great Britain":

We hate Great Britain and for very good reasons. In the first place we are mostly of British descent. The British nation is to blame for this, and therefore deserves our uttermost execration. If it had not been for the United Kingdom of England, Scotland and Ireland we might have been mostly descendants of the Africans or the

Hindoos or the Chinese. We have become a nation of producers and the British in addition to their offenses of progenity and linguality, have become purchasers of two-thirds of our surplus products. This is why every loyal citizen of the United States should hate Great Britain and the queen.

"Mostly of British descent," eh? What the News man seems to need is a little education. We are mostly of Dutch and Irish descent—and that is one very potent reason "Why we hate Great Britain." For the 50 years ending 1890 the United States received, in round numbers, 15 million white immigrants, and of these less than 2 million were British. An Irishman is no more a Britisher than a self-respecting American is an Anglomaniac. The official title is not, as the News supposes, the "United Kingdom of England, Scotland and Ireland," but the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Every school-boy knows that, but there are evidently "able editors" and other "public educators" who don't. Even the United Kingdom sent us but 6 of our 15 million immigrants, so we might have spared them all and been neither Chinese nor niggers. If the *News* editor would read more and scribble less it would be infinitely to his credit. He's always jumping at conclusions from mistaken premises and landing astride some cactus plant. It is true that we sell much to England; but had it occurred to our pompous contemporary that trade, whether international or domestic, is but an exchange of commodities—that when a country *buys* aught it *sells* something? This is the law of catallactics, familiar to the veriest tyro in economics. If England buys of us largely and sells us nothing, why are not our great financial centers flooded with British sovereigns? Of course you had not thought of that—an Anglomaniac being absolutely devoid of men-

talities. Statistics show that our exports to England are much in excess of our imports from that country; but the surplus simply passes through John Bull's hands en route to other countries, and yields him a profit, else stops with him to pay interest on American bonds—issued by Mr. Cleveland and others. America dislikes England because of that country's oppression; because in the colonial days she has, to a large extent, been peopled with the victims she was grievously mistreated and compelled to fight for her freedom; because since then she has had to take up arms to rebuke that country's aggression; because in both our wars with John Bull that impudent old brute bribed the savages to attack our defenseless frontiers; because his attitude toward weaker powers has ever been arrogant, oppressive and insolent, and the thoroughbred American instinctively hates a bully. The Gal-Dal loves neither England nor aught else but the almighty dollar. For divers reasons our monied aristocrats are Anglomaniacs. The servant usually apes the airs and echoes the utterances of his master—and the Gal-Dal is simply a fawning eunuch in the house of Dives. It sings "God Save the Queen," because by so doing it pleases its master and puts money in its purse. Does it get paid directly for its foolish pro-British editorials? Oh no; nor for its empty mouthings about "honest money"; but the good will of the plutocracy is worth much in many ways well understood by the experienced publisher. Dives is ever at work "shaping public sentiment" to subserve his own selfish interest, and there are various ways in which he "tips" his tools. And the public? Oh, "the public be damned." The Gal-Dal has no opposition in Texas, and we cannot carry our resentment to the point of waiting for St. Louis and New Orleans papers. Some ten thousand of us in North, and perhaps as many more in South Texas, take one

or the other of Col. Belo's nigger-loving, Anglomaniacal papers, and pull through after a fashion by skipping its editorial page, or only glancing thither semi-occasionally to note the progress of its idiocy. As the Gal-Dal could not live a day on its circulation, perhaps we should not complain that it makes both ends meet by systematically insulting American sentiment. Belo is not the first to barter his birthright to fill his belly. Having become prosperous by peddling advertising acreage, fake sewing machines and world's fair photographs, and by other methods not so commendable, he scorns to longer do his own dirty work, but employs certain breeches-wearing bipeds to preach, in such wise as their limited talents and exiguous education will allow, that Americans "are mostly of British descent," that John Bull is and has ever been our benefactor—to sneer at the country that gave him birth and foolishly provides them with bread. To the Gal-Dal's unctious *vivat regina* the people respond with a *vivat respublica*, and turn wearily to Washington's wordiness or Austin's assinity.

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SOME MISTAKES ABOUT MONEY.

Colby, Kan., May 23, 1897.

IN your issue of March, 1897, you use this expression: "An increase in the volume of money does not, as many suppose, make business, any more than multiplication of freight-cars increases the crop of corn. Factories are built, mines opened, and farms developed by the aid of wealth." Would you be so kind as to cite the authority for these statements, or else give some reasoning to prove it? Increasing the money volume in circulation would cause prices to rise, and rising prices will stimulate in-

dustry to its fullest capacity. Production is always greater with rising prices than under any other condition. Hume lays down this doctrine in his famous essay on "money," when he says it is not so much the quantity of money in circulation that blesses a people or a nation, but the fact that it be kept constantly on the increasing hand. I do not know of a single authority that agrees with you, yet, of course there may be many. You say that all industries are developed by the aid of wealth, but I have been taught to believe, and do believe, that it is self-evident that all industries are developed by the aid of labor, and that labor is always paid, not out of accumulated wealth, but out of its own productions or the proceeds of its own productions."

When political economy becomes infallible religious dogma instead of an experimental science, I will be careful to cite "authority" for my every assertion. In the meantime I insist upon being my own economic Simon Magus, and accepting second-hand only such theses as I cannot hammer full of holes. I repeat that "factories are built, mines opened and farms developed" by aid of wealth. Luckily for the fame of the "authorities," none of them so far as I can find, dissent from this dogma. Mark you, however, that *by the aid of* is not a synonym for *solely*. It signifies that capital assists labor in productive enterprises, being its ally and necessary correlate. If labor develops all our industries unaided, then it can have no use for capital, is no longer its slave, and what has been hitherto regarded as the most vexatious problem of the century is merely vain imagining. It is true that labor creates the wealth it consumes—that, in the last analysis, it can be paid only from what it produces; but, for all practical purposes, this were but equivalent to

saying that water is wet. The moment I put a man to work he begins the creation of wealth, a portion of which he receives as wage; but as I cannot market an unplanted crop or unfinished building, I must be prepared to advance to my employe from other sources his proportion of the wealth produced. The house of Have supplies the house of Havenot with material, tools and sustenance, that the latter produce wealth the more abundantly, and for this service charges whatsoever it can collect. J. R. McCulloh, Grof, Jevons, Ricardo, Raleigh and other standard "authorities," say that wealth is used to "assist" production, and most economists call it capital when so employed. Money is capital, just as wagons, freight-cars, scales, storehouses, and all other trade-tools are capital. We need enough of it to expeditiously effect our exchanges, just as we need sufficient cars to promptly move our freight. When we have that, an increase of our exchange media will no more "make business" than a string of idle cars will make corn. How can it—business being simply the creation and exchange of commodities? A superabundance of money hinders rather than helps industry, because the surplus in pressing for employment has a tendency to depreciate the purchasing power of the dollar, to throw our measure of value off its equipoise. The effect of a shifting measure of value is much the same as though we had a fluctuating gallon or pound. It disorganizes the exchange system, and from this productive industry must sooner or later suffer. When we have a redundant currency, prices rise nominally instead of actually—it's all on paper. "Production is greater with rising prices," says my correspondent. That is true only when the rise is real—when goods are going up instead of the unit of value going down—when it means a rise in the market value of what a country has to sell as meas-

ured by what it must buy. Why do I produce cotton? Because I can exchange it for other forms of wealth. If I expect the exchange power of cotton to be large I plant much; if I expect it to be small I plant little and utilize my land for other purposes. Cotton is now worth 6 cents. If I knew that it would go to 12, but that everything else would advance accordingly, I would have no inducement to increase my acreage. If I knew that it would go to 1 cent and that everything else would share the slump, I would plant as much as at present, for the purchasing power of my crop would not be impaired. Of course to the man in debt such shifting of prices would make a world of difference, for the rise would mean his emancipation and the decline his ruin; hence in his case a merely nominal rise in price might stimulate his industrial activity, but this puff-bladder of prosperity for the debtor would wreck the creditor, who, having loaned a pig, would be compelled to accept a pup. Water is an indispensable, but too much of it once wrecked the world. Can my correspondent imagine such a flood of money, whether emitted by fiat printing-presses or El Dorado mines, that the Kansan who farms ten acres of gopher holes or digs "sassafrack rute" for a livelihood would be thereby transformed into a Rockefeller? Would the quadrupling of our currency enable him to exchange his corn for more cloth, his bacon for more boots? If not, the rise in prices will not stimulate his industry. Too little money means increase in the purchasing power of the dollar, and enables the creditor to despoil the debtor; too much means decrease in purchasing power, and partial repudiation. Either horn of the dilemma goes through the heart of productive industry, and we call the spasm of the patient a "panic." We need an immutable measure of value, just as we have an immutable measure of other

things, and until we obtain it we may expect frequent periods of business depression. Hume was correct in his conclusion that it makes little difference what quantity of money a country has if it be increasing. If we had but one-hundredth part of our present exchange media the penny would do the work now performed by the dollar, and do it equally well. The fortune of the millionaire would be expressed with five instead of seven figures, but there would be no decrease in the amount of his property or its purchasing power. But whatsoever be the volume of the country's currency, the increase must keep pace with the natural increase of its exchanges, if its people are to be generally prosperous. Because we express wealth in terms of money not a few have become confused and mistake the shadow for the substance. They forget that nobody wants money, but only money's worth—that the dollar, like the freight car, can only enhance the production of wealth by expediting its exchange. Money is a great convenience, but not a necessity absolute, and the development of our system of bank transfers is rendering it of ever less importance. Credits, based not upon coin or governmental guarantee, but upon cotton, corn and other commodities, are doing the great bulk of the exchange work of the world today. A dollar is simply an order on the general public for commodities to that amount, and it is an order which no one is obliged to honor except in the discharge of debt. If I sell a farm in Texas and with the proceeds purchase a coal-mine in Kansas, I have simply traded one property for the other, the intermediary we call money acting as a labor-saver. Having secured the mine, I decide to develop it; but to do so profitably I must have sustenance for labor and machinery. I must be able to command a portion of that wealth which labor has produced in excess of the world's consumption, and this we

call capital which "assists production" the "authorities" say. Here as elsewhere, it is not money I want, but some quite other form of wealth. I can no more develop my mine with this exchange media than I can get a family of children of a photograph. It is tools I want, and bacon and beans—that general wealth to which the dollar bears the same relation that a meal-ticket does to a dinner. Doubling the number of meal-tickets will not double the number of dinners, nor will doubling the number of dollars double the amount of supplies and machinery. "Increasing the money volume in circulation would cause prices to rise and rising prices will stimulate industry to its full capacity," says my correspondent. As I have already shown, that is a rule with many "if" annexed. In twenty years Uncle Sam has increased his exchange media about one-third per capita, and in the same time the products of farm and mine and factory have declined in price fully one-half. Begin with 1875, when we had but \$17.16 per capita in circulation, and the average export of wheat was 1.12 and cotton 15, and follow it down to 1894—the latest statistics before me—when he had a per capita circulation of \$24.30, and wheat had fallen to 67, cotton to $7\frac{1}{8}$, and you will find the per capita of currency almost yearly increasing, and the price of all staples as steadily decreasing. Some affect to find in this fact a refutation of the quantitative theory of money as related to the price of commodities; but they forget that while the volume of our currency has increased both actually and relatively, it has been spiked fast to the gold standard of value, whose purchasing power has been forced up by the expansion of the world's commerce and the quite general demonetization of silver. We may quadruple the amount of our currency without raising the price—nominal or actual—of a single potato, as long as we maintain it on

a gold basis. There was a general industrial revival when the mines of the New World first began pouring their precious flood into the anaemic trade arteries of the Old; and the same thing would happen now, here and everywhere, where a great increase made in the world's supply of gold. Now as then, the measure of value is appreciating and grinding debtors into the dust, and another large supply of the yellow metal would bring it back to the normal. The general recognition of silver as "money of final payment," and its free and unlimited coinage, would have exactly the same effect; but it is a mistake to suppose that this would insure permanent prosperity. It would still leave the standard of value to the sport of chance and the wiles of financial jugglers, and labor would continue then as now at the mercy of men who control, not alone the world's money, but the world's wealth. Something may be done by wise tariff and currency laws to relieve labor; but not with such an axe can you reach the chief root of the evil.

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A PRIORIENT TEXAS PREACHER.

It is seldom that the **ICONOCLAST** takes cognizance of "the way of a man with a maid," even when such way is improper and the man posing as virtue's paragon.

Occasionally, however, a case occurs of such a villainous character that it is difficult for a self-respecting paper to ignore it, however much it dislikes to handle dirt. A woman, poor and unprotected, claims that she has been grievously wronged, and appeals to the **ICONOCLAST** to place her right before the public. She shall be heard in her own behalf. I have communicated with a number of the people she names as references, and they reply that

she is truthful and deserving. I would not do the defendant an injustice; but measured by the testimony submitted, he is better qualified to adorn the penitentiary than the pulpit.

Tillman, Fla., May 31, 1897.

W. C. BRANN:—I am constrained to write you concerning one Granville Jones, who poses as a big preacher in Texas. As I am a poor working girl I appeal to you to expose him as a villain, a fraud and one whom no lady can trust. While Jones was pastor of the Christian church in Austin, Texas, he pretended to be a friend to me, and proposed to carry me to a Mrs. Miller's home, who wanted to employ help. I went with him in his buggy. On our return to Rev. J. W. Holsapple's, where I was making my home, Jones very grossly insulted me. I then tried to get out of his buggy, but he forcibly detained me, promising that he would not do further harm. Then as I was a stranger in the city he thought to silence me or destroy the strength of my testimony by forging a letter detrimental to my reputaiton, and brought it to me at Mr. Holsapple's; but I showed the letter to those who knew his hand writing. He afterwards came and called for the letter, but I placed it with those who had proven themselves friends, and they came so near proving that he wrote it that when the committee was investigating the case he acknowledged to them that he wrote it, but denied his base conduct toward me in his buggy. Before his trial came up he procured base slanders that were read at the trial to prove that I was a lewd girl. I was here more than a thousand miles distant with my father and not financially able to attend. When I heard of those vile and false letters I wrote for a copy of them that I might find out from what source they came; but the august body

refused to let me have them; but by much correspondence with friends who had known me from a little girl, I now have certificates proving those letters to be nothing but base and slanderous falsehoods which Jones had, by some intrigue or other, procured to ruin my reputation in order to save his own. If you feel disposed to take the side of "right against might," the weak against the strong, and wish to investigate as to my real character, I most respectfully refer you to J. W. Holsapple, Wichita Falls, Texas; Mrs. W. H. Wright, 270 Newman avenue, Dallas, Texas. Also to Mrs. M. T. Oswalt, Celburne, Texas, and to many good men and women of the city of Bowie, Texas, where I was raised. I have lived with some as good families as you can find in Texas, and I rejoice to think that their doors are open to me at any time. I desire that Jones appear in the eyes of other women and girls as I see him, but there are a few popular preachers who are helping the Austin church officials to shield. Ask him this: Did you ever forge a letter to traduce the character of Miss Jennie Howell and to intimidate her into silence? Did you know anything against her at the time? If so, why need you forge the letter? Did you not confess before C. McPherson, H. D. Walksh, J. W. Holsapple and J. B. Goff that you did forge an anonymous letter to silence her? Why have you never made a confession to her?

JENNIE M. HOWELL.

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OUR JACKASS DEPARTMENT.

THE doubtful distinction of being *facile princeps* of the long-eared tribe seems to lie between Revs. D. Parker Morgan and Benj. F. DeCosta, a brace of New York's Episcopalian preachers. Both were safely delivered of

"Queen's Jubilee sermons," in which they eulogized England and everything English, while sneering at the American Republic and slandering the American people. That they were not pulled out of their pulpits and about 16 inches of dog-meat taken off their asinine ears in requital of their impudence,, was due to the fact that their congregations were composed for the most part of Anglo-manical curs of the same kidney. DeCosta was begotten in New Hampshire, but he would be a disgrace to his country had he been spawned in hell. Morgan is a Welshman who, unable to make a living in his native land, came to this country to fill his lank paunch and assure us that a British monarchy is preferable to an American Republic. His countrymen dubbed him the "Weeping Jeremiah," because his sermons run chiefly to snuffles and snot. He was convicted of stealing his last year's Easter sermon from the works of an American minister. In other words, he has to pilfer American sermons to enable him to draw a clerical salary; yet the ungrateful Uitlander has the supernal gall to stand up in Trinity pulpit and vent his foul rheum on the American people. There should be a little lunar caustic applied to such a syphilitic ulcer on the body social.

The Rt. Rev. Dean Duffy, an Episcopal parson in the sunflower subbubs of Kansas City, recently put up a very enthusiastic bid for the jackass pennant. He was in town, doncherknow, taking in the Queen's Jubilee celebration, engineered by a blatherskite named Filley Burrough, whose liver got out of whack because Catholic Bishop Glennon declined to order prayers for the hierarch of a rival religious organization. The Rt. Rev. Dean Duffy aforesaid got so full of English enthusiasm that he took in a vaudeville attraction, accompanied by some other sloppy saints.

Having a head like a peeled potato of medium size, he was accorded a front seat as a matter of course. Now, a vaudeville is a song service, but inclines to the cosmolatric rather than to the sacred. A pretty soubrette with the pinkest of pink tights under her short-stop skirts, tripped on, twittered a few notes, winked the other eye and flirted one foot into the atmosphere. Dean Duffy thought he saw, as Tennyson would say, "the world and all the wonder that would be," so he hissed the girl with all the vigor of a lame gander, bobbed up like Jack-in-a-Box and marched his party of yaps outside and demanded the return of his money. He poured his tale of woe into the papers, expecting to bankrupt the theater with the power of his displeasure. Of course next night the place was packed, and the soubrette in pink tights received a raise of salary—everybody being anxious to see what Dean Duffy thought he saw—but didn't. I much fear that we will have to send this preacher east and let him take a post-graduate course of theology under the tutorship of Parkhurst. Instead of hissing the performance, Parkhurst would have bought several bottles of beer.

Prof. C. L. Bateman, a Maine Middle-of-the-Mucker with the expansive mouth peculiar to that brand of political malcontents, recently blew a blast upon himself intended to squelch W. J. Bryan. He deposed out loud that the Nebraskanian had forged the name of Senator Allen and attempted to bribe the Populist party to forward his own presidential aspirations. Then Senators Allen and Butler solemnly denounced Bateman as a long-distance liar. It did not appear to have occurred to these indignant gentlemen that Bateman must be of unsound mind and nowise responsible for the action of his mouth, else he would not expect to achieve the success of bimetallism by dividing

the free-silver forces. Bateman appears to be the Miltonius Park of Maine multiplied by a million—a stupid jack-assicus whose only gifts are foolish gab and unlimited gall.

I am earnestly requested by citizens of Seattle, Wash., to accord their mayor, Hon. Walpurgis Dogberry Wood, a place in the “Jackass Department” of this paper, and as indubitable evidence that he deserves this distinction they forward his photo and a copy of his late message to the city lords. The latter fills 15 copies of nonpareil and seems to have been “made up in his own head” and written by his own hand. Now I submit that the cares of government must sit heavily on the shoulders of a mayor who will afflict the council with a 15-column message, and I cannot conscientiously add to the burdens of this much enduring man. I learn from his portrait that Mayor Wood runs largely to facial piligerosity, and a stereotyped expression of piety; in other words, his distinctive characteristics seem to be hair and holiness. I can imagine that Seattle must be an excellent place to die in during his administration—that it is pervaded with that listless calm begotten of too much goodness, and which suggests the commercial catacombs rather than the loto-eater’s land. Wood is just the man whom I would select to teach a class of rubber dolls in a Presbyterian Sunday school, but I would scarce vote to make him mayor of any town in which I was financially interested. His picture proclaims him entirely too good and beautiful for the rough edges of practical politics.

Six hundred expert machinists of Pennsylvania, every one of whom went to Canton last fall and participated in the McKinley parades, recently vented their anger on

portraits of the putty-headed president because, after suffering a 25 per cent reduction of wages following the election, they were finally discharged because of "lack of work." "Hurrah for Bryan! to h——l with McKinley!" they cried. Well, we begged you for our sake, for your own sake, to disregard the counsel of pawnbrokers who fatten on the bankruptcy of the country; but the plutocrats "played" you—like other fools, you could only learn in the school of experience. Now if you're hungry, go eat hay. Grass is plenty good enough for any animal that can step on its own ears.

Mr. McKinley's admirers have suddenly discovered that as a "phrase-maker" he takes rank even with the almighty Cleveland. Against the latter's "innocuous desuetude" they pit their man's preëlection postulate that "it were better to open the mills than the mints." But you cannot feed 70 million people on highfalutin phrases. Had Bryan been elected he would have opened the mints; now let McKinley "open the mills." The boasted phrases of Cleveland and McKinley prove them hopeless fools. "Innocuous desuetude" means simply helpless disuse, and such a bombastic archaism could have originated only in the fat head of a Holofernes. Bryan would have opened the mints that they might force open the mills: McKinley expected the latter to resume operations with the intervention of an efficient cause—and they remain closed. If the new tariff should increase their activity it will be at the expense of our own people—the product of every farmer will decrease in purchasing power, the general impoverished. We asked these fellows for prosperity and they gave us foolish phrases, which a million idle men are expected to admire.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

"God help the rich! the poor can beg," appears to be the motto of those economic pollywogs and political pee-wees to whom an inscrutable Providence has given control of this government. And perhaps the saying is not so foolish as one might at first imagine; for history has a bad habit of repeating itself, and the day may not be distant when the rich will have more occasion for pity than the poor. To the careful student of sociology, there are many and unmistakable signs that we are rapidly nearing the patience limit of the common people—that the hour draws on apace when they will decline to be longer hoodooed and humbugged by fake panaceas for poverty cooked up by place-hunting politicians. And then? Well, strange things have happened when the toiling millions became maddened by misery and frantic with hope deferred. Conditions in France during the closing years of last century were not materially different from those existing in America to-day:—it was a greedy and impudent aristocracy vs. a patient and long-suffering people, and when the latter could endure their privations no longer the former went to the wall, and there was little left of them but hide and hair. Deprived of property and imprisoned, guillotined and trampled beneath the iron-shod feet of the people they had learned to despise:—one would imagine after this terrible rebuke, written in fire and blood, the lily-handed few would never again tempt the murderous wrath of the "many-headed monster;" but the curse of greed, the lust for gain, the thirst for power, blinds men to danger and drives them on to their doom.

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Hold yourself down a moment, my ultra-conservative friend, until I can work the idea into you that I am not an "anarchist," or any of those dreadful things that flit like monstrous nightmares through the stertorous dreams of multi-millionaires, and terrify the waking hours of those who humbly serve in the house of Dives and board themselves. Let us understand each other: I am not of the army of vicious idlers who rail at those who by industry and frugality have become rich. I only regret that their honest prosperity is the exception to the rule. There is a third of a century of hard work behind me, and while not a man of wealth, my income is sufficient for my wants. Now what are you, that look into your leather spectacles and see only the rose pictures painted there by the aristocrats? In ninety-and-nine cases out of a hundred you are a pitiful hanger-on to the bedrabbled skirts of a pseudo-respectability, echoing parrot-like ideas of the plutocrat, and condemning the honest workingman who cannot conceal his poverty. It is by the aid of such as you that the plutocracy retains its power to despoil the people. It makes of you a cat's-paw to rake the chestnuts out of the coals, and despises you, as a matter of course. I am not inciting a revolution or fostering the spirit of unrest, as has been so often asserted; I am simply calling the attention of Dives to the irrefragable law of cause and effect that he may stand from under the avalanche. He is too much inclined to look into his ledger and cry, "all's well," because the balance is on the proper page, quite forgetful of the fact that he may have money in his purse and a square meal concealed about his person, while a dozen of his neighbors are hungry, dead-broke and desperate. I am not posing as a philanthropist who has nothing to do but weep for the world's woes; but I dislike to see men taking a siesta on the muzzle of a loaded volcano which

may get action any moment and spread their *disjecta membra* over the shrinking face of the gibbous moon. Being a man of quiet tastes, I have no desire to see an upheaval of the fires of hell—the “submerged tenth” floating to the top and inspiring a Reign of Terror. Nor do I care to see the people become so poor that the average lover of classic literature will be unable to fish a dime out of the front elevation of his pantellettes with which to purchase a copy of my truly valuable paper. For these reasons, if for no other, I am anxious to see the condition of the working people so improved that they will be contented and prosperous. But just so sure as death and taxes, there’s trouble ahead for Dives if Lazarus be left much longer to the care of the dogs. This is not a “calamity wail”; it is a solemn warning by one who knows better than does the average scribe the temper and condition of the working people. The average editor assures you the masses will do—what he imagines they should do! I tell you that if the pressure is not soon relieved they are likely to do what they should not do. In nearly every avocation where men eat bread in the sweat of the brow I have studied the wealth-creators of this country; not from the standpoint of the kid-glove journalist or economic dilettante; but from that of the man whose own hands hardened on hoe or halyards, wielded the hammer or swung the steel. I ought to know the workingman, for I am master of four trades and can “follow copy” on as many more. I have studied him in his comings and his goings, in his hopes and fears, his struggles and disappointments; and I say unto you that his heart is bitter to-day with the bitterness of death, and in his dissatisfaction there lurks a danger more to be dreaded than foreign foes or the pestilence that walketh in darkness.

When coal miners must brave the dangers of their trade for 70 to 90 cents a day and are employed scarce half the time; when skilled factory operatives receive only 50 to 60 cents; when experienced clerks can be hired in shoals at \$2 to \$5 per week; when farmers must put their wives and daughters in the field because unable to hire help willing to work for little more than board, clothes and tobacco; when a million men are unable to find employment at any price, relief must come if we would keep the smell of sulphur out of the atmosphere. There are bitter complaints in Texas of "hard times"; but Texas is an industrial paradise compared with some sections of our common country. When the working people are able to fairly live, they are conservative, patriotic and constitute the strength of the state; but when, toil as you may, save as they can, they find their condition becoming ever more desperate, while the wealth created by their labor goes to the enrichment of others, they become dissatisfied and dangerous. If the ruling class can divide and subdue them, they degenerate into spiritless lazzaroni; but if the people triumph in the struggle, then woe to those who have reaped where they have not sown and gathered where they have not strewn.

It is a favorite argument of the professional optimist, whose cackle is making the world weary, that the common people of this country cannot become dangerous, as they are the masters and government what they make it. That is a foolish conclusion drawn from a false premise. Government is not what the people make it, but what the money power elects to have it. The former are divided among themselves, following all manner of false prophets, the latter is organized, united, and whatso it wants it gets. "Love is potent, but money is omnipotent," say the

French; and certain it is that in a country where any biped may vote that wears breeches, a 20 million "educational fund" is not without effect. If it be true, as was said of old, that "every door opens to a golden key," the people may be pardoned if they lose hope of relief from robbery through legislation. When United States senators gamble in commodities upon which they are legislating, and four years in the presidency suffices to transform a beggar into a plutocrat and increase the bonded debt for the benefit of a kitchen cabinet, is it wonder that the people begin to lose confidence in the efficacy of the ballot? Optimize as you may, the stubborn fact remains that time and again portions of the working people have become dangerous—have reached the rifle and torch stage of revolt—and in almost every instance they have had the sympathy of the majority. Hungry men are always dangerous—no man can be a patriot on an empty belly. If it be true that "men will not take up arms in defense of a boarding-house" they are not likely to do battle for a squalid barn—to fight for a flag beneath which they cannot obtain bread.

In a recent speech Congressman Bailey asserted that the farming class could ever be relied upon to suppress the turbulence of the cities. My young friend is evidently unfamiliar with the recent history of the man with the hoe. The farmers were so much in sympathy with Coxey's semi-military demonstration that the governors of states through which the "army" passed dared not oppose its progress. So tense was the strain at the time that it was feared that an effort to disperse the Coxeyites by federal force would cause a general uprising of the wage-workers, and that the farmers would refuse to give assistance to the federal government. Had Coxey been a Napoleon, instead

of a crack-brained noodle; had he led, let us say, 100,000 striking miners to Washington to demand redress, instead of a ridiculous horde of Hungry Willies, a clash with the federal soldiery would almost inevitably have occurred, civil war would have ensued, and when we came to count the cost, many a multi-millionaire would have been among the "missing."

The panic of '93 safely passed; but it left industry on a lower level. The business depression continues, with but little abatement. The political situation has changed from bad to worse. The working people were promised an advance of wages if the Republicans were successful at the polls. Instead of an advance, there has been a general reduction, and as I write this probably 150,000 men in the various trades are out on strike simply because their earnings were not sufficient to provide their families with the necessities of life, and it is estimated that a million more are idle who have no job to leave. Men who voted and worked for McKinley, who pilgrimed to the Canton shrine and wore out their feet in torchlight processions, are now trampling Republican badges into the dust and venting their anger on the president's portrait. And what is the dominant party doing for the relief of the people. It is shoving up the tariff—giving the country the same old dough pill that has been so often tried without beneficial effect. Shoving up the tariff to raise wages—in a country whose wage scale is fixed by industries that cannot be protected because they produce for export!

Steady there! I'm not going to write a tariff editorial. Life is too short to gnaw stale bones that every dog has mouthed and mumbled; but I can demonstrate to you while you hold your breath that the man who argues that a

protective tariff makes for high wages is an ass, and the one who believes it is an idiot. Now fill your lungs and hold on to yourself: The price of labor, like the price of putty, is governed by the law of supply and demand. When there are more men than jobs, wages will be low; when there are more jobs than men, wages will be high. Then the beneficiary of a protective tariff may be able to pay higher wages than without it, but as selfishness is the law of trade, he will not do so unless compelled, and there is nothing in a protective tariff to make either more work or fewer men. True, it may build a few factories and open a few mills; but for every man it puts on the payroll it cuts off two or more in unprotected industries, thereby increasing the pressure for employment and decreasing the wage rate. A nation pays for its imports with its exports, trade being nothing more than an exchange of commodities; hence whatever has a tendency to prevent European products coming to America has a like tendency to prevent American products going to Europe. Protection for the manufacturer limits the foreign market for our foodstuffs and fibres by preventing the importation of those things in which we must accept payment, and just as our market is curtailed, our working force is decreased. Not only does a protective tariff strike at the employment of the farmer and stock raiser, but at that of the rail-roader, the stevedore, the sailor, and all others necessary to the exchange of the produce of one continent for that of another. A protective tariff is a conspiracy against both high wages and cheap living. It plays both ends against the middle—and the workingman's the middle. And that is the only remedy the Republican party has to offer for industrial ills so grievous that they threaten the very existence of government! How many times more will the country consent to swallow the protective tariff panacea

before it learns in the school of experience that it is rank poison—that low wages and idle labor are the logical sequence of Republican therapeutics?

An eastern journal suggests that “the ICONOCLAST should preach economy to the workingman instead of encouraging his complaints,” that “he should be content with a little less luxury.” I stand reprovèd, submit my neck to the gooseyoke with the best possible grace. The workingmen are doubtless grievously at fault. Many of those who receive the princely stipend of \$3 or \$4 a week for factory work, lavish it all upon their families and fairly riot in luxury, instead of laying by slathers of ducats for the proverbial rainy day. Perhaps not one in a hundred of the million idle men are saving a cent. Doubtless the man whose reward for a year’s labor is \$150 worth of cotton, ought to keep out of debt! Clearly the poverty of these fellows is due to their own improvidence and they deserve no pity—“the fool and his money are soon parted.” The workman is evidently going too rapid a gait. He must apply a Westinghouse to himself—must learn to court the drowsy god on the soft side of a pine plank with clouds for coverlet, attire himself in cotton bagging and live on locusts like Blessed John the Baptist. By so doing, he might accumulate enough in a long and industrious lifetime to purchase his own hemlock coffin in which to go to hell, instead of arriving thither as an assisted immigrant, duly tagged by the county undertaker. So fed and clothed and housed, he would probably meet with the unqualified approval of those who live on the fruits of his labor—who toil nor spin, yet make the glory of Solomon ashamed. Doubtless there is some waste among the workingmen; but a majority of them live lives of bitter self-sacrifice. If the average rate be \$1 a day,

the workman could not in 1,000 years earn the cost of the Bradley-Martin ball, and it would require twice that time for him to pay for a palace in which a plutocrat lives who has never yet created wealth equal to the diaper in which he was tied up to be weighed.

It is not a closer economy on the part of the working people that is wanted, but a more equitable distribution of the wealth annually created by brawn and brain. The United States contains some 70 million people, yet 40 thousand own more than one-half of all its wealth. Think of it! Fewer people than live in the little town of Dallas, Tex., own more than one-half of all the wealth between the two oceans. Less than a quarter of one million of our 70 million people own 80 per cent. of everything you can find between Boston Harbor and San Francisco Bay, between the Great Lakes and the Gulf! There are in America a dozen people worth a hundred million or more apiece; a hundred more worth twenty-five million and upwards each. Now as a man is entitled only to the wealth which he creates, and to that which is created and freely given him by others, it follows as an illative consequence that each and every one of these hundred-odd colossal fortunes is a flagrant fraud. Had a man begun the creation of wealth on the day that Christ was born and continued it unremittingly until this present hour, and not an atom of his handiwork had perished, the net result would not be worth 100 millions of money in any market; hence it follows that families which have in one or two score of generations accumulated such colossal fortunes have, in some manner appropriated the earnings of others and are public enemies. But were it possible for a man to honestly own a hundred millions of money, the possession of such vast wealth when millions of worthy people are suffering the

pangs of want were an infamy instead of an honor. When the day of reckoning arrives let Dives retire to his costly temple and devoutly pray, "the mercy I to others show, that mercy show to me." Were all poor there would be no complaint. It is the evidence, ever before the people's eyes that they have created wealth beyond the wildest dreams of avarice, yet are compelled to suffer the extremities of want; that they have but bowed their backs to other men's burdens, have sown that others might reap, denied themselves that others might enjoy, that breeds murder in the blood. In a land fruitful as the Garden of the Gods, yielding in abundance whatsoever is necessary to the comfort of mankind, the American workman, whose productive power is the wonder of the world, should be able to create wealth enough in twenty years of toil to maintain himself and family to the latest day of their lives. And so he does; but of this he receives but a scant subsistence, the remainder going into the coffers of the millionaires. So he toils on year after year, until his step falters and his aged hand weakly fumbles the tools that once beat so merrily to the lying song with which Hope beguiled his youthful heart. The remedy? "That's another story;" perhaps I'll have something to say about it in September. I simply take the stage at this time to observe that there's something radically wrong with an industrial system which compels the many to toil for the enrichment of the few, and to add, *sotto voce*, that the working people are getting d——d tired of it all, as well as aweary of the broken promises of politicians with a mouth for pie. For something like a hundred years they have been trying pretty much all kinds of parties, platforms and policies, and the further they go, the worse things get; so they are likely to conclude that, as none of the office-holding M.D.'s seem able to do the patient any good, it were an act of mercy to

hit it in the head with a hatchet, and thus end its agony. It does not require a microphone to hear the hoof-beats of "the man on horseback."

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A COUPLE OF HIGH-TONED KIDS.

KUNNEL JOSEPH PHEWLITZER of the New York *World* and St. Louis *Post-Despatch*, has discovered that the Duchess of Marlborough, *née* Vanderbilt, and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, are in what we modest country-folk call a "delicate condition"; also that both young matrons will be delivered this month—without mishap, let us hope. What a wonderful nose for news that man has, to be sure!—wonderful in fact, that I can imagine him wishing for the ability to walk on the windward side of himself. I presume that both ladies have a perfect right to be in the interesting fix in which they find themselves. They have been married, let's see—but no matter; they can shove up the date-line a few days, as Phewlitzer does on his European dispatches, should they find that the law of nature doesn't correlate with their marriage chronology. I 'spose it's all right; at any rate it's no affair of mine, hence I shall not worry about it this hot weather, with the Texas Democracy in session and the cotton needing rain. Phewlitzer makes a three-column illustrated "spread" of his discovery, throws bouquets at his own churnalistic oonterprise—then speculates on whether the unborn babes will be girls or boys. Right there is where Josef gives it dead away that he's no up-to-date journalist. What's the use of our boasted science if it's not to be employed in the harvesting of useful information? How comes it that he didn't have the ladies X-rayed and thereby set the minds of his readers at rest regarding the sex of the unborn babes?

There is every indication that they would have submitted to the operation with alacrity, and this would have enabled him to add a couple of highly interesting, as well as instructive, illustrations to his rather startling collection. He signally failed to improve his opportunities, to work the item for all it was worth. He didn't even inform us whether the babe will be brought up at the breast or nurtured on a bottle. I can scarce wonder that the circulation of the *World* has taken a sudden drop from eleventy-seven to seventy-eleven billions, while that of the *Pee-Dee* has slumped in proportion. Think of a progressive and eminently practical people giving up their good dough for an antediluvian daily that indulges in idle speculation instead of scientific certitude. Evidently Josef has become a back-number journalist, has passed his perihelion. Still he is interesting as far as he fares. He gives us a picture of the cradle awaiting the coming of the Marlborough kid, and tells us how much it will be worth in cold cash—granting, of course, that it comes as live freight and safely survives whooping-cough, measles, mumps, and the many other ills that infantile flesh is heir to. He volunteers the information that while the Whitney youngster will have the most money it will possess no title, quite overlooking the fact that it will be born a sovereign, the other a subject. And the public, awakened from its midsummer siesta by all this bawling over a brace of unborn brats, looks at the bloomin' Jook, and at poor little Harry Payne Whitney tottering about under his threedecker name and his daddy's dollars, shakes its head incredulously and returns to its slumber, to dream, perhaps, that the world is being populated by painted dunghills whom it imagined impotent. The *World* and *Pee-Dee* solemnly assure us that "the finest possible layette has been provided" for each of the young pilgrims. Layette is probably an imported euphemism

for those three-cornered affairs and other fixin's so handy to have in the house when there's a baby about. Mr. Dingley neglected to have such words made dutiable as useless luxuries of purse-proud lollipops. The Duchess of Marlborough is the daughter of W. K. and Mrs. Whitney, the daughter of Cornelius Vanderbilt. Old man Whitney has boodle to throw at the birds, and young Whitney is a nephew of old Payne, the Standard Oil multi-millionaire; hence the youngsters in question will have much more elaborate layettes—or layouts, as we say in Texas—than the average infant. They will be triangled with the finest bird's-eye linen, dandled on the dimpled knees of French nurses, and have paregoric seasoned with aromatic syrups slid into them out of silver spoons, while the common run of kids are swathed in second-hand flour sacks, the XXX still visible that none may mistake them for mavericks, and left to prosecute their arduous search for carpet tacks, bits of broken glass and other edibles. But the poor man's offspring, when grown to manhood, will have the satisfaction of knowing that his mother, instead of exploiting her potential maternity in the daily press, sought to conceal it by keeping out of sight, admitting it only with modest blushes to her dearest female friends. And he will have the further satisfaction of knowing that his father would have blown the vulpine brains out of any reporter who presumed to pry into his domestic affairs and set the world gabbling about the condition of his wife. It does seem that our would-be aristocrats, on both sides of the sea, are destitute of common modesty as a muley cow. When one of its female members is to be married, she proceeds to take the world into her confidence. The press reporters are shown her "lingerie," and the public given a minute description of every costly rag she wears on her bridal tour, from her gray traveling dress and gloves to her lace-

trimmed chemise and silken undershirt. She actually seems to think the public cannot sleep o' nights until it learns the exact cut, color and material of the panties she will wear at the wedding, and the make of the "nities" she will sport during the honeymoon. The moment the "happy couple" imagines it has succeeded in making a family increase probable, it can no more hold its cackle than can a yaller hen. The discovery of the law of cause and effect seems to demoralize its mentality and wreck its modesty. It rests not until it gets an account of its wonderful doings in the dailies. Ostentatious preparations are begun for the great "event." Everybody who belongs to the "set" is notified that they may make prenatal presents. The reporters who had the felicity to describe the bride's underwear, are again called in that they may dilate upon her expected infant's duds. The affair is discussed with as much *sang froid* as the price of putty or the cotton prospects. The "genealogical tree" is reëxamined, generation by generation, from the old rat-catcher, ferryman, scavenger, professional pimp or railroad wrecker who laid the foundation of the family fortune. The condition of the prospective mother is freely discussed by papers professing to be decent, and apparently with her approval and the help of her husband. All the sacred mystery of motherhood is sacrificed by the family to the prurient desire to be discussed. And discussed it is—chiefly by barrel-house bummers and variety-dive bawds who bandy the names of fashion's fools back and forth over pots of stale beer. I cannot understand the crassness of these *soi-distant* aristocrats. Of course I know that a majority of them have sprung like jimson weeds from the very sewage of society—that most "proud titles" can be traced to Pandarus and most great fortunes to Fagin; still we might hope that even noblemen spawned by pimps,

and plutocrats begotten by thieves, would learn to imitate the modesty of the common people—to “assume a virtue though they have it not,” and cease to offend the public sense of decency by brutal exhibitions that would sicken Doll Tearsheet. Nor can I understand how the press, which enables these coarse creatures—these gilded heaps of guano—to flaunt their vulgarity in the faces of decent people, profits thereby, unless indeed it sells them space, just as it does the purveyor of abortion pills and private disease panaceas; for certain am I that the American people care never a continental about the pattern of Miss Plutocracy’s wedding underwear, nor whether the gangle-shanked, goose-necked Vanderbilt girls mother one babe or a million. They may be pleased to learn that young Harry Payne Whitney has reached the age of puberty, that it is possible for the Jook to grow a beard and thus hide from his long-suffering fellows at least part of his face. If the arrival of an heir to the title which old John Churchill purchased with his sister’s shame, or the decoration of young Whitney’s mewling infant with a velvet diaper secured with jewelled pins would affect the price of cotton or corn, Phewlitzer might be able to work up considerable interest in those events; but as nothing of the kind is expected, the people quite naturally wonder why these flamboyant plutocrats don’t take a tumble to themselves and do their breeding without the aid of a brass-band. It is impossible to determine until after the lapse of a third of a century or so whether the birth of a babe be of any particular importance; so there is really no occasion to become excited, as all babies look much alike, whether born heir to millions or to a rag-picker’s route—little blear-eyed balls somewhat resembling a raw beefsteak. I trust that the youngsters in question will arrive all right and enjoy the finery provided for them; also that

they will prove more worthy than their ancestors and surroundings would lead a student of sociology to expect. The best of children when handicapped with petty titles or vast fortunes, usually develop into dawdling dudes, live useless lives on the labor of others, and leave the world poorer by the exact cost of their keep. There may be a man-child born this month who will be the glory of his generation; but he is far more likely to make his appearance in a log cabin or cheap cottage than in the Whitney mansion or Blenheim palace. It is worthy of remark that when society cackles loudly over the birth of a babe, the world seldom weeps at its burial. The Shakespeares and Miltons, the Grants and Napoleons, the Lincolns and Hamiltons creep into being unnoticed by other than the immediate neighbors—the Phewlitzers of the press being too busy admiring costly cradles and cut-glass nursing-bottles to take cognizance of the advent of the world's colossi.

* * *

THE HENRY GEORGE HOODOO.

A RAM DASS WORSHIPPED AS A DEITY.

I SEEM to have gotten into a world of trouble with the Single Taxers, hence all the gladness has gone out of my life, and I may never smile again. Some time ago I was so indiscreet as to courteously state what I humbly considered some insuperable objections to their proposed system, and ever since I have been the geographical center of a cyclone of sphacelated cabbage and a cataclysm of dead cats. I deserve it all, for I was well aware that the dogmas of George were more sacred than the doctrines of Jesus, and that to question the infinitude of his wisdom or his economic impeccability was a sin unpardonable.

From Dan to Beersheba and from H—alifax to Breakfast, Single Tax editors and orators are remorselessly punishing my “presumption,” while every mail brings me scores of essays from the faithful, informing me that I am an “ijiut,” “a ass,” “an igeramus,” and other dreadful things unknown to any well-ordered natural history. Truth to tell, I had begun to seriously suspect there must be something wrong with me, else I would not have wasted time crucifying an economic mooncalf that was rapidly dying of its own accord. Sweet gentlemen, for the love of God be merciful to an “ijiut,” “a ass” and “igeramus,” for how can so weak a creature meet in the rude shock of war the jawbone thunderbolts and gray goose-quill excaliburs of the terrible Single-Taxers? Forgive my sins, dear sirs, cosset me once more on your heaving brisquets and regale me again with the unctuous milk of approval and the honey of adulation with which you were wont to tickle my esurient palate in the good old days when I insisted that Henry George should have a respectful hearing. Your master has no cause to complain of the *ICONOCLAST*; nor does he so, that I have ever heard. This paper has ever treated him with marked courtesy and consideration. While unwilling to concede that he is a Pallas in pants, and his Progress and Poverty the national palladium, it has admired his honesty and earnestness, and urged that everybody read his books and pass upon his economic plan without partisan prejudice. It seems to me that I have treated the Single Taxers as fairly as they could ask, and if I now proceed to state a few plain truths about them and their faith, they will have no just cause to complain. Should they think differently, they are royally welcome to “chew the rag.” Frantic denunciation of dissidents and indecent exhibitions of Bœotian ignorance permeated with Gascon impudence are not calculated

to make converts, but seem to be the favorite Single Tax methods of "refuting" argument. It is a bad cause that must take refuge in discourtesy. I regard jackasserie as a misfortune rather than a fault, to be pitied rather than denounced; for if God does not give a breeches-wearing biped the instincts and intellect of a gentleman, it were idle to expect him to act like one. Nor do I assume that there are no courteous and cultured people among the Single Taxers simply because it has been my misfortune to find in that faith so many impudent Smart Alecs and irrepressible dampfools. The man who takes issue with a political thesis or religious tenet invariably sees the seamy side of the party professing it, and should remember that "every medal has its reverse."

Henry George is a man of much natural ability, who has revived and elaborated an idea of the old French philosophers in the mistaken hope that it would relieve the woes of the world, and his postulates must be examined with as much freedom as those of Mill or Montesquieu, despite the foolish yawp of those whose matin hymn and vesper prayer reads, "There is no God but George, and may those who dare to doubt be anathema forevermore." Despite his long and arduous struggle, he has obtained no standing of consequence in either politics or economics, and that because his teachings are violative of the public concept of truth. Like most brilliant men, he is not well-balanced. What the world terms a "great man" is usually a mental abnormality—some one feature of his intellect developed at the expense of others. Thus Ingersoll is probably the most eloquent man in the world to-day; but his creative faculty is so weak that he must content himself with garlanding the prosaic ideas of others. He is a magnificent word-painter, but others must supply the pigments. He is, if I may be permitted the solecism, simply

an echo filtered through an æolian harp. George's head would furnish brains for a hundred Ingersolls, but he is much farther off the mental equipoise. As a polemic he stands without a peer. No other living man could have made so absurd a theory appear so plausible, deceived hundreds of abler men than himself. I would as soon undertake to convince intelligent people that the poverty of the masses is due to the mountains in the moon. But he is only polemic, in nowise a philosopher. He is credulous as Moses Primrose, through whose worthless green goggles he seems to be ever gazing. He mistakes the plausible for the actual and by his sophistry deceives himself. Of this self-deception is born his earnestness, and history has amply demonstrated that, no matter how ridiculous a proposition, if a man believe it with his whole soul, he will not only make converts, but often awaken a fierce enthusiasm, even an unreasoning fanaticism which assumes the absurd to be self-evident because "the master said it." It was thus that John Knox transformed hospitable Caledonia into a nest of intolerant and canting Covenanters, and Mahomet made the easy-going Arabians a brood of murderous bigots. In the pathway of a Peter the Hermit, or a Henry George, preaching his "crusade" with faith believing, everything inflammable takes fire, and once aflame, argument were useless—the craze must run its course. Hence it is that we find the disciples of Henry George paying him almost divine honors—branding doubt as "presumption" and denial as blasphemy. Hero worship is well enough in its way, and I have no objection to American sovereigns singing Gloria in Excelsis to one of themselves, for does not Hardenberg assure us that "Bending before men is a reverence done to heaven's revelation in the flesh?" Henry George and "Count" Cagliostro are the only two men of modern times who have been devoutly

worshiped by their dupes; and in some respects the Single Tax folly of the one resembles the Egyptian Masonry foolishness of the other. It is to the credit of Mr. George's heart, but not at all complimentary to his head that he is an honest fanatic, while Cagliostro was a conscious fraud. George's career suggests that of Francis Schlatter, the "divine healer." He is a well-intentioned man, who confidently believes that he can work miracles—can reverse the law of cause and effect and make the poverty-stricken millions prosperous by revoking the taxes of the rich and increasing the burdens of the poor. He would equalize the conditions of Dives and Lazarus by removing the tax from the palace of the one and laying it upon the potato patch of the other. When Progress and Poverty first appeared, I believed it inspired by the plutocracy, 250,000 of whom own 80 per cent. of the taxable wealth of the country, while the land is largely in possession of the great middle class. I could not understand how a man possessing common sense could fail to see that removing taxation from a class of property chiefly in the hands of the rich and placing it altogether on property chiefly in the hands of the comparatively poor, could fail to benefit the millionaire at the expense of the working-man; but I did not then realize that Mr. George was a monomaniac. The cruel outrage which he is striving to perpetuate upon the poor is the result of a strange misconception of the fundamental principle of economics. Unfortunately Mr. George was mis-educated; if it can be said that a man of distorted vision is educated at all. The Single Tax monomania seems to have taken hold of him before he began a serious study of economics, and thenceforth his investigations were dominated and their legitimate fruition defeated by this morbid idea sprung from the corpse of an intellectual mooncalf once galvanized

into a semblance of life during the most artificial and unprofitable era of France. He seems to have devoted all the powers of his mind, not to judicial investigation, but to the manufacture of apologetics for his preconceived opinions. Conceiving land to be "monopolized," the next step was to assume, without a show of reason, that land monopoly is the mother of all other economic monstrosities—just as though it makes any difference how Anthæus gets his feet upon the earth so long as he has to seek the coöperation of the capitalist in production and suffer him to fix the price which he must buy and sell. How will you smash the cotton-seed oil trust, for instance, by compelling planters to lease their cropland to the government? With coal fields leased to the operators by Uncle Sam, how will you prevent Hanna organizing a pool, limiting production, raising prices and reducing wages? How will you prevent the Standard Oil Company forcing weaker concerns to the wall by the simple expedient of selling below the cost of production. But it is not my present purpose to goad the Single Taxer into another conniption fit, but to let them wrestle for a few months with the heretofore demonstrated fact that, as the only excuse for the existence of their cult is to appropriate for public use the "unearned increment," it might as well get off the earth, as said "unearned increment" is already taken for public use under our present system of taxation. The increase in value—the "unearned increment"—of all the land in the United States during the past three years will not equal the taxes paid upon it in one year. As Zanga would remark, "First recover that, then thou shalt know more." It is well to administer spoon-meat to infants *poco a poco*. Mr. George declares that a tax on man-created wealth is a fine on industry which has a tendency to discourage production; so he

would lay the entire tax on God-created land, kindly permit industry to pay it from man-created wealth and prosper! As the able editor of the *National Single Taxer* would say, "There's nothing complex about that proposition." And the fact that he can understand it is *prima facie* evidence of its simplicity. Figure it as you will, adjust it as you may, a tax is "a fine on industry" and will remain so until you get blood from turnips or wealth from tramps. As the present rental of every acre of ground in use between the two oceans would not defray the expense of government, federal, State and municipal, the Single Tax would compel a radical advance in ground rent and make it impossible for us to successfully compete with other countries in the fiber and foodstuff markets of Europe. The fact that land is the primal source of all wealth has strangely confused my Ft. Hamilton friend. Land does not produce wealth; it simply affords man an opportunity to produce it. A tax is simply a toll taken of labor's product and to be equitable, it must fall with equal incidence on all, whether it be the product of a cheap farm or a costly factory. The red shirted miner toiling on ferriferous land of little value, produces iron ore worth \$1. The smelter and mill transform it into bars worth \$5. The factory makes it into watch-springs worth \$5,000. Government must compel each to pay toll in proportion to the amount of wealth he has produced—and that is the only equitable law of taxation.

Mr. George began under very favorable conditions the propagation of his cult. The history of this and other nations had taught observant men that our industrial ills could not be cured by the bread boluses of the old political parties—that sooner or later the country must resort to a more radical remedy, else hear the "*ca ira, aristocrates a la lanterne*" of a new revolution. Mr. George's system

being radical and far-reaching, quite naturally attracted the attention of those who saw the insufficiency of the old political nostrums, so often proven abortive by experience. The study of economics had not then become popular in this country, men judged of party measures chiefly by the light of individual experience. They knew from observation that tariff and currency juggling do not go to the root of the evil, do not make it the easier to earn a living; so they listened attentively to the great propagandist of the Single Tax. The scheme for dragging the golden age in by the ears was plausible, even forcefully presented, and many really intelligent men were converted. The cult was a novelty, a novelty captures all the "cranks," and Mr. George soon found himself the Grand Coptha of a rather numerous and very noisy crowd of "Crusaders." For a time the trained economists paid little attention to him, regarding him as a kind of Jack Cade and his cult unworthy of serious consideration, while those who did attack his views hardly sounded their fanfare before they were unhorsed. Mr. George had expended years preparing for the tourney and came to the lists armed capapie—to put the gaffes into such polemical dunghills as the Duke of Argyll! As he ate up the imprudent amateurs his heresy came more into repute and spread like the holiness fake at a Methodist camp meeting. He became the "fad" and men who couldn't tell the Republican platform from the Odes of Anacreon, the law of rent from the law of gravitation, hastened to sit at the feet of this new Gama-liel. "One God, one Farinelli!" cried the profane princesses; but Farinelli wasn't "in it" with the apostle of the faith that was to raise the landless man out of the Slough of Despond by raising his rent. That the average George convert became an immovable Ephraim joined to his idol, is not strange when we consider that the impotency

of the remedies proposed by the old political parties could be so easily proven. As one must have some political faith, the Single Taxers can scarce be blamed for clinging tenaciously to a doctrine, which, although discredited by common sense, has not yet been proven fallacious by the *experimentus crucis*; for even insisting, after a critical survey of Cleveland and McKinley, that their Toomtabard George is a Jupiter Tonans—even a Ram Dass, with “fire enough in his belly to burn away the sins of the world,” it must be conceded that the world-power has even been composed of one-idea people—those who believe more in a minute than they can prove in a month. We are progressing backwards at present, simply because we have so many philosophic Hamlets who don’t know how. A Cromwell or a Francis, even a Debs or a George with one unhealthy idea in his head which he proposes to reduce to practice or break a tug in the attempt, were worth a thousand namby-pambys who are sure of nothing and can only swing round in the current like dead eels in an eddy. One-idea men are apt to be revolutionary; but even revolution were preferable to dry rot. It were better to keep moving even though the goal be somewhat uncertain than to sit patiently down beneath grievous abuses and petrify. It were better that the doctors do something than nothing when the patient sick unto death, even though they resort to the drenchings of Sangrado or the Mumbojumboism of George. It were better to launch boldly out on the sea of experimentalism and trust to the winds and waves to bear us to the Isle of Bimini than to putter around in unprofitable goose-ponds, playing minnows for sperm whales and bullfrogs for Alboraks while Sansculottism grows ever more savage. As between Georgeism and Do-nothingism I would, if compelled by adverse fate to make a choice, chain my fortunes to the former—just as I would

have followed Robespierre rather than eat hay that the harlots of *les roi faineants* might bedeck themselves with diamonds—and have their bawdry reblazoned at Bradley-Martin balls.

But, fortunately or otherwise, we will have no opportunity to test the breakers with Henry George at the helm. There is every indication that his cult has had its day and is rapidly going to join the many other isms, political and religious that have been swallowed up like cast-off clothes and other exvixæ by the great “mother of dead dogs.” It is curious to reflect how many once popular highways to heaven and turnpikes to the terrestrial millennium are now weed-grown and forgotten. Every age has its panaceas for woes temporal and woes spiritual, high-flaming, loud-sounding, yielding tithe of the first fruits and fat of the land to their high-priests; but so few of them do more than relieve their chief propagandists of the necessity of ditching and delving and assure them a three-line notice in biographical dictionaries. Change is the order of the universe, and the political reformer who is a candidate for President, or even mayor of New York to-day, is gone to-morrow, heaven alone knows whither. His crusade languishes, flickers, expires, and the world, that once played Sweet Alice to his Ben Bolt, knows him no more forever—follows hard upon the heels of some new reformer with a maggot in his head, until he in turn is swept with his pamphlets, credo and crusade into the rubbish heap and eternal night of oblivion. So wags a weary world, round and round in the same circle of industrial doldrums, instead of spinning, as Tennyson would have it, “through the ringing grooves of change.” What the deuce “ringing grooves” have to do with “change” I know not; but the great Alfred may have served as cash boy in a department store. The Single Tax party will not

long survive its creator, for he is the breath in its nostrils and makes its heart to beat. Nay, if he tarries long, it will beat him to the tomb, for already it has passed from lusty manhood to the lean and slippered pantaloon. The cult seems to be acquiring a few new recruits, and those not of the mental caliber of its charter members. Conditions for the propagation of empiricism are more favorable than ever before, for the industrial problem is pressing with ever greater force, there is a general weakening of party fealty, a desire to train under a more promising flag. The opportunity is even now for the birth of a new party, spring Minerva-like, from the brow of American Jove; but Mr. George cannot work the combination. In fact, the public is becoming just a trifle tired of him, as it does of all men who have slipped their trolley-pole. Single Tax papers now run largely to "boiler-plate" and are not so ably edited as in the erstwhile. If I mistake not, Mr. George was unable to keep one of these expounders of his doctrines from running upon the financial rocks. Certain it is that those which still linger have but limited circulation, and are managed by men who seem to exist by chewing the fag end of hope deferred and sucking the juice. The Single Tax is evidently passing, just as the impot unique disappeared a century since. Perhaps in another hundred years some new reformer will resurrect it and again set the forks of the creek afire, for we are told that history repeats itself; but struggle as it may, it must yield, so often it appears, to the irrefragable law of the survival of the fittest. With a century upon it, the Wealth of Nations is still young, while Progress and Poverty is already old. This is because the first is true and truth is eternal, while the latter is an idle dream and cannot last. Forgetful of the proverb that "everybody knows more than anybody," Mr. George took

issue with the cumulative wisdom of the world. That's why he is a reformer who can't reform. Alas, poor Yorick!

* * *

DEAN HART OF DENVER.

THE dispatches state that Dean H. Martyn Hart, of St. John's Cathedral, has been caught smuggling valuable furs into this country from Canada. I am not surprised that he should attempt to defraud the United States, for he has ever been a blatant and insolent enemy of the country from whose resources an inscrutable providence permits him to fill his sacerdotal paunch. Whether he were an assisted immigrant I know not; but according to popular opinion when he arrived here from his beloved England his umbilicus was hobnobbing with his backbone. I am told that he had to leave his native land to find something to eat, and quite naturally he turned his face to "the refuge of the world's oppressed," which has transformed so many English paupers into intolerable prigs. A few rectangular American meals sufficed to develop his latest insolence, and now he is fully as offensive as the average British Leggar placed on horseback. When I last heard of this erstwhile hungry Uitlander, now grown so great on American grub, he was trying to pull the leg of the Colorado people for a "Victoria Wing" to St. Luke's Hospital—was urging them to contribute liberally to prove how glad they were that the Queen is a respectable old party instead of a foul-mouthed prostitute like certain of her predecessors. In his appeal, published in the *Denver Republican*, he said:

"The world owes the Queen an immense debt of gratitude. She has set an example of purity of life which has been an incalculable power for good to the whole society of

the world. What might have been the condition of that society to-day if the first lady of the world had not set such an example as has thrust immorality, bribery and corruption into the shade of disrepute, who can tell? . . . Every miner in Colorado should not only perpetuate the memory of the good Queen he has a right to be proud of, but for precaution's sake, on his own account, he should send a subscription," etc., etc.

England, as well as other European countries, has had dissolute Queens without materially affecting the world's morality. So far back as history sheds its light the better class of people have not been prone to form their morals on royal models; which is just as well, perhaps, as a majority of monarchs have been sexual sinners. As Semiramis and Messalina, Catherine and Elizabeth could not by their dissolute lives banish from the world the blush of modesty; as it withstood the assaults of the founders and defenders of the Church of England faith, it would probably have survived had Victoria been beautiful as Anne Boleyn and passionate as Cleopatra, instead of homely as a hedge fence in her youth and phlegmatic as a dead catfish in her age. I have too much confidence in womankind to believe that one Queen, even though she be a Helen of Troy instead of a gin-guzzling gain-grabber, can wreck society irrevocably. Nor can I see why one whose kids and their progeny are so handsomely provided for at public expense, and who receives some \$2,000,000 per annum for doing nothing, unless it be for writing foolish books which nobody reads, should be especially commended for not entering, like some of her poorly paid predecessors, into schemes of "bribery and corruption." It is dead easy to be honest on \$2,000,000 per annum. As there is a limit to the universe, there must be an *ultima thule* even to a "good Queen's" greed. Of course the Col-

orado miners have a perfect "right to be proud" of a sovereign who rolls in riches while millions of her subjects are starving; who donated one-third of her income for one day to relieve the famine sufferers of India, who, during her entire reign, have been ruthlessly robbed for England's enrichment; who connived at the scheme which fastened the single gold standard on America, filling the land with idle men and reducing thousands of silver miners to the verge of starvation; but it is a "right" that few of them will exercise so long as they can keep out of the lunatic asylum. Having in mind the proverbial thriftiness of John Bull, his vulpine resourcefulness when there is a shilling in sight, I became curious to know something of the hospital scheme engineered by Dean Hart, and whether miners who gave up their scant earnings to build the Victoria annex would be treated without cost in case of accident. The following excerpt from a letter received from a prominent citizen of Colorado throws some light on the subject, and incidentally brings out the fine points of this fat-headed fraud who now fares sumptuously every day, instead of lurching as in auld lang syne on the fog banks of London:

"It is a favorite boast of Dean Hart that he never read an American newspaper. Although he has been pastor (or 'dean') of St. John's Cathedral for a great many years he is still an English subject, never having been naturalized, and boasts of it. He is opposed to the public school system of this country, and writes articles to the different papers of the country, condemning the system. He has all his clothing imported from England or Canada. He invariably sends his wife to England that his children may 'escape the obloquy of being born American citizens.' These facts are not mere hearsay, but are notorious.

But to you they must be superfluous. I have been told that you have lectured on the subject of 'Gall,' and in order to do the subject justice you must at one time have known Dean H. Martyn Hart. St. Luke's Hospital is not by any means the only good hospital in Denver. 'There are others.' It is an adjunct (for revenue only) of St. John's Cathedral. H. Martyn Hart is grand mogul of both institutions. Their charges range from \$12 per week upwards in advance and there is no deviation from this rule."

So the miner who, "for precaution's sake on his own account," contributes to the Victorian Wing of St. Luke's in honor of "the first lady of the world," can in case of accident, secure medical attention in the same concern for \$12 per week and upwards." If he isn't prepared to pay two prices for treatment that this Good Samaritan may slip abundant shekels into its sock, he can lie out in the street and rot so far as Saint (?) Luke's is concerned. The extensive circulation of the *ICONOCLAST* in Colorado leads me to hope that I can cave in the skull of that little scheme—can prevent the miners beings buncoed out of their money. It seems to me that a man with sufficient audacity to spring such a piece of disreputable dead-beatism would renounce the ministry and go into the confidence business right—with Senator Palmer for side-partner. Had the reverend gentleman who parts his name on the side like a 10-cent dude and dodges customs duties like a professional fraud, made a practice of reading the American newspapers instead of burdening his seldom brains with the dry rot of English diurnals, he might have learned (if capable of learning anything, which seems unlikely) that Colorado is not an appendage of the British crown; also that when a gabby Uitlander attacks the

educational or other institutions of this country he runs considerable risk of getting his lungs kicked out by some self-respecting American citizen. My correspondent is unnecessarily exercised because Hart takes the precaution to have his brats born dutiful British subjects instead of independent American sovereigns. For that he cannot be too highly commended, for the sons might resemble their soupy sire. The Republican party conferred American sovereignty upon the coon; but a pitying providence has prevented the proudest title known to human history being further degraded by Dean Hart. I don't know but we should encourage this humble instrument of heaven's mercy to America by contributing to the Victorian Wing of St. Luke's Hospital. By all means let Hart and all worshipful cattle of this kind ever remain the subjects of rheumy European royalty, humbly bending their rickety marrow-bones before the foolish bogey of the "divine right of banal descendants of certain bumbards and bawds to misrule and rob; for American citizenship is already weighted with all the "obloquy" it can comfortably carry. We have got to draw the line somewhere if we would not have the title of American sovereign become as disreputable as that of British duke. As to Victoria being "the first lady of the world" I have nothing to say, further than that the Kanakas having conferred the same high-sounding title on their own beloved Lillikizooki, the first ladies aforesaid are welcome to settle the controversy as best they can. Were I selected to umpire the game I would certainly award the stakes to Hart's sovereign, believing as I do that even an Anglo-Saxon descended from a brutal and crazy king must be a shade better than a saddle-colored barbarian. Nor can I blame the Englishman for making a mighty to do because, after so many centuries, one of their monarchs has honestly earned the right to be called

respectable. Such unexpected beatitude is certainly just cause for rejoicing. Here in America we never think of congratulating ourselves that the first lady of the land is a model of womanly virtue; for we have not, never can have experience of any other kind. In England the reverse was so long the case that we can readily appreciate John Bull's joy at finding himself under the rule of a monarch for whose private life he need not apologize. May Victoria live long to reign if not to rule over the so-called Anglo-Saxons, and thereby enable John Bull to hold up his head. As P. Henry would observe, "we can only judge the future by the past," which argues that she is an oasis of respectability in a boundless desert of royal debauchery.

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GODEY'S MAGAZINE FOR MOKES.

My attention has just been called to the fact that *Godey's Lady Book*—*Godey's Magazine*, as it is now called—is still upon the earth. I have before me the first copy thereof I have seen for a quarter of a century, the second one I ever examined. I remember well that when a kid I asked my sister for paper of which to build a kite, and she gave me a copy of *Godey's Lady Book*, advising me at the same time to "tie a grindstone to it for a tail," it being, she said, "the lightest thing in literature." I examined it and found in it a thin, sloppy periodical, containing some hay-fever fiction, a number of impossible fashion-plates and cholera-morbid sauce recipes. I supposed, if I thought about it at all, that *Godey's* had gone to the rubbish heap long ago; but it seems that "the lightest thing in literature" has managed to keep afloat, heaven knows how or why, while scores of better magazines have been buried. Perchance an inscrutable providence has preserved it that,

it might eventually become the fashionable magazine of the negro aristocracy of the feminine gender, a beatitude to which it has attained after weary pilgrimage of more than half a century. I hasten to extend to its present publishers the glad hand and congratulate them on their enterprise, for I imagine that it fills what the country editor calls "a long-felt want" and fills it brimming full. Now that it has at last reached its intellectual and social level and is content with its lot, it should be accorded every encouragement. The colored women of America are certainly entitled to a magazine; and it seems that at last there has arisen a counterpart of Eddie Bok to sling into their yearning souls the same class of intellectual soup which makes the *Ladies' Home Journal* a perennial joy. And Philadelphia is just the place for a journal devoted to fashionable colored females. Simultaneously with the arrival of *Godey's Colored Lady Book* for July the dailies announce the wedding in that city of a so-called respectable white woman of alleged good family with a coon, the interesting ceremony being performed by the rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Crucified. The name of this progressive female who has started in to solve the race problem was Constance Mackenzie. As she loves niggers so well, let us devoutly pray that she will give birth to a brace of brats as often as possible, and that all her pickaninnies will be black as the hinges of hell. As for Rev. Villers, who performed the ceremony, I trust that his cup of joy will be filled to overflowing by his becoming grandfather to a bevy of woolly half-breeds, for I think it would improve the Villers' stock to graft it on the cornfield coon. Evidently the cullud people are getting up in the pictures, and are entitled to the very best Bokism the Godey Company can give them. I suppose that all the articles, in the July number of that periodical will be writ-

ten by negroes, as it has the subtle flavor of an old pair of sox. "The Colored Woman of To-day," is a subject handled by Fannie Barrie Williams, a chipper octeroon well calculated to catch a Republican's eye. The article is illumined with the portraits of ten "up-to-date colored ladies," evidently ranging in complexion from a brunette banana to a blonde canary bird. Just why these notable black women are seven-eighths white, Fannie does not see fit to inform us. She frankly assures us, however, that "there are thousands of cultured women of the colored race who are worth knowing, and are prepared to coöperate with white women in all good efforts," etc.; all of which is quite comforting, as I was beginning to fear that these paragons of their sex were too proud to "coöperate" with the humble Caucasian. Fannie is quite certain that, contrary to the opinion of white people with ample opportunity to study the Senegambian, many colored females are virtuous as Dian, lovely as Ophelia and among "the most interesting women in the land." It may be so; but certain it is that these superior creatures do not trot around much in Texas. I do not find fault with Fannie for bepraising her own people to the extent of accrediting them with both virtue and intelligence; but if she would produce a few "colored ladies" with a trifle more fuliginosity in their faces it would reflect greater credit on the race with which bright quadroons and chipper octeroons are peremptorily classed. The fact that her ten samples of estimable womanhood are chiefly of Caucasian blood does not say much for the progress of the blacks. An animal one part baboon and seven parts Bostonese could probably acquire a taste for beans and learn to relish Browning; but his Simian blood would be considered a curse rather than a credit. All the women with whose portraits Fannie favors us may be virtuous as the wife

of Cæsar; but no one of them would be a full-blood negress if she could, while the fact that she is not shows that her lineage is marked by the bar-sinister. As marriages between Caucasians and coons are not much encouraged outside the Episcopalian circles of Philadelphia, the existence of an octoroon—the *creme de la creme* of “ladies of color,” pre-supposes at least three flagrant cases of bastardy—and Fannie can scarce complain if the white people as a rule do not expect an evil tree to bring forth good fruit. The next article in this interesting number is a novelette by one Frederick W. Pangborn, evidently a coon, for he not only makes a yaller gal his heroine, but proclaims her superior in beauty, education and general accomplishments to the average white woman. But Freddie, with all his admiration for dark-eyed Dulcinas, was not born and bred in Dixie, for he imagines that an octoroon is not necessarily part negro. He succeeds, however, in producing one by the aid of a white man and a mulatto wench, which in this part of God’s creation would be regarded as very much of a miracle. *Godey’s* contains other articles by various authors; but as the thermometer registers 90 in proximity to the ice-box, I must leave further examination of Ethiopian essays until cooler weather, my nose already being, like that of Trinculo, “in great indignation.” I cannot say that *Godey’s* has improved since a sharp-tongued school-girl contemptuously referred to it as “the lightest thing in literature,” valuable for kite-making—if a grindstone be tied to the tail; but it is a great comfort to reflect that its present burden of banalities cannot be charged up to white people, that its corps of contributors are coons. Viewed as a production of the blacks or quarter-breeds—*Godey’s* is not half bad. Whether the publishing company be composed of coons I am not

informed; nor have I been advised regarding the color of the new editor. It would have been more manly had the publishers notified their white patrons of the proposed change in the color of their "Lady"; but as they take it solely for the sauce recipes aforesaid and to keep pace with the improvements in complexion powders they will probably care little what is done with the rest of the paper. While by no means a social equality shrieker, nor much in favor of solving the race problem by fading the nigger out by fornication, I like the Ethiopian—in his place, and that place is the cotton patch. I have yet to see the nigger, male or female, full-blood or quarter-breed, who wasn't irrevocably ruined by being relieved of the necessity of manual labor. Take a buck out of the cotton and dress him in broadcloth and he isn't half worth killing. Relieve a wench of hard work and she quickly acquires the brazen swing that says, "I'se bahd." A magazine like *Godey's* may not help them much, but it is too epicene to do any serious harm. If it will do the best it can and henceforth keep pictures of white women out of its pages, I'll subscribe for a copy and compel the negroes on my ranch to read it, even though it gives them chronic malaise and unfits them for active duty in the cotton field.

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A PLEA FOR A PATRICIATE.

PROF. HENRICUS TRISMEGISTUS PECK, of the faculty of Columbia University, the alma mater of Mugwumps and Anglomaniacs, has been discussing in the *Cosmopolitan* what he considers the defects of American education. He complains (as the *Iconoclast* has been doing for five years past) that the adaptability and mental resources

of the student are too little considered; that the fool and the incipient philosopher are run through the same curriculum; that many a good ditcher and dairy-maid are spoiled by compulsory education which renders them dissatisfied with their proper calling while powerless to insure their success in anything more exalted; that the youth who really deserves an education will obtain it without being driven thereto by the state in company with an army of semi-idiot upon whom pædagogical effort were worse than wasted. Had the professor rested there he would have spared me the trouble of writing this critique; but he meanders on to the demonstration of that, while possessing a few valuable ideas, he is utterly incapable of continuity of thought, is ignorant of the world he lives in and sadly misunderstands both the genesis and genius of the American government. He admits that our university education, while dominated by Anglican ideas, was sterile and lacking in elegance, and rejoices that our whole educational system has been Germanized; complains that German scholarship is theoretical, dwelling in the transcendental and ignoring the practicalities of life, yet regrets that the whole trend of our Germanized education is away from the speculative and toward a sordid, gain-getting Utilitaria; he assures us that the Anglican system, which he condemns as sterile, is responsible for all that is great and good in our institutions; condemns the present system as formulæ and calculated to make all students alike, while commending the old methods which made university men as "like as peas in a pod"—"according," he says, "to one particular standard, and with an absolute identity of training," regardless of native adaptability. Just what Prof. Henricus Trismegistus Peck means by all this contradictory twaddle it might puzzle the devil himself to determine; but it goes far to prove the following

postulates with which I some years ago set professional educators aflame: "Perhaps the worst writers and most stupid thinkers in this world are college professors. They tramp 'round and 'round in the beaten paths of others so long that once out of the familiar rut they are like lost calves in a cyclone. No man ever accomplished aught of importance who was not self-educated—who did not study the world through his own eyes instead of the optics of others. To run a genius through a university were like running a young eagle through a threshing machine—it will require years for him to recover from his injuries. The true university is world wide; open your eyes and if you have understanding in your head and reverence in your heart you cannot remain ignorant." If it be true, as Prof. Peck says, that the province of the university is to "make men think straight and see clearly," it has certainly grievously miscarried in his case. But it is my present purpose to deal with but one feature of the professor's folly. He opines that the state and society itself are being endangered by "the hewers of wood and drawers of water" presuming to meddle in affairs political; that these should be "driven in harness" by a small and "sacred bank" of 'Varsity graduates who "draw their inspiration from the classic past," instead of soiling their fine minds with such sordid practicalities as the price of pork and the output of potatoes. He assures us that, despite the stupid prejudice of *hoi polloi*, a small patriciate, a caste, an aristocracy, were best for this country; that "every really great thing that has been accomplished in the history of man has been accomplished by an aristocracy." The most important and powerful of all aristocracies is that of the intellect, into which many a beggar is born; but as Peck evidently employs the word as synonymous with patriciate, I am frank to brand his statement as

a foolish falsehood. The American government, the grandest work in the history of the human race, was founded and defended by the common people despite the aristocracy on both sides of the ocean—including the faculty of Columbia College. Those who approved the Declaration of Independence, and those who framed the Federal Constitution did not constitute a privileged class. They did not “drive in harness the hewers of wood and drawers of water”; whose happiness, Prof Peck assures us “is more thoroughly conserved when governed than when governing”; they simply stood forth as the chosen representatives of the toilers, commissioned to form, not a government by an oligarchy, but a government of, for and by the people. They actually had the bad taste to disagree with Prof. Peck regarding the necessity of a patriciate, and decreed that wheresoever floated the banner of liberty all men should be equal before the law. Columbia University was first called King’s College, and, as a matter of course, was put in charge of Episcopalians. During the Revolution its Tory president had to skip the trala to avoid getting tangled up with a tree. The faculty took French leave, and the college building was converted into a hospital for the ragged Continentals who were battling against the curse of caste. After the last of John Bull’s swashbucklers had been sent home to inform their royal master that a patriciate wouldn’t patrish in this climate, the name of this Tory incubator was changed by legislative enactment, to Columbia University, despite Episcopalian protest; but it still remains in charge of Anglo-maniacs who can see no good in America beyond its gold and grub; hence it is not surprising that Prof. Peck should declare in favor of a patriciate similar to that of England, or that a pseudonymous contributor to the *New York Journal*, boasting himself his *fidus Achates* should tear-

fully regret "the rebellion that wrested us away from the motherland to our undoing." If Prof. Peck is familiar with history he knows that for every benefit conferred upon mankind by a patrician a score have been conferred by those born of the common people—that never yet did a privileged class fail to prove a curse. A parvenu patriciate is what is the matter with America to-day—is robbing the common people by fraud just as the old feudal barons despoiled by force. Ninety-and-nine per cent of the honor and intellect of the world has its origin in cottage or cabin, hence Peck would manage matters mundane with one per cent. of the available gray matter. He must be the "original McKinley man." Few of our prophets and poets, philosophers and patriots, scientists and inventors were born in the purple. Imagine Prof. Peck "driving in harness" such "hewers of wood and drawers of water" as Christ and Mahomet!—being propelled in his gilded car by John Bunyan and Bobby Burns, or Abe Lincoln and U. S. Grant! Wouldn't that be a sight for gods and men to gaze upon? If there's a good able-bodied American handy let him kick a bale o' hay out of the presumptuous blatherskite and send me a bill for a new pair o' boots.

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A WEARY MUGWUMP.

I HAVE been wondering in a vague, tired way for several days, who the deuce Jno. W. Davis might be; but with the thermometer coquetting with the 80's and a local ice monopoly getting in its royal graft, have not mustered up sufficient energy to ask. I know several Davises; but while they are all good fellows, even shining examples for the guidance of society, none are equal to John W.'s.

apotheosis of himself. He recently turned his fervid fancy loose in the columns of the *Telephone*—launched a sizzling thunderbolt at the Bryanites and incidentally informed us that he is a ripsnortin' Demmy-Rep, a howling jimhun on the hustings, and a patriot with a big P who has made hitherto unheard-of sacrifices for the sake of his political principles. Strange that so brilliant a star in the intellectual catasterism, such an Achilles-over-the-trench in political warfare should have so long escaped my observation, only to spring himself upon me at this late day with the kinetic energy of a case of cucumber colic. Perhaps I might have learned of the existence of this self-sacrificing patriot had I been in the habit of attending Mugwump powwows—might have even had the pleasure of seeing this Cato-Major of the Cuckoos mount drygoods-box or beer-keg and lam the shrinking spaces in Audromeda with his lungs. What seems to be hurting this Great Unknown of the Googoes, is a flippant reference by a morning paper to the sacred Demmy-Reps as a "McKinley Aid Society." Jno. W. opines out loud that "such talk makes him tired." Then of course it will have to stop short, for it were a dreadful thing indeed should one who has put so many important offices far from him rather than subject his political principles to a sneaping frost, be now afflicted with that tired feeling. Furthermore it were nothing short of blasphemy for a Democratic daily to criticize a political credo that numbers among its devotees such an omniscient statesman and impeccable patriot as Jno. W. Davis. Just where this Holy Willie acquired that superior wisdom which induces him to pose as censor of the press I am not informed; but after reading his awkward diatribe I opine that he was educated in a bull-pen and dismissed without diploma. It seems to me that a man unable to write reasonably good

English, and utterly ignorant of the political history of his country for 12 months past, might find a job better suited to his mental resources than teaching ethics to Democratic editors. I much doubt whether Jno. W. Davis could find either end of himself in the dark. He is of the opinion that Palmer was nominated for the express purpose of defeating both Bryan and McKinley, and sneers at the suggestion that the Boltocrats contributed aught to Republican success. Senator Caffery (Demmy-Rep) recently assured the *Washington Post* that "fully forty-nine fiftieths of the gold Democrats cast their votes for McKinley"—that "if all the gold Democrats had voted for Palmer and Buckner it would have resulted in the election of Bryan. Why doesn't Mr. Davis straddle the neck of Senator Caffery, instead of intimating that the Waco editor is an ignoramus for saying substantially the same thing? If he must talk, why doesn't he tackle some subject on which he is at least partially informed, and thereby avoid such disgusting twaddle as he works off about that old tub of guts and gall, G. Cleveland, going down in history as "the greatest president this country ever had?" If the Boltocrats expected to capture the offices when they nominated Palmer and Buckner, what call have they to turn up their proboscides at the "Bryanites" because they too had a penchant for "pie"? If they did not expect to elect their ticket then it was clearly a piece of political claptrap intended to aid McKinley. Straddle either horn of the dilemma you like—then tell us what important office any Boltocrat in Texas could have secured by remaining with his party. Until you do this, slobber over "sacrifices" made by these soreheads will seem not a little absurd. The man who doesn't know that the manipulators of the Indianapolis movement voted for McKinley and urged others to do so, ought to be tapped

for the simples. Even your alleged presidential candidate accepted with grateful acknowledgments congratulations on the success of the conspiracy he had entered into to elect a high-tariff trust-owned Republican. Yet you dare to prate to an intelligent people of the political principle "of such two-faced frauds, such rotten-hearted thimble-riggers. The only reason this canting old hypocrite didn't betray the Christ is that he didn't have the opportunity. Not being permitted to play Judas Iscariot he had to content himself with the rôle of Benedict Arnold. In his clumsy tirade of abuse of those who dissent from his dogma that G. Cleveland made Almighty God, Davis wildly laments that Democratic editors are not more courteous to the Cuckoos, and pleads for peace. The way to secure peace, my sweet sir, is to refrain from insult. You can hardly expect the Democracy to turn the other cheek and permit you to do all the hammering. The Cleveland-Hanna-Palmer-Davis brand of "unadulterated Democrats" were offered the olive branch at the close of the campaign; but furious because a mangy bobtail, smelling of Republican compost, was not permitted to wag the Democratic dog, they declined it, and all their organs and orators and amateur scribblers have been villifying and misrepresenting the party and its leaders ever since—just as you did in your anserine article. It is said that men most hate those whom they have most harmed; which accounts for the virulence with which the Boltocrats assail their old-time brethren. Alleged Democrats who helped to turn the country over to the enemy, thereby accentuating the industrial depression born of Cleveland's subserviency to those who enabled him to "save" a seven-figure fortune on a five-figure salary—who strove to wreck the Democracy because they could not rule it—now have the immaculate nerve to stand up before gods and men

and prate of their "political principle"! Despised by the Republicans they served, scorned by the Democrats they betrayed, hated by the people they helped impoverish, they now walk the earth as political pariahs, economic outcasts, without a party or a principle, and should be compelled to herd among the tombs like the lepers of olden time, and cry "Unclean! Unclean!" As fear was afraid to sit upon the brow of Cæsar, so shame is ashamed to roost upon the front of Davis. He is so proud of his political disgrace that he flaunts it like a dirty diaper in the face of the American people. But to return: Who the deuce is this Jno. W. Davis, whom a Democratic press makes so terribly "tired" that he must spill his ennui in a bottle of ink? Is it possible that he's the Lolilus of literature, the Mrs. Harris of politics? that "there hain't no such person"? Perhaps it's the *nom de plume* of "Waco's Warwick." Somehow all this talk of sacred political principles reminds me of the once proud alliance of certain alleged Democrats with Cuney and his coons.

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EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

RUSSELL SAGE dearly loves to talk, for talk is cheap. If there was a tax of 10 cents a million on words uttered, he'd only make signs. He stands up in his last summer's \$4 hand-me-down suit to solemnly assure the world that the reason the workingman is ragged and hungry is that "production exceeds consumption." Sure! Now, suppose you tell us how it happens that the workingman is not permitted to consume the wealth, which his industry produces, while a lot of old leeches like yourself, who do not produce so much as a potato, accumulate millions of

money. Talk to the subject, else go cork yourself. The world is weary of hearing that water is wet.

McKinley's recommendation that a currency commission be appointed, is a piece of political clap-trap intended for the consumption of gold-bug Democrats. If we require a commission to determine what ails our currency, why should we retain Congress at such enormous cost. Must we employ high-priced "statesmen," and then hire men to do the work for which they are paid? Nit!

There should be a law in every state prohibiting under the severest penalties, that insufferable imposition on the traveling public known as the railway "gate system." The So. Pac. and the M. K. & T. have adopted it, to the infinite disgust of their patrons. I am not surprised at the action of the first-named road, for it has ever proceeded on "the public be damned" principle; but the "Katy" has hitherto been deservedly popular. The object of the "gate system" is to keep a check on conductors. As people usually estimate others by themselves it is not strange perhaps that railroad companies regard their employees as robbers. Doubtless there are conductors who do not consider it a grievous sin to side-track an occasional fare intended for such a thieving corporation as the Southern Pacific; but the latter should not be permitted to protect itself from petty peculation at such monstrous inconvenience to the travelling public. It often happens that a large number of passengers present themselves; yet no matter what the weather may be, they must stand unprotected while their tickets are inspected and punched. There are other methods of keeping tab on conductors, methods that do not subject the traveling public to an inconvenience that amount at times to an infernal nuisance. A railway is a common carrier, and any well-behaved person is privileged to ride if he have the

price. Those who attempt to ride without are liable to arrest for disorderly conduct. This being true, no one is under any obligation to produce his ticket until it is demanded by the conductor, or other officer authorized to take it up, and I am surprised that the public submits to this "gate system" impertinence. It is your duty to pay your fare, but you are under no obligation to put yourself to a moment's trouble to protect the company from its own employees. First thing we know the railways will be requiring every passenger to make a written report of his trip to the depot-agent at his destination.

Since I demonstrated that the old-line insurance companies, both fire and life, collect \$2 to \$5 from the people for every dollar they return—are accumulating stupendous fortunes and paying their presidents enormous salaries by the simple process of bumping the heads of confiding suckers, all the periodicals that pick up a precarious livelihood by pimping for these wholesale plunderers, have been boring away at the *ICONOCLAST* with their little gimlets. Why is this? Simply because I clearly demonstrated that the average old-line insurance company is a rapacious swindle, and there is absolutely nothing that can be said on the other side. The sibilant geese are making a great deal of noise, but they are not "sissing" to the subject.

Little Tommy Watson is again awakening to the echoes among the red hills of Jawgy with his megalophanous he-haw. He says that Bryan—but then nobody cares what Tommy blows through his bazoo. Somehow he always reminds me of that mythical steamboat whose whistle was bigger than its boiler. He is ever busy as a mud-dauber and just as useless as that insect, which he so much

resembles in appearance and practice. Tommy is making the world aweary with his yawp, but little he cares if he can keep it talking about Tommy. Some of these days a grown man will accidentally step on this little political Buzfuz, and the Middle-of-the-Muckers will bury the remains in a pill-box.

Julian Hawthorne, whose "paw" wrote some dreary novels that everybody praises and nobody reads, has reached the conclusion that miscegenation is the proper solution of the race problem—that the whites should marry the blacks and fade 'em out legitimately instead of by the popular Republican formula. Well, there's no law against miscegenation in New York, and if Julian would like to wed a coalblack 200-pound wench this hot weather I can send him one C.O.D. If he has any sisters, cousins or aunts who are heart-hungry for black husbands, let them forward their photos. I'll paste 'em up in Coon Alley, and perchance they'll catch the fancy of bucks who can be warranted good breeders. Of course Mr. Hawthorne would not advise others to do that which he would object to in his own family. But seriously, a man who will make such a suggestion doesn't deserve to die a respectable death. He ought to be bit by a blue-gum nigger, clawed by a buzzard, kicked by a blind jackass and buried face down in a pile of compost. When a Caucasian would defile his own race by injecting into it the blood of the Ethiop it were an insult to every dog in Christendom to call him a mangy cur.

This being the Queen's Jubilee Year, it was quite natural that Orangemen everywhere should celebrate with unusual *éclat* the triumph of English tyranny at the Battle of the Boyne. In Philadelphia Rev. Bill Galley, a recent

(and unnaturalized) importation from Ulster, preached the jaundice-colored crowd a "patriotic" sermon, after which it paraded the streets with banners inscribed "America for Americans." As ninety-and-nine out of every hundred Orangemen are British subjects, and the odd critter is an Anglomaniac, this sudden patriotic ebullition will stand considerable salt. If Orangemen resident in this country are so patriotic as they pretend, why do they celebrate a British victory instead of Washington's triumph at Yorktown or the almost ridiculous defeat of the English army at New Orleans? They celebrate the Battle of the Boyne simply because it marked the failure of Irish patriots to win that for which the American colonists fought. They shriek loudly for religious liberty while glorifying an event which deprived a race of the privilege of observing the rites of their chosen religion. They announce themselves the friends of freedom while rejoicing that the yoke was laid so heavily upon a people that millions have left their native land in sorrow and in shame. If so-called American Orangemen are what they profess to be, there is no more reason why they should celebrate the battle of the Boyne than the massacre of the Alamo. Affection Alienating Wise, the rubber-neck mayor of Watertown, N.Y., gathered together all the crummy Canuck Orangemen he could find, and attired in yaller rags, they paraded the streets of that town flaunting British flags, instead of the skull and cross-bones, the banner of their progenitors, the Poop-o'-Boys; but they were well punished for their temerity by the Rev. Whang Doodle Marsh, who attempted to tell them all he didn't know about the ger-ate and gal-orious order which was so enthusiastically celebrating the political humiliation and religious persecution of a people who for two centuries have furnished England with both brawn and brains.

Some of these days, when the weather gets cool, I'll put a clothespin on my nose and write a history of the Orange Society for the benefit of Rev. Mr. Marsh. Where the Spanish Inquisition tortured one man a dozen helpless women and children have been murdered by this infamous organization.

* * *

DOWN IN DIXIE.

So many people are leaving the Middle-West and North-West and settling in the South that heavy property holders in those sections are becoming not a little alarmed. Quite naturally the railway companies do not care to find themselves possessed only of a few unprofitable streaks of rust penetrating a wilderness, hence the Passenger Association of Michigan has ceased making excursion rates for homeseekers, hoping thereby to check the hegira. This action is quite generally approved by the Michigan press—a very frank confession that people will not remain in the Peninsular State after having seen the South. Cheap excursion rates are a powerful stimulus to travel, and with these abolished, it is hoped that Michiganders will not stray far from their own firesides—will remain content simply because unable to make comparisons. If Michigan is so anxious to retain her citizens it might be a still better plan for her to put them all in the penitentiary; then they could not hunt for homes amid the jasmine buds and magnolia blooms, where blizzards do not blow and there's seldom any snow. The southern railways may run cheap homeseekers' excursions to every point of the compass, so far as the South is concerned, knowing as she does, that the weary wanderers will return and sing with increased unction,

“In Dixie’s land I’ll take my stand
And live and die in Dixie.”

Like a woman conscious of superior grace and beauty, the South does not fear comparison with her less favored sisters. I do not mean by this to disparage Michigan. It is a splendid state, has good people aplenty, and many more attractions than Pingree’s potato patches; but during all the years I have resided South I have wondered why I didn’t discover the superior advantages of this section sooner. Perhaps it was because I had not visited it, and, in common with my northern neighbors, considered its chief products to be yellow-fever and funerals, politicians and centipedes, cotton and colonels, dysteleology and general damnation. I came south much as the average tourist visits Mexico—to see a strange country and a stranger people; but soon decided, to paraphrase Melud Tennyson, that 50 years of Dixie were better than a cycle of icicles. I am conducting no immigration bureau; for, like the late Gov. Ireland, I do not consider density of population an unmixed blessing. I have noticed that when a country is sparsely populated the people are usually independent and moderately prosperous; that as population increases there is a marked tendency to divide into the very rich and the very poor, the former arrogant lords, the latter servile slaves. The removal to any southern state of a million hardy Michiganders would greatly enhance its taxable values, increase its political power and commercial importance. It would soon have larger cities, better roads and more of those comforts and conveniences enjoyed by populous communities. Such an increase of population would cause greater specialization of labor and enhance the productive power of the unit; but it would at the same time make labor more dependent upon capital

and draw broader and deeper the social line between Dives and Lazarus. There would be a few more plutocrats and many more paupers, and the workman's battle for bread would become more bitter. Such is the history of the "development" of every state in the Union. I do not say that the disadvantages of a dense population are not counterbalanced by the gain, but simply that there are two sides to the shield, and I am not an enthusiastic immigration advocate. It is a matter of indifference to me in what part of the world others choose to reside; still I cannot understand why any man of well balanced mind will remain in a cold climate when there's nothing to prevent him putting the Ohio river between himself and the snow banks. I cannot understand why he will wear icicles in his galways five months in the year when he might be inhaling the fragrance of flowers. I suppose, however, that the old copy-books were correct in the hypothesis that there must be "many men of many minds"—that to some leaden skies are more beautiful than a Texas sunset, a frozen frogpond preferable to flashing fountains, and canned goods better than fresh strawberries. There be Esquimaux who would not exchange train-oil and whale blubber for all the fruits and perfumes of Araby the Blest; still I imagine the reason the South is not the most popular section of our common country is to be found in the almost incredible fact that it is still a terry incognita to a majority of mankind. For more than two centuries Negro slavery lay across it like a curse, labor was not held in high esteem and the poor man naturally preferred to settle in other sections rather than be classed with the "coons." The Federal soldiers saw the South when it was a social chaos and commercial wreck, and the reception accorded them was not calculated to make them love the country. Diseases incident to camp-fare, exposure

and change of climate, led them to suppose it a sickly land. Phil Sheridan's crabbed remark, after a long day's ride on a dusty road during the dog days, that he preferred hell to Texas as a place of residence, was the opinion formed of the entire South by many a poor fellow as he toiled beneath his 60 pounds of impedimenta through dust or mud, past ruined homes and weed-grown gardens, dining on sowbelly and ditch-water and meeting at every turn a gaunt and ragged soldiery who fought, not with hope of victory, but with the desperation of despair. Unfortunately, the opinion formed of the stricken South by the Federal soldiery is the one still popular with the northern people. But the South of '97 is to the South of '65 "as Hyperion to a satyr." The scars become vine-clad homes, the fields again yield their fruits, and the nocturne of the lover's lute now sighs where Death did ride "upon the sulphury Siroc"—the cobweb woven across the cannon's throat "doth shake its threaded tears in the wind" once more.

A word about the South—not for immigration purposes, but as a matter of general information. It is a great mistake to suppose that for nine months in the year it is a flaming Gehenna. The "heated term" here is perhaps a month longer than in the Middle-West, but it is neither so disagreeable nor so dangerous. I have seen the thermometer higher in many of the middle states than I ever knew it to be in Texas, have suffered more from the heat in St. Paul than in San Antonio. More people have died of sunstroke this season in St. Louis, Chicago and Detroit than have died from the same cause in the entire South. Ten of the southern states have ocean frontage and their semi-tropical climate is modified by the sea-breeze, while most of the remainder are mountainous and enjoy the cool atmosphere of high altitudes. In the

low lands far from the coast it becomes very hot as a matter of course; but the entire southern area in which the summers are not more pleasant than in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois could be covered twice over by the single state of Texas. More people die North every year of pulmonary complaints than have perished of yellow fever South since the Mayflower sailed. That the South is a healthy country is evidenced by the number of octogenarians actively engaged in business or following their professions. The much dreaded centipedes and tarantulas are neither so numerous nor so deadly as rattlesnakes in the North. You may reside here 50 years and never see either—if you remain strictly sober. Almost anything that will grow North can be produced here in greater abundance and with less labor, the land being generally more fertile and the seasons more favorable. True, there is some sterile land, just as there is in Kansas or New England; but 70 per cent. of the South is fertile as Central Illinois, while the Valley of the Nile can be duplicated here a dozen times.

There is little difference in the social life of the two sections. Probably there is more Chesterfieldian courtesy here than elsewhere, more hospitality and good fellowship; the first being a heritage of ante-bellum days, the latter due to the fact that with us the struggle for mere existence has not yet become so desperate as with the average of our northern neighbors. When it is a comparatively easy matter to "making a living," generosity and mutual helpfulness are characteristic of the people; when it becomes a life-and-death struggle true friendship is supplanted by artificial politeness and generosity by a savage selfishness. The same causes will produce the same effects on any people. In this age of universal education and general elimination of provincialism, it is a trifle more

difficult to determine in what section the cultured people one meets were born and bred. The South, like the North, was settled chiefly by Celts and Saxons, and two centuries and a half are not sufficient to produce a marked differentiation even were climatic conditions more diverse. The "typical southerner" of trans-Ohio editors is a swarthy undersized Arab with "bold black eyes" and a knife in his boot—suggesting Morocco's "shadow'd livery of the burnished sun"; yet he is a fair-skinned, broad-shouldered fellow who stands six feet or so in his sox, and manages to get through life without the aid of a private arsenal. The southern beauty of the novelist is almost invariably a "dashing brunette"; but she is quite as apt to be a decided blonde. The idea is quite general the world over that while southern women possess more than the average of beauty, it is far more ephemeral than that of their sisters of colder climes. Here, as elsewhere, women of Spanish or Italian extraction are apt to be a blaze of glory in their girlhood, but early lose the charm of face and figure; and here, as elsewhere, the woman of Celtic or Saxon blood seldom reaches the meridian of her beauty ere she has doubled "sweet sixteen." A gloriously beautiful woman with grown children is no uncommon sight in the South. No portion of the earth has ever yet obtained a monopoly of feminine loveliness. It is found under the Arctic circle and at the equator. Many a Michigan and Massachusetts maid is doubtless as divinely fair as was that dame for whom Paris deserted C  none on many-mountained Ida; but it must be confessed that never yet did a country where the thermometer ranges from 30 below to 100 above zero become celebrated for womanly beauty. It is the beauty of southern, not of northern Europe that the artist has delighted to sculpture and the poet to sing. It is not conducive to beauty to compel a woman to vibrate be-

tween a hell of fire and a hell of frost—alternately boiling her blood and freezing her face. You can scarce expect to develop an Aphrodite by hanging upon her 40 pounds of furs and flannels and sending her about with drawn shoulders that make her chest resemble the concave of a pie-plate—pigeon-toeing against blizzards until she acquires a gait like a pair o' bars, and a nose like an indigo-bag. Women who desire to be beautiful cannot afford to remain in Michigan, where their complexions are exposed to the raw lake winds in winter and a broiling sun in summer. They must come South where balmy airs make the skin like velvet—airs so delicious that they involuntarily throw back their shoulders and inhale it until they resemble the high-breasted heroines of Homer. Clad in light organdies and filmy laces instead of fur coats and arctic overshoes, they have free use of their limbs and learn to tread the earth like a Grecian goddess instead of a fat man edging his way over a sheet of ice. No longer bleared by gazing alternately at roaring winter fires and out over blinding snow-fields, their eyes become brilliant as dewdrops flaunting their prismatic glories in the sun's first beam. Life in this voluptuous clime rounds them into lissome Ledas and gives them Juno's imperial pose. Yes, I think the ladies had best come, even though the men remain in Michigan. They will find mere existence a luxury in this favored land, where all the year the flowers bloom and the birds sing with a sweetness and melody suggesting Love's Cretan shrine

“Where the god with festal play
Holds eternal holiday.”

The very moon and stars are brighter, and flood the earth with molten silver that transforms even a red barn into a fairy castle, a piebald mule into a Pegasus, and

falling between softly sighing trees upon the dark grass gleams there like fathomless pools in which you expect to see the heavens reflected. The Spring is a sunburst of beauty, the glad earth green as an emerald and thick-sown with flowers, the woods fragrant Gardens of Gul, while along the crest of the hills, half hidden in purple haze, you catch in fancy fleeting glimpses of Dian's hama-dryades, "with all their dewey hair blown back like flame"; the Autumn dreamy, delicious, subtle-sweet as music on a moonlit lake, along whose dark shore the fire flies sweep in lazy streams of flame amid flowers that fill the air with sensuous incense, suggesting the lotos-eaters' land, for here too

"—are cool mosses deep
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep."

If that doesn't fetch you, you may remain in Michigan.

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A MODERN MICAWBER.

Lowell, Mass., July 2, 1897.

MR. BRANN: You express the opinion that Martin Luther, the father of the Reformation, was a combination of fanatic and fool; yet you pay a high tribute to the genius of Charles Dickens, who regarded Luther as a very learned and able man. But perhaps we should expected such inconsistencies from a vicious Papist.

MICAWBER.

Micawber was a ridiculous old guy in Dickens' "David Copperfield," who insisted upon writing letters when he had nothing to say; hence my correspondent is peculiarly

happy in the selection of a *nom de plume*. Of course if I am a Papist I am "vicious," there being no other kind of Papists in the view of many enthusiastic Protestants. But if I am a Papist it is a trifle strange that such Catholic journals as the *Southern Messenger* should be wildly—if vainly—imploping their patrons to read none of my writings, lest I crack the mainspring of their credo and plunge them so deep in Purgatory that they cannot be rescued thence by the power of prayer. If I may believe all the papers that come to hand, I am at once a Baptist parson and an Atheist, a Jesuit and a Jew, and, like a stray cat, I'm receiving a shower of missiles from all sides. Fortunately my cuticle is case-hardened, even though I do not wear Mambrino's helmet. Blaze away, Messrs. Polemics, for this is a free country, in which every man, though he be but some miserable Micawber, is privileged to shoot off his mouth. In the meantime the ICONOCLAST, as a matter of public accommodation, will continue to receive subscriptions at the old rate. Patrons will save considerable wear and tear of their nervous system by not expecting this paper to agree with them in anything, and by remembering that it will cease creeping into their dreary lives like a gleam of celestial sunshine the moment the period they have paid for expires. But to return to this modern Micawber. I have paid no "tribute," altitudinous or otherwise, "to the genius of Charles Dickens," having ever held to the opinion that the grown man who can find nothing better to do than write novels, is very much of an ass. As a manufacturer of fiction intended to kill time that might be much better employed, Dickens stood at the head of his profession, and such honor as may be contained in this fact I accord him as freely as I would praise a trained pig or a ballet dancer. A man of genius may write an entertaining novel, just as a skilful jeweler may hammer

out a good horse-shoe; but never did a man of superior intellect follow novel-grinding as a profession. Because Dickens wrote "Nicholas Nickleby" it does not follow that his opinion of public men and measures is of particular importance. The author of "The Vicar of Wakefield" came precious near being a natural. If we may judge by the popular authors, both of the past and present, the knack of successful novel-writing is most frequently possessed by men of little minds. My definition of the word novel does not include such works as "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Don Quixote," there being a vast difference between beautiful allegories and keen satire and the output of the Minerva Press. Men like Bulwer, Scott and Dickens make a great deal of noise in their little day, but their graves are scarce green before they are supplanted by new favorites; the genuine man of genius seldom begins to live until he's been dead some decades. That Dickens was not a man of superior mind was amply demonstrated when he ventured beyond the picturing of rude English life into the higher realm of history. As a novelist he, Boswell-like, wove together what he saw and heard—was little more than a skillful reporter for the daily press; as a historian it became his duty to estimate men and analyze measures, and in this province his failure was pitiful. He undertook to popularize English history with children; not a very difficult task, one would think, considering the many thrilling adventures of young princes and kings, and the thousand stirring scenes enacted on the island; but instead of making a book which children read with avidity, it is the only one of his collection which old and young systematically avoid. It is 500 pages of the most ridiculous tommyrot that ever came from the press. It is simply a violent-anti-Catholic diatribe, shot full of blood and brutality. Events of vital importance are not mentioned,

while matters of no earthly moment fill scores of somnolent pages. The French and Spanish, the Dutch, Irish and Scotch, with all of whom John Bull had trouble, are cheerfully misrepresented, while all Popes are written down as malicious rascals. It is a distorted, disjointed, contradictory olla-podrida from which it is impossible to extract an atom of trustworthy information. In this "Child's History" alone I find Dicken's estimate of Luther, and will here give it as a sample of the historical methods of the man, as well as an illustration of the evidence upon which the Protestant bases its theory that "the father of the Reformation" was neither fanatic nor fool:

"There now arose at Wittenburg in Germany, the great leader of the mighty change in England which is called the Reformation, and which set the people free from their slavery to the priests. This was a learned doctor, named Martin Luther, who knew all about them, for he had been a priest, and even a monk, himself. Finding one day, to his great surprise, that there was a book called the New Testament—which the priests did not allow to be read, and which contained truths that they suppressed, he began to be very vigorous against the whole body, from the Pope downward."

As Dickens is dead, I will not express my opinion of the man who writes for little children a national history from a bigoted sectarian standpoint, further than to say that it smacks of the virulence but not of the wit of Voltaire. Luther made his wonderful "discovery" while studying law at the University of Erfurt. A copy of the Bible (for which he claimed in later life to have sought long in vain) was in the library and seems to have been accessible to all the students. "Chancing to examine it

one day," according to one batch of his testimony, he "saw that it contained more gospels and epistles than did the lectionaries." He read them, became interested,—and undertook the overthrow of Rome? Not exactly; he became a priest and for some years got along very well with Rome and other members of his profession. He was ordained in 1507 and it was not until 1520 that he was excommunicated for heresy. So late as 1519 we find him writing to Rome "freely confessing that the authority of the church was superior to everything." This after being sharply jacked up for insubordination. The Roman hierarchy was at that time unquestionably domineering and corrupt. In its thousand-year struggle through the "Dark Ages," with the ignorance of nations and the barbarism of kings, it had not escaped contamination. Luther objected, and justly so, to the sale of "indulgences," but there is no doubt that he would have quarreled with Rome had the Pope been the Messiah and all his cardinals seraphs, for he was the Ossawatimie Brown of the Sixteenth century—a bull-headed crank, a born trouble-breeder. He not only quarreled with the Papal legate, but with every man who attempted to assist him in that controversy. His brutal attack on the learned Erasmus, who supplied the brains while Luther exercised his lungs, evidenced both his ingratitude and his impudence. I freely concede that Luther was honest, for he was not gifted with sufficient reason to be a rascal. Most cranks, and especially those whose hobbies are political or religious reform, are firmly convinced of the impeccability of their cause. They assume for themselves infallibility, while denying it to the Pope. Luther probably had some liver-complaint which he mistook for religion: but there was naught in his conduct to suggest the Christ. He was intensely vicious, insufferably arrogant, absurdly incon-

sistent. He was in open rebellion against the Pope while penning his acknowledgment of Papal authority. While denouncing with the fury of an incarnate fiend those who dissented from his dogma, he was confessing himself sure of nothing. He was so badly cracked that he held controversies with the devil and even threw his inkstand at the prince of darkness. He was not "the father of the Reformation," but its reverberation. The saying was current in Germany during the life-time of the two men that "Erasmus laid the egg and Luther hatched it." The efficient cause of the uprising against Rome in England, Germany and elsewhere, was not Luther's bleating, but the abuses and corruptions that had crept into the church, the protests of Wickliffe, Occam and others, together with the raileries directed at the priesthood by Erasmus, whose biting pen earned for him the sobriquet of "the Voltaire of the Renaissance." It is worthy of remark that Erasmus, universally conceded the most learned man of his age, declined to read some of Luther's writings, because, as he said, by glancing into them, he had found them exaggerated and offensive to a man of refinement. The "Reformation" would have assuredly come had there been no Luther; but it probably would have failed to develop so many saintly fools and vindictive fanatics.



MIDDLE-OF-THE-MUCKERS.

THE Middle-of-the-Muck Pops, to the number of a few dozen, have met, conferred, swapped spit, scrapped, whered, resolutely, perorated waved their ears as a sign of effiance to all principalities and powers, and returned weary and worn with their malar exercise to the dry goods oxes and slab settees of the cross-roads, convinced that

the country is now safe from destruction at the hands of those dread enemies of the people, Marion Butler and W. J. Bryan. Just as Uncle Sam was about to go into the Grand Canyon and smash himself to smithereens upon the cruel boulders of bimetalism and rip out his viscera on the jagged rocks of tariff reform, Miltonius Park, the patriotic paladin of our beloved Texas, seized him by the coat-tails, braced his protrusive heels against the brink and lustily howled for help. Nor did his wild yodel fall upon unheeding ears, for up rose Cryptogram Donnelly, Keep-Off-the-Grass Coxey, Caught-in-a-Lie Bateman, and other perspiring patriots over whom any dog might well be proud to lift a leg, and rushed wildly to the rescue, and all tugged and sweat at their task of love until their tongues hung out and were trampled on, and their facial muscles ached ere they could drag the indiscreet gentleman in the high-water pants and catasteric cutaway away from the yawning chasm. So fierce was the patriotic emulation that some of the rescuers even fell a fighting among themselves.

“And under that great battle
The earth with blood was red;
And, like the Pomptine fog at morn
The dust hung overhead.”

The Nashville conference was indeed a “great aggregation”; if not in numbers, certainly gall. The average Middle-of-the-Mucker had ample time to attend; but owing to circumstances over which he is too tired to exercise much control, he is unable to travel unless presented with a free pass by some railroad company as a gentle act of “courtesy.” Owing to the exposition excursion rates, which made it almost as cheap to occupy a plush cushioning in a smoking-car as to play checkers in a grocery-store, while the wife and children perspire in the cotton-patch,

quite a number of patriots were able to reach Nashville from Texas and neighboring state, but there was a marked paucity of linen ulsters and palm-leaf fans from distant points. Harry Tracy took from Texas his perpetual motion talking-machine, Abe Steinberger brought from Kansas his verdant bumptuosity, Gumley of Louisiana got there with his gall, Crowe of Alabama with his croak, and Morgan of Arkansas with his mouth. And permeating the entire place, like the subtle perfume of the "rat" printing office which yields him a thin livelihood, was the priorient patriotism of Miltonius Park. As few of my readers have heard of Park in the glad hitherto, it may be well to state that he is grand panjamdrum of a little Dallas paper of corvine proclivities, which was once called to the general attention of the people of his country by his action in discharging his "force" of union printers (2 men) and employing "scabs"; but whether to cut expenses or make the composing-room harmonize with the editor, deponent saith not. This is the professional friend of the toiling masses who was made high cockalorum by the Nashville conference of the unfit—all of which may be of interest to the labor organizations of the land. What must be the rank and file of a party whose chief gyasticutus is a "rat," is a query that suggests Pope's "What must be the priest where the monkey is a god?" What has labor to hope from a party dominated by a Miltonius Park, who makes of himself a snuffing Niobe because of the woes of the workingman while reducing wages? The ostensible object of the Nashville powwow was the preservation in all their pristine liveliness of Populist principles; the real object was to enable a little gang of political peewees to get control of the party machinery for their own aggrandizement. The Nashville conference, like the Indianapolis convention, was simply a Mark Hanna aid society in mas-

querade. That the expenses of the Palmer-Buckner "campaign" were largely paid by the Republicans cannot be successfully gainsaid; hence the suspicion may be pardoned that the manipulators of this new Republican annex fingered some monopolistic money. Probably Park didn't get any of it, for it is doubtful if he possesses sufficient sense to pick up a \$10 bill on the turnpike. It would scarce have occurred to him to prevent any future coalition of Populists and Democrats in opposition to the robber plans of the plutocracy had not some enemy of the people put the idea into his head—much as one might sling a bar of soap into a tin wash-boiler; but it does not follow that he was bought. In fact, no one would think of buying a wooden man, unless he were a tobacconist in search of a sign. Park probably undertook the dirty work of disruption at the suggestion of some weasel-eyed agent of Mark Hanna, like Houston or Hedges, and simply with a hope of getting his name in the papers and to gratify his vanity by posing before the forks-of-the-creekers as a "prominent politician." He is evidently one of Hanna's fantoccini, a puppet with a string tied to it like Pantaloon Palmer, who, in his driveling dotage, even boasted of his dishonor in having elected a high-tariff Republican while posing as a free-trade Democrat. It was the Indianapolis Demmy-Reps and the Middle-of-the-Muckers who defeated Bryan and gave the country four more years of tariff robbery and goldbug jobbery, and those who profited by this iniquity are already taking steps to extend their license of pre-dacity at the next election, as is evidenced by the early attempt to divide the opposition. With both the Populists and Democrats split in twain and one wing of each controlled by men in the pay of the plutocrats, it ought to be an easy matter for Mark Hanna to elect another presidential figure-head. If those he represented could afford to

pay \$20,000,000 for victory in the last campaign they can afford to pay as much for victory in the next; next if the prime movers of the Nashville conference failed to line their pockets well for playing catspaw for the money lords they have simply allowed themselves to be "worked." If money was not to be had in abundance it was simply because the Republican executive committee doubted the ability of Coxey and his even crazier compeers to disrupt the free-silver, tariff-reform forces with the cry of "divide and conquer." What proportion of the Populists will fall into this foolish trap which is marked with a red lantern and an alarm bell, I can not say; but believing that most of them are both intelligent and patriotic, I predict that the Park-Hanna party of enemies to the working people will never be numerous. As with all Americans worthy of the name patriotism is ever superior to partisanism, I expect to see Democrats and Populists unite in 1900 and drive the tariff iniquity and single gold standard fathoms deep into the ground. As those who expect such people as Jake Coxey, Ignatius Donnelly and Miltonius Park to save the country will probably stand out in the rain and drown like other lost goslings before the next election, the Democracy need not include the Middle-of-the-Muckers in its calculus of probabilities. When the blind attempt to lead the blind the whole caboodle soon got into the boullion. If I might presume to give Park a little wholesome advice I would suggest that instead of playing jumping-jack for Mark Hanna he remain at home and adhere to his usual occupation, to subscribe for a "rat" paper edited by journalistic rodents,—good for papering pantry shelves and other purposes less polite.

AN ANTI-DANCING DERWESCH.

REV. J. H. SIMS, a *soi-disant* "Christian Church Evangelist," is loose in Kansas, and when last located was telling the Topekaites that dancing here means certain damnation in the henceforth. He declares that "dancing destroys Christianity; that it is disgraceful and carnal; is a curse to society and humanity—the absolute and certain route to hell." According to Parson Sims, it is a practical impossibility for a girl to dance without going headlong to the devil, and parents who send their daughters to dancing-school are responsible for seven-eighths of the prostitutes. Many Kansans seem to have taken the multisonous blather-skite seriously, for they are appealing to the **ICONOCLAST**, as court of last resort in religious law and social ethics, to decide what the distance may be from the ballroom to the lake of brimstone. After reading a synopsis of Rev. Sims anti-dancing diatribe as published in the *Topeka Journal* and *Wichita Beacon*, I opine that he is a very unhappy cross between a would-be Sam Jones and a pie-bald jackass, who should be given an antidote for the "heaves" and rubbed down with a Kansas corncob. He tells what terrible things he would do should he find a man dancing with his wife. He is acquainted with the lady and I am not, but I suspect that the innuendo is undeserved. If he really believes, however, that she is of such fictile morals that she could not be trusted to go through the mazes of the waltz without falling from grace, he is certainly justified in keeping her under lock and key; but he has no right to judge the wives of others by this public estimate of his own. If he believes, as he seems to do, that dancing would inevitably make prostitutes of his sisters and daughters, it is his duty to shield them from that danger; but when he presumes to judge the loved ones

of his neighbors by what he evidently considers the frailties of his own family, he should be lashed to a gumstump and promptly "pilchered." When an animal attempts to pull up by the roots a custom sanctioned by the Scriptures and old as human history, he's evidently in need of a halter, for if allowed to run at large he might attempt to butt a runaway freight train off the track. Rev. Sims has tackled a job which many a man before his time, mistaking a case of jaundice for a "call to preach," has wasted useless energy upon and passed to the seven-times heated hell prepared for blatant hypocrites, his despumations forgotten, his fulgurations of no effect. People continue to dance, because it is natural for them to do so; just as it is natural for them to laugh and make love, to sing and "take a little wine for the stomach's sake." A perfect dance has been called "the poetry of motion"; and just so long as poetry abides in the heart and a concept of the artistic in the human head, light feet will beat time to the merry sound of music despite the protest of atribilarius ministers who imagine that people cannot be good unless they are miserable. If "Miriam the prophetess," and sister of Moses, blithely footed it with all the women of Israel, I opine that the maids and matrons of Kansas may occasionally shake their toosie-wootsies despite the caterwauling of sacred nubbin-jerkers who mistake pinworms for piety. I would much rather see a woman tackle a polka than meddle in politics. I have more confidence in the woman who attends public balls than in the one who receives "pastoral visits" from an unctuous smooth-bore hypocrite when her hubby is not at home. We learn from St. Luke that the return of the Prodigal Son was celebrated with "music and dancing"; yet the good man does not intimate that the whole family went to hell therefor, that "dancing destroys Christianity," or

that it is particularly "carnal and disgraceful." Although the dances of Asia have ever been more sensuous than those of America, I fail to find that they were prohibited by either Christ or the Apostles. David, in addressing Jehovah, declares: "Thou hast turned my mourning into dancing." Now if God made King David dance, I think that even a Kansas Campbellite may safely indulge in a little Terpsichorean exercise. I am not much of a respecter of persons; still were I a preacher I would hesitate to denounce as disgraceful a custom sanctioned by Deity and evidently practiced by all the old Hebrew prophets. It was with music and dancing that the holy men of Israel sought "the spirit of God" that they might speak by inspiration. Jeremiah laments that "the joy of our heart is ceased, our dance is turned into mourning"; yet what the weeping prophet regarded as a curse this cheerful idiot would have us believe a blessing. It is possible that Parson Sims got his idea of dancing in the Turkish tents of the Midway Plaisance or the free-and-easy dives—that he imagines the hooche-coochee and can-can are the favorite dances of all who trip "the light fantastic." Entirely too many of our modern ministers obtain their ideas of social customs from the sub-cellar boozing-kens of great cities, whither they go "slumming" *à la* Parkhurst, to enjoy the carnal under the cloak of Christianity. My advice to all such is that they keep better company. Hell specialization is becoming a hobby with pulpit pounders. One has an idea—or thinks he has—that the "rum demon" is hell's dynamics, and professed to regard even the absorption of cider as a sin. Another goes daft on the subject of gambling and sees the prince of darkness in every euchre-deck. Another gets a maggot in his miserable little cerebellum that horse-racing or Sunday baseball is what is about to blow the cylinder head

out of the heavenly locomotive and leave us tied up at the half-way house; still another that dancing is sending the world in hot haste to the devil; and so on through an interminable list of banalities, not one of which is prohibited by the Bible. If those notoriety-seeking sap-heads would either go plant hogs or hang their hobbies on the hatrack and preach "Christ and him crucified," the world at large would have more respect for religion. It is a pretty good plan for a preacher to stick to his text; but these raucus-throated pseudo-religious rooters do not adhere to the Bible, nor even to their creed, but go sloshing around in the vacua of their own vain imaginings like a bad smell in a hot skillet, or the quintessential extract of nothingness chasing itself through the eternal void. If Christ and the Apostles were on earth to-day they would be flatly told by these bilious-livered bigots and super-sanctified Smart Alecs that many things they approved are a curse to mankind. How any minister who is an eighth of an inch between the eyes can look abroad on this world with its ever-increasing burthen of sorrow, of suffering and of sin; millions in need of life's necessities; infidelity constantly on the increase; Europe a vast arsenal and America trembling on the verge of revolution, and expect to remedy all these ills and bring about a general recognition of the common Brotherhood of Man and Fatherhood of God by denouncing dancing, card-playing or theatre-going, is one of the things that transcend my comprehension.

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SALMAGUNDI.

CHEVALIER GUILLAUME MARIE COMPTE DE COMBLES, whose pedigree is said to be long as a tariff editorial, wants to sell his title, as he is engaged in operating an elevator in

a New York apartment house, and his titular dignity is a *vis mortua* or dead weight which makes it difficult for him to rise in the world. He will sell his title cheap and not insist on throwing himself in as lagniappe for the purchaser to support, all of which must be gall and wormwood to the Goulds, who paid some millions of the old mouse-trap maker's dollars for just such a title, encumbered by a worthless dude. A French patent of nobility is fully as valuable as a cancelled postage stamp or a check on a "busted" bank. It is simply a certificate that its possessor is descended from a class of utterly useless and infamously corrupt Frenchmen who obtained the titles by fawning at the feet of Mesdames Pompadour, Du Barry and other shameless harlots of kingly harems. From the time of Louis XIV until the French monarchy was absorbed by its own syphilis, sunk into everlasting night and nothingness, some foul bawd was the power behind the throne, the ruling force of France, and to her the blessed "nobility" had to go on its marrow bones. What William of Orange said of *le Grand Monarque* was equally true of his successors—"old women for his mistresses and young men for his ministers." Finally a disgusted people abrogated the titles of the "nobility" and kicked them over the borders. When the Republic was firmly established Meluds and their ladies (?) were permitted to return; but they've got no more title than a rabbit. Chevalier Guillaume, etc., is trying to dispose of a shadow, such as that with which young Castellane imposed on certain ignorant American parvenues. Still, if he will part with his cancelled patent of nobility for ten dollars, he may send it by express, C.O.D., and I'll confer it on the *Iconoclast's* office dog, and thus sink him to a social parity with "Count" Castellane, and perhaps get him married to some of the title-hungry Goulderbilts and materially

improve their breed. It were a rather dirty trick to play on a self-respecting dog, but I am willing to sacrifice him to allay the titular itch of two-legged animals.

The Hebrew *Standard* (N. Y.) calls attention to the historical fact that "the only country in Europe which, while it was a nation, never passed any laws against the Jews, was Ireland." It then spoils the compliment by adding: "There never were many Jews there at any time, however." In this latter statement my contemporary is mistaken. In 1285, the Jews, who had been most brutally abused in England, were driven out by Edward I, who seized upon all their property, and many of them went to Ireland, where they were treated with courteous consideration. Edward I, be it remembered, was one of Merrie England's "good monarchs," of whom we hear so much in English history. Before expelling the Jews, Edward compelled them to wear disgraceful badges, and when he needed cash locked them up until they contributed to the royal revenues, hanging them when they positively refused to come down with the cash. King John, one of his predecessors, had an even more persuasive method of inducing a Jew to empty his purse. He would tear out his victim's teeth, one at a time, until the cash was forthcoming. Other English monarchs murdered and robbed Jews when they wanted money with which to carry on foreign wars, or to lavish upon their favorites. Not until 1858 did England remove the civil disabilities of the Jews. About that time she discovered that they were necessary to her commercial greatness and made haste to sing a new song. When Disraeli was born he was, in the estimation of English law, but little better than a dog, yet he became prime minister, and was Earl of Beaconsfield when he died. The descendants of Jews driven over into Ireland

by Edward, became lord-mayors of London. In our own day England has granted the Jew rights which Ireland never denied him. Perhaps the day will yet come when he will be treated with courtesy even in this country. This is the land of "religious liberty,"—where a Jew must stultify, pay a fine or go to jail. In Texas, Georgia, Tennessee and other barbarous provinces governed by intolerant tomtits who will never go to hell simply because a self-respecting devil would scorn to waste sulphur on such mental malformations, the Jew who observes the Mosaic Sabbath and follows his usual occupation on Sunday, is treated as a common criminal. We have "freedom of conscience" in this country (I don't think!) and "no union of church and state"; but just the same we couldn't elect a Jew, Catholic or Agnostic to the presidency were he a combination of Solomon, Solon and Socrates. Just imagine a national convention nominating Rabbi Weiss, Archbishop Ireland or Bob Ingersoll—all patriotic Americans—for president! Why, we Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, etc. would blow out our breechpin howling that the country was sliding down a soaped plank to hades. But we can elect a second-class sign-post like McKinley or Cleveland. Perhaps he couldn't tell his vermiform appendix from a fishworm; but—bless the Lord!—he's one o' "we'uns."

A gentleman at Sioux City, Ia., appeals to the Iconoclast to inform him "what a Texas norther may be." A Texas norther, my Christian friend, may be, and usually is, very much of a nuisance. It is much like a spring day in Iowa—a cold, dank, windy, watery wetness. If the norther would time its itinerary so as to arrive during the dog-days it would be given the glad hand and a vote of confidence; but it usually procrastinates until after

Christmas, and is then both malapropos and impertinent. Instead of keeping in the middle of the road like other windy Populists, it cuts across the plowed ground and fuses with everything, from a maverick to a mugwump. A norther is a Dakota blizzard that has gotten off the reservation and lost its bearings. It usually comes down on Sioux City first like a wolf on the fold, then makes a Fitzsimons swipe at Omaha. Then it drops a tear on the pine tombstone of the erstwhile Jesse James and blows into the mouth of the Kaw just to see if it's loaded. It then starts across Kansas, but usually becomes frightened by the female reformers, tucks its tail between its legs and hoofs it back home. If it can manage to dodge Mrs. Lease and the three ancient virgins who keep the Emporia book-store, it comes achortling down into the Indian Territory and makes Lo the poor Indian yearn for a five-finger snifter of bootleg booze and a new government blanket. If it doesn't break its mainspring crossing Red River, it introduces itself to the people of Denison as a full-fledged Texas norther, gets its passport *viséd* by Col. Murray of the *Gazeteer* and proceeds to circulate itself. The norther is bad enough in all conscience, but is to the blizzard what varioloid is to confluent small-pox, or lager beer to Prohibition booze. It is the thin edge of a northern winter which inserts itself into this earthly Eden semi-occasionally, much to our dissatisfaction. It usually catches a man seven miles from home without his overcoat. The norther generally gets lost while trying to cross Texas without a compass, but no reward is ever offered for its recovery. Sometimes it wanders as far south as Waco and evokes audible wishes that the Yankee would keep their d——d weather for home consumption. About the time you get a stove up and trusted for a ton of coal, the norther is dead as Hector, the hokey-pokey man is again on the

warpath, the kids are rolling on the grass in the glad sunshine and the gude housewife chasing a marauding hen out of the flower garden. That, my dear sir, is all I know about northers. If you can deliver an able-bodied one at this office during the next ten days you will hear of something to your advantage.

Poor old Pappy Boies, of Iowa, has at last decided that the Democracy cannot win with free silver. It is some comfort to learn that Boies, the boneless has at last corralled the adumbration of an idea, even though it be so distorted as to suggest incipient idiocy. It is worthy of remark, however, that, while always afflicted with the Mugwump fantods, he did not break away from the Democratic platform until he discovered that he was a presidential impossibility. Being doomed to chew the fag-end of hope deferred, he falls into a fit of doldrums and allies himself with the other soreheads who desire to ruin the Democracy because they cannot run it. The camp of the Demmy-Reps is kind of a house of refuge for the political has-been and the never-was. You cannot find on its entire roster the name of a solitary man with a political future. These fellows camp together simply because "misery loves company." The Democracy can win on the free silver issue in 1900, or it can win on nothing. Poor old Horace! He should retire to the sylvan shades of his Sabine farm, hunt bumble-bees and harvest wild hay, leaving the destiny of the nation to men not yet in their dotage.

I learn from the Wichita (Kan.) *Eagle* that Miss Pearl Murdock of that village has returned home after a sojourn of several weeks in Arkansas; also that she was royally entertained, the Arkansans, to quote the *Eagle*, "uniting

to make her stay among them one long to be held in pleasant remembrance." I am pleased to know that Pearl, old girl, had a bang-up good time—that her little jayhawker heart was kept bubbling with the squintesence of joy which indicates that the Arkansas girls lent her their best beaus. Kansas maids are apt to be addicted to atrabilarian melancholly, and it must have been a joyous sight indeed to see one of them filled to overflowing with giggles and gush; but I am a trifle surprised that her village paper should make this kindness an excuse for slandering the Arkansas people. If I mistake not, Pearl's parent on her father's side is likewise named Murdock, and editor of the *Eagle*, which makes it the more unaccountable that in the same article in which he chronicles the courtesies extended his corn-fed daughter he should bitterly denounce the Arkansas people as a race of drunkards, "coon hunters, 'possum eaters, snuff-takers, and tobacco-chewers who breathe only because it is necessary to existence." Doubtless the Arkansas people have their faults, for the preachers assure us that we be all "pore mizable sinners"; but a penchant for insulting those whose bread they have broken and whose salt they have eaten is not of the number. As I have heretofore remarked, there are some very good people in Kansas; but it seems to produce more splenetic-hearted cranks and human chancres than any other country in Christendom. Showing kindness to a Kansan is too often like heaving pearls to the hogs. Kansas is a state where the women wear pants with hip-pockets and play at politics, while the men, attired in purfled pantalettes, wield the frying-pan. This suggests that I may have done Mr. Murdock an injustice—that he kneads the dough and wields the dishcloth while Pearl and her "maw" edit the *Eagle*.

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It appears that Turkish atrocities in Armenia are still of common occurrence in the remote provinces. According to such respectable authority as the Gregorian bishops, gangs of Turks and Kurds enter the houses of Armenians, and after binding them outrage their wives and daughters. The men are then murdered and the women tortured in a manner more brutal than was ever dreamed of by Sioux braves. "May Europe have pity upon us," cry the Armenian people; but Europe is playing at politics, not pity. The courts of Europe find it to their interest to maintain the Ottoman Empire as a buffer, and care never a copper what the Armenians suffer. But this country has no call to criticize the brutal selfishness of the bedizened cuckolds who occupy the thrones of Europe, so long as it permits the lousy ignorami of Spain to commit even more dastardly crimes in Cuba.

Jno. E. Redmond, M.P., spent Jubilee Day among John Bull's political prisoners and reports that more of them have gone crazy as the result of his cruelty. Small wonder Erin didn't break any strings of her harp with Jubilee hosannahs. She ought to have appointed Jameson and his freebooters as her proxies in the great parade.

It is said that the McKinley "Democrats" of Texas will unite with their old allies, the Republicans, again next year in supporting an "independent" ticket. It seems a trifle tough on Cuney and his coons to have these people for political bedfellows permanently. But as the election occurs in cold weather, perhaps the political effulvia of Clark and Hardy, Grice and Belo will not prove unbearable to the blacks, who are being educated up to it, as it were, by association with Grant and Green.

A preacher at Cleburne, Texas, whose name I disremember—Dickens would doubtless call him “Rev. Mr. Stiggins”—informed Joe Finn, one of his parishoners, that he intended to have him “churched” for voting against Prohibition. Finn was next arrested for “disturbing religious worship.” What Joe did I know not; but it is to be sincerely hoped that he held that impudent parson up by the proboscis and beat the sawdust out of him for having invaded the prerogatives of an American sovereign. If preachers prefer unlicensed boozing kens to licensed saloons, and murder-breeding rot-gut to pure bourbon, I have nothing to say; but when they turn the church into an *imperium in imperio* and attempt to coerce citizens into abandonment of the right of private judgment in matters political, they ought to be backed up against a brick wall and have their heads well bumped. Prohibition is a political question with which the church has absolutely nothing to do, and I cannot account for the pernicious activity of such preachers except on the hypothesis that they get a quiet “divvy” from the illicit whisky dealers. When churches are transformed into political wigwams it is time to tax them.

Speaking of Prohibition in Cleburne, it reminds me that I once had an opportunity to see how it works. I arrived there late one evening, and was informed by the hackman who carried me to the hotel that it was “dead easy” to procure a bottle of booze. Several gentlemen called on me, and each brought a flask, explaining that my throat might be dusty after the long ride, and possibly I hadn’t “got onto the ropes.” I thanked them heartily, but having had some experience at other Texas towns with Prohibition belly-wash, I stuck to ice-water, a drink which if taken moderately is not at all dangerous. The men who

were selling whisky in Cleburne without saloon license, naturally thought Prohibition a good thing and were inclined to push it along; but how much they paid preachers and newspapers for whooping it up will probably never be known. The Rev. Mr. Stiggins should be pulled off his perch and compelled to read the Cleburne *Chronicle* as penance—unless the courts should determine such reading to be cruel and unusual punishment, and therefore unconstitutional.

Our army officers are a pretty clever set of fellows as a rule, but there are evidently a few impudent puppies among them whom Uncle Sam ought to hang up by the heels to induce a rush of brains to the head. There is one of this class out at Ft. Crook, a dude captain, who compelled five privates to act as his house-servants, and when they humbly asked permission to lay their case before his superior he docked their pay and sent them to the guard-house for 30 days to repent of their "impertinence." Now the question arises: Are Uncle Sam's boys in blue soldiers or domestic servants? Are they employed to uphold the authority of the government or to dance attendance on a few epauletted dudes? If the former, than that Ft. Crook captain should be drummed out of the service for having humiliated American soldiers; if the latter then let them be dressed in the livery of lackeys and supplied with dishcloths and corkscrews instead of muskets and ball cartridge. Think of men who enlist in the service of their country to die if need be in defense of its flag, being compelled to do scullion work for a d——d little dude!—swinging the saber one day and the next cleaning the captain's cuspidores. Are we expected to make a hero of Gil Blas, grant him a pension and decorate his grave? There must be something wrong with those Ft. Crook soldiers,

else they would have inserted the muzzles of their muskets under the coat-tails of that captain and blown the basement of his breeches through his seldom brains.

The *Gal-Dal News* attempts to be excruciatingly funny at the expense of the Democrats in conference assembled in the Geyser City. The "Old Lady" has progressed so far in her chosen profession, that of political harlotry, that she now trains with the coons, and hates her old time companions as a matter of course. "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," and Texas Democrats have been a trifle shy of the "Old Lady" since catching her so often in compromising positions with off-color politicians. Her attempted wit at the expense of the conference suggests the necessity of a law forbidding her making free with her funny-bone. Texans have become used to her wit, but it is liable to kill unsuspecting strangers who tackle it for the first time. Poor Old Lady! She's got to be a regular Mrs. Gummidge—"a lone lorn creetur with whom everything goes contrary." She has been on all sides of every possible question, but spurned by every party in turn, has taken refuge in Mugwumpery, which is political sanctification and suggests the holiness of harlots who repent when age hath withered them and custom staled their infinite variety.

I much dislike to criticize a preacher, but what else can be done with Rev. T. Pittman, who recently assured the wondering Dallasites that the Epicurean and Stoic philosophies were "contrary to the Bible" and promptly knocked off the perch by St. Paul? By "the Bible" he evidently means the New Testament, a book which owes far more to the Stoa than to the Jewish Temple. It is infinitely more Hellenistic than Jehovistic. It finds neither

its Incarnation, Trinity, Immortality of the Soul nor its code of morals in the cult of Moses—does not even get its God from Jerusalem, but forsakes the monetheism of the Jew for the polytheism of the Pagan. In denouncing the Epicureans for considering “pleasure the great end and object of life,” Pittman forgets (if he ever knew) that Epicurus’ conception of pleasure was on a parity with the Beulah Land of Bunyan. In rawhiding the Stoics he overlooks the fact that they attributed the government of the universe to a great and wise God—that there is scarce a moral precept in the utterances of Moses or the Messiah which was not taught by the philosophers of the Porch centuries before the birth of St. Paul. Parson Pittman, like too many noisy Baptist pulpiteers, is an ignorant blatherskite whose gab indicates that his knowledge of the philosophies of Greece is “round as the O of Giotto.”

It is reported that Lil Langtry is to marry a “prince,” aged 60, whose royal occupation is the purchase of horses for the Austrian army. Perhaps it was his experience with horse-flesh that led him to size Lil up as a valuable piece of property, for she is certainly what that “Merry Monarch,” Henry VIII, would call “a great Flanders mare.” It seems to me, however, that the poverty-stricken European nobility are becoming a trifle more exacting in their tastes than in the erstwhile. They were once content to marry New York parvenues; now they are wedding green-room prostitutes.

The British Empire jubilated very generally, Ireland being the only part that chewed the rag. A proportion of the 4,000,000 bottles of champagne would doubtless have enthused even Ireland.—*Galveston-Dallas News*.

What our contemporary is evidently trying to say is that the Irish people would cheerfully have forgiven England the centuries of brutal oppression and savage persecution for the privilege of getting drunk at her expense. But Irishmen will act very foolish if they take serious offense at this coarse fling. The cheerful idiot who presides over the leaded page of the *Gal-Dal* was simply giving an imitation of Æsop's donkey playing lapdog. In making a desperate attempt to deliver himself of something witty he broke his puckering string and the result was disastrous.

“Who will be the next governor?” is a question already profoundly agitating Texas politicians and to some extent interesting the people. Jester, Crane, Blake, Reagan and other good men have been “mentioned.” Carlyle long ago pointed out that it is not the ablest man who is usually elected to office, but the one ablest to secure the nomination. That may account for the fact that the world is governed to-day by men of less than average intellect. There still be men, however, who do not consider brains an absolute disqualification for public office; and I would respectfully call the attention of such to the fact that Texas has a citizen of exceptional intelligence, sterling integrity and unimpeachable Democracy, who deserves much at her hands, yet has received little simply because he is not of those who proclaim their virtues on the house-tops and press their claims on the street-corners. He is a man whom all respect and many love; a quiet, dignified gentleman, deep-learned in the law, of clear judgment and conversant with the resources and needs of the state. If it be true that a commonwealth is estimated by its chief magistrate, then it were worth much to Texas to ignore for once the professional place-hunter and send the office to seek the man. Whether he would accept it I know not;

for no man competent to fill the office can do so at its present salary except at a personal sacrifice. The rich man wants to be governor because of the honor, and mediocrity covets the place for the sake of the salary; but a man of moderate fortune and bright prospects in his profession might well feel that he could not afford it. Be that as it may, the state should ever seek its best men for its highest office instead of surrendering at discretion to brawling ineptitude, or permitting itself to be coerced by political cabals. We may reasonably expect a coalition next year, despite its anti-fusion caterwauling, of the Populist party with the Republicans and political Benedict Arnolds of the Cleveland-McKinley brand, and a vigorous campaign; hence it is necessary that the Democracy put forth as candidate not some chronic job-chaser, but a man in whom the people will have implicit confidence, a man who is at once a skilful organizer and a tremendous fighter in the field. Such a man is Hon. Waller Baker, of Waco—not a “Little Giant,” but a full-grown Hercules, who, in 1892, routed the allied forces of Boltocracy and black Republicanism and elected J. S. Hogg. With Waller Baker as our standard bearer, the Pops, Reps and Demmy-Reps will get it in the epiglottis, and Texas will have a chief magistrate with sense enough to understand his duty and nerve enough to do it.

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THE ICONOCLAST TOLD TO LEAVE TOWN.

MR. BRANN: I note in a recent issue of the **ICONOCLAST** that you say ingratitude is the chief of crimes. I agree with you, and I think that a paper which abuses the town from which it draws its support, is the chief of ingrates. You took occasion to belittle the **Karnival**,

which brought thousands of dollars here and was a great advertisement of the city. When a prominent merchant failed you intimated that it was a swindle of foreign creditors. You call our depots barns, our chief hotel a rookery, our streets goat-walks and our hack-horses animated heaps of dry bones. You appear anxious to keep people from coming to Waco. You exercise your wit at the expense of our best society and ridicule our leading citizens. Yet I am told you are being enriched by Waco people who are big enough fools to pay you money for ridiculing them. Thank the Lord, you have never got a dime out of me, and you never will. If you don't like Waco, why don't you pack up your traps and leave?

INDIGNANT CITIZEN.

Peccavi! By which "Indig. Cit." will please understand that I have sinned and am sorry. Seventy-and-seven times shall a worthy Baptist forgive his erring brother, says the Good Book, so you will please lose no time in firing my absolution in by telephone. I will now proceed to shuck my last summer's seersucker and work for Waco until the perspiration of honest toil makes my collar wilt. If the ICONOCLAST is supported by Waco people they are certainly entitled to the benefits of reciprocity, for it is a law of trade that those who tickle shall be tickled in return. Henceforth I will put a pneumatic tire on my Christian conscience and paint our depots as marble palaces grander than e'er o'erlooked the Rhine or encompassed the Peacock Throne; will portray the Pacific Hotel as Michael Angelo's masterpiece, and the affidavit phiz of its Boniface as an Oriental sunrise worth going a thousand miles to see. Though these things might give a tramp printer *maladie du pays*, I will—in consideration of the enormous wealth I receive from Waco—help inveigle confiding suckers

hither in the humble hope that they may drop a dime in your hungry till ere they can find a train to take them out of town. Readers of the *ICON*. will henceforth understand that Waco's streets are not goat-walks, but Euclid Avenues that would shame the gold-paved boulevards of the Eternal City; that our hack-horses do not have to stand four abreast to cast a shadow, but are wingless Pegasus and spirited Bucephalus more strangely beautiful than ever neighed and kicked up their vagrom heels in the artistic day-dreams of Rosa Bonheur. I trust that "Indig. Cit." will reconsider my sentence of expulsion and permit me to linger yet a little longer in this terrestrial paradise; for it would certainly break my tender heart and might fracture the mainspring of my poetic soul to be compelled to "pack my traps" in a paper collar-box and bid a sad farewell to the Geyser City. You do mistake me much, "Indig. Cit." I not only "like Waco," but I love it with the fervent affection of an ancient maiden dallying 'neath tapers dim with a young and verdant "mash." How could it be otherwise, when "Indig. Cit." and various other Christian cattle of his kidney, have so exerted themselves to make my pathway pleasant—to convince me that Waco is worthy to be proclaimed throughout the world as an earthly Eden? What? Wander forth, to behold no more forever that super-æsthetic "best society" which is supported by stallion fees, preconcerted failures and "gentlemen friends"—who sometimes employ convenient babies to shield themselves from indignant husbands' bullets? Never to look again upon the irisate glory of the Little Giant as he circles through the political eclipse, in a determined yet futile effort to cast chloride of sodium on the tail of an elusive office, which, like the blessed Bimini of Ponce de Leon, lies ever "jist beyant"! Banished from Waco!—never again to gaze through some fuliginous glass

upon the effulgent greatness of Riggins as he marshals the beauty and chivalry of Central Texas on the Appian Way in festal garb, and incidentally advertises to all men that he will be happy to dispose of pine furniture and yellow vessels of dishonor on the installment plan! Expatriated! Driven forth without so much as a tintype of Boanerges or a curled and perfumed lock from Rev. S. L. Morris' ebullient beard o'er which to weep for the dear old days that are dead! In the spring when a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast, Col. Katy Smith will don his Joseph's vest of many colors and organize Sunday excursions to towns possessing less sanctification but more sense: in the spring when the wanton lapwing gets himself another nest, Col. Parrott, arrayed in snowy duck, will flit forth like some sweet vestal virgin; in the spring when a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove, Baron Luedde's smile will broaden and deepen as he gathers in the shekels for Anhuesser-Busch; in the spring when a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, Baptist missionary superintendents will be accredited with nigger babies; but all this beautitude will be for other and less appreciative eyes. Baylor University may graduate maids for missionary work in Brazil; but I will not be permitted to bid them bye-bye and wish them success in their catch-as-catch-can with the heathen horde. The discussion anent the Brazos dam will continue from year to year and from age to age—will run on forever; but its low sweet melody will be for other ears than mine. The club of business which presides with such dignity over the industrial future of the city, will continue to meet, hatch fresh schemes and forget them, will whereas and resolute, will perorate and fight flies like a multiplication of Col. Mulbery Sellers; but it will not be given me to note this tireless industry whose net product is nothing.

Thus far I have followed the Biblical injunction and answered the fool according to his folly; but as "Indig. Cit." is not the first ulcusculè to intimate that the Iconoclast is not doing its duty by Waco, I will vouchsafe him a few words in a more serious vein. Perhaps the paper gets all the local patronage it is entitled to—it has certainly never complained; but for every Waco dollar that comes into its coffers it turns loose in this city a hundred drawn hither from outside sources. Together with its auxiliary pamphlet publications, it attracts thousands of dollars every month from distant states. A considerable portion of this money is paid out here to labor, and doubtless some of it finds its way into the till of every merchant in the town. The remainder, in one way and another, lodges here, and adds somewhat to the working capital of the community. You prove yourself strangely familiar with the utterances of the Icon. while boasting that you have never bought a copy. In other words, you "thank the Lord" that you are too penurious to pay for the paper you read—that you are either able to borrow it from some indulgent neighbor or steal it from the newsstands. The failure to which you refer was a notorious fraud, perpetrated by an impudent puppy. From whence came the "thousands of dollars" carted hither by the Karnival? Chiefly from Waco's legitimate trade-territory. The business of months was crowded into a few days, with the result that tradesmen are now wearing out the basement of their breeches, while many of their old assistants have ceased to draw salary. The Karnival attracted hither the unemployed for a hundred miles around, and when the tide receded left many of them stranded, and they must now choose between beggary and underbidding Waco workmen. The saloons and hotels may have picked up an occasional dollar from the Karnival which they would

have otherwise received, but not many, for people who pack themselves into excursion cars because they can obtain great discomfort for less cash, usually carry a cold lunch, feed on the curbstone and drink nothing that costs. The net result of the brummagem blowout is more idle people who, in one way or another, are a tax on the community, a squabble with the railroads, and a pageant that amused the babies and small boys. As an "advertisement for the city" it was not worth one cent, for it did not extend beyond the territory in which Waco was already favorably known. Must we ring a bell or blow a horn to advise the inhabitants of Corsicana and Kaufman, of Temple and Taylor, that there is such a place as Waco on the map of the world?

If the name of this town is ever changed to Meddlerville, you ought to be elected mayor. We have here just enough like you to make it a hotbed of that hypocrisy which trades on God's grace. Of our 30,000 inhabitants fully one-third have an idea that heaven is an eternity of keyholes and that angels have more eyes than Argos. These watch their neighbors to see if they "spit yaller," and if one is detected in close communion with a mug of cider they rest not until they have tattled it all over the town—until 10,000 professing Christians have magnified this venial fault of a fellow mortal and rolled it as a sweet morsel under their tongues. That's why Waco has never had a successful morning paper—the reporter who would keep pace with the busy gab-peddlers of this place would have to wear feathers on his feet. Waco has starved half a dozen morning papers by telling all the news and more before the printers could put it in type. But should Waco be purged of this fault, a morning paper could not pay, because we have too many penurious "Citizens" like yourself who would manage to read it while contributing

nothing but unsought advice to its support. We have here a few small-bore business men who have been toadied and taffied by the press until they actually imagine themselves people of prime importance, but who are not worth ten cents a hundred to any town. Fortunately there are others. We have "Citizens" who do not become "indignant" because a national magazine is not conducted solely in the interest of a town whose patronage would not pay its postage. We have quite a number of people in Waco who are neither henhussies nor feculent tanks of sanctified tears—who do not attend to the affairs of others to the neglect of their own, nor say grace over unpaid for grub. To them be all honor; may their tribe increase. There are many Waco merchants from whom I would accept change for a dollar without counting it to see if it was correct, or expecting to find the dimes all Mexican and the nickels all plugged; but you are not of the number. There are two or three preachers in town to whom I could listen with respect if I had nothing better to do, and perhaps as many Prohibitionists who do not purchase the cheapest grade of drug store whisky and drink it alone out of a jug, while hurling foul scorn at those who prefer to take a better grade of busthead out of cut glass over a mahogany bar. On the whole, Waco is not such a bad place after all, and may escape destruction if, like Lot, I wrestle for it valiantly with the Lord. The climate is excellent and the thermal waters will cure almost anything but the meddler's itch and professional hypocrisy. As all the good-looking ladies read and approve the *ICONOCLAST*—consider it their guide, philosopher and friend—it is too happily situated to think of leaving the Geyser City. Of course, like most small places, Waco is dominated to a certain extent by wormy little Meddlesome Matties of the male gender; but this is an evil which, by the *Icono-*

CLAST's patient prayers and God's inexhaustible grace, it will eventually outgrow. And when it does; when we have gotten rid of a few social demireps and buried a number of raucous belly-achers of your brand; when its citizens become consecutaneous and cease to yowl and squabble over nothings like so many Kilkenny cats, Waco will become one of the most charming places in this world. The ICONOCLAST is so full of the milk of human kindness, so steeped in the spirit of brotherly love that it accepts without resentment even the carping criticism of non-paying readers who, since the day of its *début*, have been industriously striving to "turn it down" and depend on Karnivals and Cotton Palaces for international advertising; for it agrees with Teufesldreck that "hatred itself is but an inverse love"—a sacred passion affected with prolapsus. That philosopher informs us, however, that "the last stage of human perversion is when the indestructible interest we take in men's doing has become a joy over their faults and misfortunes," that "this is the lowest and last stage"—which reflection may be worthy the consideration of that little coterie of "Indignant Citizens" who rejoice and babble lustily when some passion-cursed fellow mortal "puts an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains."

* * *

ADDITIONAL OBSERVATIONS.

BUT say! If those Yankees don't keep their hot waves at home, I'm going to bring out the next issue of the great and only on the half-shell and write it with a palm leaf fan while seated astride the ice-box. I had half a notion to skip this issue altogether, and go fishing with Grover Cleveland, taking Col. A. H. Belo along to carry the bait-can and pull corks. If the new-made Doctor of Laws can-

not read the Latin certificate of his great learning, he knows how to work a small angle-worm on a large hook, and that's the fellow with whom to go fishing. While I'm cooped up here trying to save the country, Brer Talmage is off on a vacation and drawing full pay for serving Jesus just the same; Col. W. L. Moody is meandering through the cool sweet shades of his Chambers' country rice-farm and hatching new fakes to work on the guileless cotton farmer, while Geo. A. Hill is escorting a dozen or so crowned and sceptred young queens through the mountains of Mexico and feeding them on sherbets made of sure-enough snow, which he gathers with a glad hand from Xltjprizricatapetl's awful brow. While, like Mr. Mantalini, I must continue the demnition grind in a town so righteous that you cannot purchase a cigar on Sunday without pulling the gilt legs off the throne of God, our heroic young Christian governor gathers his pigeon-breasted staff about him and reviews the bold sojer boys through a lorgnette made of a brace of beer-glasses, in fair San Antonio, where "everything goes." Ah me! Sunday's a dull day in Waco, for no one is permitted to do business but the hired preachers and the licensed prostitutes, so to escape the dilemma we excurt to Dallas.

In appointing Terence V. Powderly to the responsible position of commissioner-general of immigration, President McKinley went considerably out of his way to insult organized labor. If Powderly rendered the Republican party any service in the late campaign it may be taken for granted that he was paid therefor in hard cash, and has no claim on the "pie" counter. It is reported that he got \$5,000 for his "floence" but I hardly think Hanna would pay so much for a man whom he could get for a couple of hundred. Politically considered, Powderly has been

“everything in turn and nothing long.” He has betrayed every party and every cause with which he has been connected. He is a misfit mentally and a pervert morally. As he has neither the honesty nor the ability to properly fill the office to which he has been appointed, the Senate should refuse to confirm him.

I presume that the Alaskan gold finds have been much exaggerated, as such things usually are; but Lord! what a relief it would be to the creditor class should that cold country pour a few billions of the yellow metal into the channels of commerce. Instead of an appreciating dollar we would have a depreciating one, and those who doubled the value of all debts by the demonetization of silver would get a taste of poetic justice that would make them squirm like a fat worm on a hickory fire. As courts and congresses have failed to give the people relief from the godless greed of contractionists, possibly providence has decided to interpose. With small likelihood of a general remonetization of silver, and no prospect of an abandonment of the foolish fetich of metal money for a century or so, a considerable increase in the volume of gold seems to be the only thing that can prevent the common people sinking into a condition worse than peonage, or rising in a revolt that might wreck the world's civilization.

It has been telegraphed all over the country that Gov. Bob. Taylor is the first man to commission a lady colonel. The reporters evidently overlooked Miss Rebecca Merlindy Johnson, of Houston, known as the Texas Atalanta, who several years ago was appointed to a position on the staff of a Texas governor with the title of Lieutenant-colonel. She thereupon discarded skirts and bustles for soldier breeches, exchanged his dainty shirt-waist for a colonel's

epaulettes coat, hung one of those knitting-needles which the Texas militia call a "sword" at her side, and appeared in public attired in war's terrible panoply. Rebecca is a graceful sylph-like creature, about four feet high and five feet across the beam, and it is said that she can chew more plug tobacco and spit further than any man in her community. In the lady colonel business Texas leads Tennessee by several laps.

* * *

WANTED: ONE WORD.

I HAVE just discovered the shameful exility of the English language, its poverty of expression, its inadequacy as a mental exchange medium, its utter inability to describe what it were a crime to leave uncatalogued. We have a great many vitriolic words, sesquipedalian words, even what the Germans are wont to call "thunder words"; but none of them, either singly or in combination, can by the grace of inflection or poetic license, be made to answer my purpose. I want a real nice word with which to signify something awfully nasty; but would, for this occasion only, dispense with euphemism were it sufficiently expressive. I must have a word woven of a warp of shame and woof of infamy by some foul Duessa plying her loom among the damned—a word that will signify a featherless two-legged animal who is neither man nor ape; whose soul is but the suspiration of a sick buzzard and his cerebral convolutions the writing of malodorous maggots; who is a criminal and not confined, a lazar and not compelled to cry "unclean"; who is a suppurating sore on the body social, the guide philosopher and friend of nigger rafe-friends—a creature so foul that were Doll Tearsheet his mother, Falstaff his father and Perdition his birthplace,

he would shame his shameless dam, disgrace his graceless sire and dishonor his honorless country. I have explored the English tongue from abc to xyz, examined the terminology of reptalia, attended political conventions and even heard Sam Jones preach; but find no word, printable or otherwise, in the vernacular of the polite or the *patois* of the vulgar covers the case, which may be thus described: A rather pretentious newspaper entitled the *Times* is published in Los Angeles, Cal., by an alleged white man, and has been having considerable to say in denunciation of the Southern people for lynching negro rape-fiends, and thus protecting to the extent of their power the honor of their homes. In addition to its own crass comments on a subject of which it is ignorant as a troglodyte of trigonometry, the *Times* opens its columns to the excrementitious bile of every cowardly blackguard who desires to befoul the Southern people and apotheosize the nigger rape-fiend. The copy before me was forwarded to this office by a Californian with the following comment: "You recently discovered, as you supposed, the world's meanest man in Massachusetts; you will learn from the marked articles that there are others." One of the marked articles is a communication to the *Times* from C. H. Sparks, who adds "University of Chicago" to his patronymic, perhaps for the same reason that we tie a tail to a kite—to "make it go." Whether he's a graduate of the institution backed by Jno. D. Rockefeller with the fruits of his buccaneering, a member of the faculty and paid with money obtained by fraud, or simply keeper of the cuspidores, or grand deodorizer of the vessels of dishonor, is not in evidence. I suppose, however, that he's a Ph.D., LL.D., X.Y.Z., or other multititular he-tommy who has wandered down to Los Angeles to recover somewhat from the evil effects of toting so much textbook ignorance. Anyway, C. H. Sparks

is not the blatherskite we're after; but as he has thrust himself upon our attention, we will drive a cowboy boot far enough under his coat-tails to tickle his gall-bag with our Mexican spur and then pass blithely on to a more resourceful liar, a more accomplished calumniator. Sparks—of the "University of Chicago," please remember—says he has made "a long and extended observation and looked very carefully into the condition of the negroes." He now affirms that "thousands of them are living higher, purer and nobler lives than their former masters!" What do our fathers and mothers think of that assertion by C. H. Sparks—"of the University of Chicago"? He continues as follows: "The American negro is not the most immoral being in existence; to-day, in the black belt of Alabama, there is not as great a percentage of illegitimacy as there is in the Kingdom of Bavaria, and a dozen other places which I might mention" (but he doesn't mention). From the general tone of his article it may be fairly inferred that Sparks considers that the darkey has come precious near cornering the world's stock of decency. If he be superior morally to his old masters, the inhabitants, of Bavaria and the Caucasians of a dozen other countries, it is small wonder that Julian Hawthorne desires to improve the white breed by injecting into it a little Ethiopian blood! Sparks says that "it is commonly asserted that less than 40 years ago every negro in this country was either himself a bastard or was the child of illegitimate born parents." He does not question the correctness of this statement, which, in justice to the negro be it said, is only approximately true. From what Sparks "grants" was a state of universal bastardy or second-hand illegitimacy, to a moral status superior to that of the old Caucasians of a dozen or more countries, "in less than 40 years," is what we might call unprecedented progress! If

Sparks knew aught of anthropology, he would be aware that it requires many generations and favorable circumstances to transform a notoriously immoral race into one of honor and respectability; were he familiar with history he would know that whenever the negro has been excluded from frequent contact with the white man, or where the latter has failed to dominate, he has almost immediately reverted to savagery; did he possess an atom of information, tempered by ever so little sense, he would know that whatever progress the black has made since his release from bondage is due to the example and encouragement, the opportunity for education and financial betterment supplied by the Southern people—that despite his notorious *vis interæ* he has been carried forward somewhat by the tremendous *vis intalis* of Caucasian civilization. Sparks—“of the University of Chicago”—estimates the morals of the colored people by “statistics of illegitimacy,” which demonstrates that, despite his “long and extended observation,” he knows absolutely nothing about the negroes or the laws of various nations—that his “observations” were taken from the window of a Pullman car. Statistics of illegitimacy take cognizance only of people “born out of wedlock”—that is, of women known to be unmarried. In most European countries a child born out of wedlock remains a bastard though its parents intermarry; in most American states the intermarriage of the parents, though at the age of 100 years, legitimatizes all their children; hence Sparks’ “statistics” are altogether useless. And there is another important feature with which this learned Theban is evidently unfamiliar: Practically all female negroes, in Alabama and elsewhere, who have reached the child-bearing age, are married—or supposed to be; and statisticians are not much addicted to chasing certificates of wedlock in colored settlements. A

married woman may give birth to a dozen brats by as many different men without enhancing the "percentage of illegitimacy" in her neighborhood. I do not say there are no virtuous negro women—how could I know?—but I do say that with the average wench the possession of a husband, real or pretended, like the flowers that bloom in the spring, "has nothing to do with the case." She finds a husband first—if convenient—and then experiments with paramours of every race and complexion. It is frequently charged by trans-Ohio pseudo-philanthropists and negro-philists that I am "the black man's enemy." Such is far from being a fact. While these fellows are stuffing his head with rank folly, I tell him the truth. While they spill the scalding sob over "his pitiable condition," I find him employment. While they give him dangerous advice, I set before him good healthy grub. They encourage him to make criminal assaults on Caucasian women for which I have to help hang him. The gross immorality of the negro is a stubborn fact which every man of sense would know must be so, though he had never received any definite information on the subject. I do not censure him for it any more than I censure a dog for slaughtering sheep—I simply say that the sheep-killing dog must die, that the black man who criminally assaults a white woman must perish as quickly as we can get our hands on his goozle. The negroes are an inferior race; their intelligence is sadly circumscribed; their animalism is strong, while their moral concept is weak. But a few years ago they ceased to be degraded savages only to become abject slaves. During but one generation have they had opportunity to make real progress, and this opportunity they have improved as well as we could reasonably expect; but when Sparks assumes that in "less than forty years" they have attained to a moral and intellectual attitude which

the white man has reached only after a struggle of more than 40 centuries, he simply advertises that the "University of Chicago" is responsible for the fact that a piebald ass is at large in Los Angeles. He is probably one of that numerous class who scribble for the press because they have a pruiënt itch to see their names in print—who uncork themselves on every occasion, and with their more than Bœotian ignorance and Gascon impudence beslime every subject. But, as I remember in the hitherto, he's not the huckleberry for my basket—I have but dallied with him to cool my blood before turning my attention to a creature who cannot be properly dealt with in language I would care to print. Besides, I have to be a trifle careful how I call a spade a spade, for every infernal rascal I expose, every liar I put in the public pillory, every dirty seducer of half-wit maids I denounce, every tradesman I find trying to defraud his creditors by a bogus failure, every arrant hypocrite whose "unctutous smile makes the widow lean" that I strip of the Lord's livery, at once advises the postal department that the *ICONOCLAST* is "indecent" and "should be suppressed." Which proves that

"Rogue ne'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law."

If the *ICONOCLAST* were one-half so foul as the souls of those who denounce it for waging uncompromising war on "all that loveth and maketh a lie," it would indeed disgrace the cloacæ of Rome, the sewers of Paris and add fresh horrors to a pestilential cess-pool. Sparks' stupid diatribe or pigeon English is quite overshadowed in the matter of deliberate villainy and imaginative mendacity by one "Geo. D. Taylor, M.D.," who gives his address 252½ S. Main St., Los Angeles—which I imagine must be a Chinese

opium den or nigger variety dive. I will quote a few lines from his fulmination, trusting that it will not provoke any Southerner to waste decent buckshot on the misbegotten brute, and thus prevent him stinking himself to death, which he seems in a fair way to do. Ladies are requested not to read the following paragraph, as filtering it through their pure minds were like soiling white samite with the belchings of buzzard that had crammed its craw with poison-infecting carrion. He inquires why the negro cannot be trusted among white women and children now as well as before the war—a question which I have frequently answered for the edification of the fools that ask it—and then proceeds to “spread himself” as follows:

The negro is tempted more now than then, and led on by the white woman in the majority of cases, and everything goes well until they are caught. The Southern negro is no more lustful than the Southern white man. When the white man wants to commit his crime he seeks a black woman, and of course you never hear it, or should he seek a white woman he simply blacks his face, commits the deed, some poor negro is lynched, many times he helps to do it, and that ends it. We know of many instances of kind. Ninety-nine per cent. of the negro men of the South are afraid to insult a white woman, if they were so inclined, and the women, knowing this, they make the first advances.

That's why I am advertising for a new word—one that will aptly describe “Geo. D. Taylor, M.D.,” and at the same time burn no holes in Uncle Sam's asbestos mail sack. Of course it were easy to suggest that the mother of such a mental abnormality expends much time scratching fleas with her hind feet; but the dog is man's best friend, and to accredit Taylor with so decent an origin were fulsome

flattery. I suspect that "Geo. D. Taylor, M.D.," is a saddle-colored coon, one of those yaller bipeds with which the bummers and beats who followed in the wake of Sherman's boys so liberally sprinkled the South, and whom we have expended so much good money transforming into impudent preachers who publicly clamor for white wives, quack doctors who become the silent partners of negro undertakers, and peanut politicians who sell votes in blocks-of-five, when they should have taken an ox goad and driven the whole caboodle into the cotton-patch. There are several of these creatures, begotten by thieving white bummers and black bawds, who, after feeding on our bounty and acquiring at our expense all the education that could be pumped into their beefy brains, have sneaked off a thousand miles or so, and, from such points of safety, foully insult their benefactors. We will not discuss such vermin; for if it be "a waste of lather to shave an ass," what must it be to criticize an impudent coon who cannot be conveniently reached with a club? The existence of such things upon the earth is strong presumptive evidence of the truth of the old dogma that "God ordained some to be damned for his greater glory." The appearance of the communication of "C. H. Sparks, University of Chicago," and "Geo. D. Taylor, M.D.," in the same column, was eminently appropriate, they being two of a kind. We may reasonably suppose that Taylor is Sparks' family physician and officiates at the birth of his babies, for the latter would quite naturally entrust such delicate duties to negroes, who are so eminently superior to their old masters. The two should be yoked together and scourged naked through the world, not with a thong of dry bull-hide, yet with a desiccated implement of torture supplied by that useful and interesting animal, but we would have to employ a Digger Indian to do it, as the malodor of such mangy

simians would inoculate a decent white man with the black death. It is the editor of the *Times* who really needs attention for circulating such rotten slanders, not alone of Southern ladies, but of the whole Caucasian race. He knew when he admitted the Chicago idiot's article that it was a tissue of falsehood aimed at people who had never harmed him. He knew when he printed the insane drivel of Taylor—the cowardly spawn of a pole-cat—that it was a malicious calumny. He knew that in every case in which a black beast has criminally assaulted a white woman, his victim became the accuser, if he had not taken the precaution to kill her. He knew that many of the negroes lynched for rape in this section had forcibly debauched little girls in short dresses, some of them toddling babes, whilst others had victimized women past 80. He knew that during the past 200 years there has not been half a dozen well-authenticated cases of white men blacking their faces and committing such a crime. He knew that instead of Southern white women making advances to black bucks, they dread them worse than death by torture and eternal damnation; yet he cheerfully prints those infamous charges, preferred by a cowardly coyote who realizes that, being so distinct from those he defames, there is little danger that he will be hunted down and his lying tongue ripped out by the roots. But Taylor had best cork himself; when the *ICONOCLAST* has placed his calumny before half a million Southerners whose wives and daughters he has defamed, he may have callers anxious to examine his complexion through the sights of a six-shooter. I will not express my opinion of the *Times* man, not now—it wouldn't look well in print. If it should ever be convenient to tell him personally what I think of him, and there are no ladies present, perhaps I can find a word that will answer my purpose. If it be possible for a good

tree to bring forth foul fruit—if Apples of Sodom will spring from a Ben-Davis stem—then perchance his father was a gentleman. His mother was probably a respectable woman, who, becoming frightened by some hideous nightmare, brought forth a monster. Hamlet might “unpack his heart with curses” leveled at the cowardly assassins of his sire; but it were useless to waste adjectives upon an editor who suffers a lousy nigger to puke through his columns into the fair faces of millions of noble women. I can but wonder what will become of the *Times* editor when the breath leaves his feculent body and death stops the rattling of his abortive brain, for he is unfit for heaven and too foul for hell. He cannot be buried in the earth lest he provoke a pestilence, nor in the sea lest he poison the fish, nor swung in space like Mahomet’s coffin lest the circling worlds in trying to avoid contamination, crash together, wreck the universe and bring again the noisome reign of Chaos and old Night. The damn rascal seems to be a white elephant on the hands of Deity, and I have some curiosity to know what he will do with it.



“THE UNWRITTEN LAW.”

THE recent decision of Judge Falconer, of Lexington, Ky., to the effect that an “unwritten law,” superior to penal statutes, authorizes a husband to kill an unfaithful wife’s paramour, is provoking no end of comment, and appears to be generally approved by high-minded people. The decision was rendered in the case of the State vs. J. S. Harris, charged with the murder of Thos. H. Merritt, whom he surprised one evening in the act of industriously hugging his alleged better half and taking a psychic lunch off her ruby lips. Judge Falconer declared

that "human law in its declared portions had decreed no adequate punishment for the violator of the home"; that "no wife yields herself to the despoiler till he has weaned away from her husband that love which is the foundation of the marriage relation," and that the unwritten law of human nature excuses the husband who avenges himself by homicide. There is no question but such is an "unwritten law" of the American people; but whether it should be so is a very perplexing problem. Dishon. W. C. P. Breckinridge declares emphatically that Judge Falconer's decision "is neither good law nor good morals"; but as he had the presumption to lecture on "Morals" while posing as a pillar of the Presbyterian church and breaking the laws of God and man by living in adultery with Madeline Pollard, his opinion is not apt to cut much ice with respectable people. It seems to me that had I been convicted of knocking the sawdust out of the Seventh Commandment while lecturing young people on morals and religion, I should have avoided a discussion of the "unwritten law" pertaining to adultery. Still it does not follow that a man convicted of law-breaking knows nothing about law, or that one adjudged guilty of adultery must be unfamiliar with the canons of decency. It must be confessed that the world's intellectual giants have seldom been Josephs—that if only men who have never transgressed be permitted to discuss Judge Falconer's decision the ladies will have the conversation pretty much to themselves. Luther emphatically declares that

"The man who loves not wine, women and song, remains a fool all his life long,"

and if the wine be good, the woman pretty and the song well sung, I am prepared to agree with the alleged father of the Reformation. The one only thing that G. Cleveland ever did suggestive of a man of genius was to send

a substitute to war, while he remained in Buffalo to fill beakers to the brim and tread "the primrose path of dalliance" with a buxom widow. The nation would have been a billion dollars better off had he remained with Widow Halpin and his wine instead of going to Washington. I could never understand why people who account themselves all-wise and eminently respectable, wash Cleveland's fat feet with their worshipful tears and dry them with the hairs of their heads, while pointing the loaded finger of scorn at Madeline Pollard's paramour. Breckinridge's argument cannot be answered with his own record, however bad that may be. His closed carriage episode no more proves Judge Falcolner to be right than his hypocrisy proves the Christian religion to be wrong. The "unwritten law" is a subject that has several sides. I confess I do not see what else a man of spirit can do on finding his wife unfaithful except put a handful of buckshot under the cuticle of her paramour. While the effusion of blood does not eliminate the family disgrace, nor restore happiness to his home, it is some satisfaction to kill the man who made him a cuckold. He may secure a divorce from the woman and learn to heartily hate or wholly despise her; but he cannot rest content while the violator of his home is a mile this side of hell. But if it be proper that one man should die for such an offense, then all should be slaughtered if they could be found, and I much fear that would prove more destructive than a second flood—that while the average "injured husband" was taking a pot-shot at some "foul seducer" a third party would be pumping lead in his direction. As remarked in the hitherto, Josephs are a rather seldom commodity in this country. Of course every man should be virtuous as Adonis, able to resist even the soft blandishments of Venus Pandemos; but—. It has been frequently said that the

devil when fishing for he-saints baits his hook with a sun-bonnet; which abundantly proves that he understands his business. Doubtless there are men, whom the doctors have not yet pronounced dead, who will not talk "soft sawder" to every pretty woman with a tooth for taffy; but they are almost as scarce as icebergs in Texas or preachers who can hear a "call" that means a 60 per cent. cut in salary. This is not as it should be, and I'm trying to effect a reformation by the force of good example—by positively refusing to flirt with any lady past the age of fifty. The average man protests against the single standard of morality for the sexes; allows to his own the larger liberty. He knows that he entrusts the keeping of his honor to the woman he weds, not to the men she may chance to meet. He knows that many if not most would gladly "lead her astray," but that they cannot do so unless she furnishes the string. He knows that if she be minded to remain pure, she will prevent by womanly tact or repel with scorn all improper advances—will give no man an opportunity to "wean away from her husband that love which is the foundation of the marriage relation." Yet despite all this, when the shadow of dishonor falls upon his home, he insists that his wife is the victim of a "designing villain," and that said designing villain must die. If the woman in the case be very young, or inexperienced, or weak-minded, or victimized by means of drugs or brute force, then let the husband use a shotgun and see that there's a dozen buckshot in each barrel; but if she be a woman of average intelligence and mature years, the fault, insofar as family honor is concerned, is hers alone, and the "unwritten law" become violative of that very "human nature" on which Judge Falconer founds his decision. A man should never kill another for a crime which he has duplicated, or would

be apt to commit under like conditions. There are many wives who never expect to be unfaithful, but who are so eager for admiration, so hungry for flattery, that they indulge in "little harmless flirtations" with the deliberate intent of entangling the affection of certain "poor fellows." It is a very pretty pastime, this of playing with human hearts, and not infrequently affords a foolish husband—who happens to be "almost damned in a fair wife"—much amusement. It flatters his vanity to see others "sighing like a furnace"—or pretending to—for the property in his possession. Madame's "conquests" are chuckled over, and she is tacitly encouraged to "mash." Such a woman, wedded to so weak a man, will not go far ere she finds a worthier master—is caught in a web of her own weaving; the liaison is discovered, and there is another appeal to the "unwritten law." Thousands of well-meaning women, yet with all the sexual ferocity of a Valeria Messalina beating in their blood, are married but not mated—and Judge Falconer himself informs us that "though human laws may regulate human nature, they cannot control nature's whirlwinds." What then? Has nature no whirlwinds but those of wrath? Is anger the one only thing capable of producing "a condition of mental irresponsibility" during which one cannot be held accountable by the courts. Many wives are so grossly neglected by their husbands that the holy flame that once burned so brightly on the altar of Love mounts no more—and the turnpike to perdition is paved with the ashes of loves that are dead. Doubtless this "unwritten law" will long continue operative, but I move that it be amended that the worthy wife will be required to shoot the bustle off the libidinous old heifer who wrecks her home. Judge Falconer assures us that "the relations of man and wife are warning to all the world that third parties interfere

at their peril "; but he does not tell us what third party's interference caused the trouble adjudicated in his court. Mrs. Harris was the mother of two children, proof positive that she had reached the age of discretion. That she was employed as copyist by Mr. Merritt argues that she was not altogether an idiot. We will suppose that her employer was also married and the father of a family: Now did she attempt to "wean" his love away from his wife, or he attempt to "wean" her love away from her husband? Who inaugurated the flirtation which developed into amorous dalliance. If the man, the injured husband is avenged; if the woman, what about the injured wife? Her husband's affections were alienated, he was killed, her children were left fatherless and possibly unprovided for—all the work of a disreputable old drab. Harris can, if so disposed, forgive his erring wife—as has become the usual custom in our "best society"—and let Love's young-dream flow smoothly on as in days of yore; Mrs. Merritt can also forgive her husband—but he's in his grave. Much as I dislike Breckinridge the hypocrite, I incline to his view that Judge Falconer's decision "is neither good law nor good morals"; and I would add that it is not good sense. It is not good law because it places the life of the average citizen at the mercy of any hoodlum who may be married to a harlot. If Mr. Quickly should slay Sir Walter Raleigh for any reason, he has only to plead that his victim was intimate with his wife, and the old dame would take pride in acknowledging the soft impeachment. It is not good morals, because it relieves woman of the responsibility of protecting her own purity. It is not good sense, because it assumes that the man who will follow where a voluptuous woman leads is an unnatural monster. I am no apologist for the libertine; but I do protest against placing women on the lower level occupied

by man, sexually considered. To kill a man for dallying with his neighbor's wife is eminently satisfactory to the husband, but is no compliment either to the good sense or moral concept of womankind. Since the dawn of civilization virtue has constituted her chief charm, the one particular in which she has risen immensely superior to the sterner sex. Had all the harlots of the past sixty centuries been hanged in their swaddling clothes the world would have lost but little; had all the men who have loved women not wisely but too well been so served, history would be a white mark on a snow bank and you couldn't scrape up enough people on the great round globe to make a village as large as Waco. Ancient Israel would have been painfully shy of Kings, and the Lord been short several of his "well beloved." The Tribe of Judah would have been *non est*, we would not have the Proverbs of Solomon, and even the Psalms of David might have been abridged by Uriah's butcher-knife in the boudoir of Bathsheba. We would have no Shakespeare and no—but prithee, let's switch to politics.

* * *

GOING FORWARD BACKWARDS.

REFORMERS WHO CAN'T REFORM.

I SOMETIMES suspect that we have hitched our mule to the subsequent end of our boasted Car of Progress, and that, with ears and tail erect, the animal is bearing us toward the abyss instead of some celestial abode; also that our busy reformers are striving desperately to lift themselves over a nine-rail fence by their own boot-straps. I take it upon myself to call a halt in order that we may get our bearings and learn for a surety whither we are bound. It seems to me that we have hypnotized ourselves

with this universal cackle of progress, are mistaking shadow for substance and driving blithely to the devil. Conditions, according to trustworthy report, have already become desperate, our Car of Progress with its Salmoneus thunder rolling, not over a well-paved turnpike to some Beulahland, but along a pathway of human bones sodden with blood and tears. Desperate, I say; meaning thereby not only that it becomes ever more difficult for the workman to win his modicum of bread and butter, but that honor, religion, patriotism—all things our fathers esteemed as more precious than fine gold—are well-nigh departed; that the social heart is dead as a salt herring, pulsating only with galvanic power; that all has become brummagem and pinchbeck, leather and prunella; that the curse of sterility has fallen upon the womb of the world and it can no longer produce philosophers, poets, prophets—heaven inspired men—but only some pitiful simulacra thereof, some worthless succedanea for such, whose object is not to do their God-appointed task though the world reward them with a gibbet, but to win wages of gold and grub, to obtain idle praise by empty plausibility, to float like irisate bubbles or painted bladders on the highest wave, not of a tempestuous ocean that tries the heart of oak and the hand of iron, but of a pitiful sectarian mud-puddle or political goose-pond. The great men of this generation are not those who bring Promethean fire from beyond the stars, but rather the Vulpineheaded who devise more cunning ways to get fat geese. We have abandoned the Ark of the Covenant, with its Brotherhood of Man, its solemn duties and sacred responsibilities; and are striving to manage matters mundane on a basis of brute selfishness, without a soul of sentiment, a conscience or a creed—except the credo of the Golden Calf.

. . .

"Progress," cried the cheerful idiot, *alias* the optimist; "do look at our wonderful progress!" Aye, I see it—and smell it. Progress may be sure and swift down a soaped plank into wild ocean-depths with a ten-pound shot at the subsequent end of thee for ballast; or it may be with painful steps and slow toward the eternal mountain-tops where breaks the great white light of God, and there is no more of darkness and of death. Progress mechanical, the industrial unit multiplied by two, by ten; and with such improved weapons for waging war upon the grisly gorgon of want, nearly nine millions of the Industrial Army in India alone dead upon their shields, and other millions falling! Hosannahs mounting heavenwards (or sinking hellwards) in costly churches here, the starving babe tugging at the empty breast of its dead mother there—while a pious sovereign in her jubilee year contributes one-third of one day's salary for the relief of her suffering subjects and piously mumbles that giving to the poor is lending to the Lord! The earth and elements brought into subjection; all miracles hitherto outmiracled by our wondrous wealth-creating machinery; the very lightnings, that once flamed lawless through the sky, harnessed down by cunning hands and made to toil for man; yet millions even in America, the granary of the world, boasting itself the refuge of the poor and oppressed, unable to do victorious battle with the frost-jotuns and hunger-plants—to win, with all their high endeavor, the blessings of a home! We have actually made such progress in the science of production that half the population of this planet must go hungry. Yet Russell Sage and other multi-millionaires who are doing the dog-in-the-manger act, prate of "over production!" Men are ragged because they have made too much cloth, hungry because they have produced too much hog and hominy, must live in mean huts because they have

sawed too much lumber and made too many bricks—so says Russell Sage; and there be people who imagine that a man who accumulates great wealth must necessarily possess common sense. The fact is that the acquisitive faculty is seldom conjoined with a high order of intellect—it is simply an animal instinct which guides its possessor to fresh waters and fat pastures. Daniel Webster, whose colossal intellect might, “like the elements, furnish forth creation,” could scarce make both ends meet; but Russell Sage, his senescent brain rattling in a hickory-nut head, is able to celebrate his 82nd birthday by running a robber “corner” on Manhattan. The “over-production” theory is about the measure of Sage’s mind when he thinks of aught but the personal accumulation of hard cash. Half the world’s population are hungry, ragged and wretched because they have been robbed—because the possessors of 5, 50 and 100 million dollar fortunes are impudent thieves who manage to prevent the workman enjoying the fruits of his toil, who steal the very nozzle off the nursing bottle in the mouth of his babes.

I picked up a copy of *Puck* the other day, one of those would-be humorous papers that give a fellow hay-fever. While I was glancing over its wooden wit and cartoons that had evidently slipped their trolley wire, and wondering if there was anybody outside the insane asylum who could be hired to read it regularly, I found two pages of cheap pictures illustrating the blessings which a generous plutocracy is conferring on the thankless poor. It seems that, thanks to the charity of the American millionaires, a poor devil may obtain almost anything without money and without price, whether it be a soup bone, a dose of pills, an installment of Saving Grace or a collegiate education. It is very easy to be generous with other people’s money.

It is not charity, but justice the American workingman wants. Give the toiler his own, and you may dispense with Rockefeller's magnificent monuments to his own sweet memory. Robin Hood, Jesse James and other marauders of that ilk, were somewhat noted for their generosity; but they never pretended that the giving away of a small percentage of their swag transformed them from disreputable footpads into seraphs feathered like a peacock. They didn't have quite so much hypocrisy as Brother Rockefeller and others who manage to appropriate the earnings of better people and steer clear of the catch-holes and penitentiary.

Progress in government, to where the greatest of nations cannot, with all its ballot-boxing, torch-light processioning and negro suffrage, so much as govern itself, but is led around by the nose like a foolish cow and systematically milked by foreign Shylocks. Progress in religion until there's no more a divine message from on high, no God in Israel; only fashionable pulpiteering to minister to languid minds, the cultivation of fads and the flaunting of fine feathers; else blatant blackguardism by so-called revivalists, who, with the ignorance of an ape united with the presumption of a peddler, set up as teachers of the people—all constituting an ethnic fore-court to Infidelity, and under the supervision of a devil quite up-to-date. Progress in science until we know that spring water is full of bacilli and switch to Prohibition bitters warranted to kill anything but a salamander in an asbestos overcoat; that even the rosebud lip of beauty is aswarm with microbes flourishing skull and crossbones, instead of beckoning the sons of men to a nectareous feast for the Olympian Gods. Progress from the heroics of Homer and the vates'-visions of Dante, to Alfred Austin's milk-sick doggerel, the raucous

twitterings of grown men who are trying to do the bulbul act instead of harvesting hoop-poles, planting hogs and drawing a fat bacon-rind down the shining blade of a bucksaw; from the flame-sighs of Sappho that breed mutiny in the blood, to the pulseless maunderings of atrabilarious females whose prating of "passion" makes us seasick whenever we hear the swish of a petticoat. Progress from presidents like Andrew Jackson, with hearts of hickory, to boneless gran'dames who permit Cuba to be made a reeking slaughterhouse at our very doors because her sons like our own sires, love liberty; deny the divine right of crowned and sceptred vermin on the body politic to rule and rob, have declared that all men shall be equal before the law—permit this work infernal lest, forsooth, they offend certain royal fatheads across the sea who are ever poking their beefy proboscises into Uncle Sam's business. Yes, we have progressed backwards until this country, once the proud habitat of men with iron in their blood, is breeding mugwumps like Senator Palmer, preachers like Coochee-Coochee Parkhurst, Anglomaniacs like Willie Wally Astor, politicians like Boodle Hanna, presidents like McKinley, of the sawdust head, and miscegenationists like Julian Hawthorne. It is the general consensus of opinion that there's something radically wrong, and there's no lack of remedies. You will find these panaceas, each with the trademark of some particular school of therapeutics blown in the bottle, each provided with certificates to its curative powers. "You pays your money and you takes your choice"—homeopathic free-trade Democracy, allopathic high-tariff Republican, electric Populism, hydropathic Prohibition—and dodge regret as best you may. Strange that all these catholicons for earthly ills propose to inaugurate a new and greater Saturnian age by improving the pecuniary condition of

certain people—as though the scarcity of money in this or the other pocket were the one only evil. Certainly a better distribution of wealth were desirable, but a distribution of God's Grace were far preferable. Given that, all other worthy reforms will follow; without it we simply chase this or the other *ignis-fatuus* to our fall. I do not mean that we shall solve the Sphinx-riddle by acquiring a case of the camp-meeting jerks, by seeking sanctuary from the minatory monster in the amen-corner. Not exactly; the average church is about the last thing to which we need look for relief. I have noticed that shouting hosannahs has no tendency to make one more truthful in a horse-trade—that when a man confesses himself the chief of sinners he may feel obligated to substantiate his testimony. I have never yet known a man to borrow any money at a bank on the unctuousity of his amen; but I am acquainted with people who weep real water because I refuse to come within their religious pen-fold, who can beat the devil himself at dodging an honest debt. There's Bro. W. O. Baker, of Burnett, Tex., for instance, whose holy zeal once led him to preach against the ICONOCLAST at Liberty Hill—and the echoes of his fine scorn had scarce faded out of the atmosphere before his past-due promissory note for something like a hundred dollars was offered to me for a year's subscription to the paper he had denounced. It is needless to say that the note is not in my possession—I'm playing no 100-to-1 shots on Baptist preachers. Were I in the habit of purchasing gold bricks and other such property, I might have in my ash-barrel a great deal of the past-due paper of people who are powerful in prayer. To save tedious correspondence, I will remark, *en passant*, that people who desire to make me a present of accounts against Rev. Sam Small will be required to prepay the postage. Some people may imagine

that a preacher who doesn't pay his debts is worse than a footpad, as he adds lying and hypocrisy to despoliation; but, like Bobby Burns, my heart is so full of charity that I'm even inclined to apologize for the devil. It's possible that a majority of our ripsnortin' sensational revivalists are so busy trying to seduce halfwit "sisters" that they actually forget their commercial obligations. Many preachers make an honest effort to live faithfully up to their professions, and such are the salt of the earth, but I much fear that the church is a trifle short of chloride of sodium. If all professing Christians were Christlike, the millennium would hit the earth within four-and-twenty hours; but we have too many serving God solely for the long green. One atheistical Stephen Girard playing Good Samaritan in a plague-swept city; one deistical Tom Paine braving the guillotine for the rights of man; one Father Damien laying down his life for the lepers in Molokai; one Sister of Charity bravely battling with the reeking slums of a great city, were worth a billion sanctified windbags prating of "sacrificing all for Jesus," yet who never risk life or gold in the service of their God.

"*Laborare est Orare*, Work is our Worship," cried the old monks, those brave souls who carried the cross around the world as advance guard of civilization, despite all hardships in defiance of all dangers—men for whom life was no Pharisaian masquerade, but "a battle and a march." Work is worship. Aye, when a Pere Marquette or a Father Damien does it for other's sake, cheerfully accepting disease and death as worldly wages; but wind-jamming by a sleek jackassicus, with eye in fine frenzy rolling towards the fodder rack, is not calculated to make heaven rejoice. The old monks were real men, with a touch of the berserker in their blood, caring for naught but victory over the powers of darkness and the devil, standing at their

posts like Roman sentinels though the earth rocked beneath their feet and the heavens rained fire. Real men, whatsoever their religion or race, their education, occupation or intellect; the men who glory in their work regardless of reward, are ever the world's heroes and its hope. Milton has almost made Satan respectable, has well-nigh hallowed his work of wickedness by endowing him with all infernal heroism, by making him altogether and irremediably bad instead of a moral mugwump—by picturing him with a heart of any fate instead of painting him as “willing to wound and yet afraid to strike.” By God's grace I mean not the kind you catch at one of Sam Jones' minstrel shows—given as excuse for passing the contribution plate, with invitation extended the sons of Belial to “spit in it” if they can do no better; not the so-called “gifts of the Holy Ghost” that make a woman want to swing her sunbonnet, holler with her mouth open, hug all the brethren and chew the nether lip of the preacher; but rather an end everlasting to Brummagem and make-believe; a return to the Ark of the Covenant; a recognition of the fact that the soul is not the stomach—that man owes to his fellows debts which cannot be cast up at the end of each month and fully discharged with a given number of dollars. You may preach reform of this and teach reform of that until nightmares plow corn and Senators earn their salaries; but we must have reform of men before we can have any other reform whatsoever worth the price of the parchment. You can no more extract wisdom from folly or justice from knavery than you can distill blood from turnips or God's grace from amen groans. Our ideals are all wrong—we're going forward backwards and if somebody doesn't head us off we'll soon find hades to pay and the bank broke. Palaces and jewels and costly raiment and monies and lands—these by thy gods, O Israel

—mere fly-specked idols, false seraphim worthy no man's worship. They must be cast down from their high places, and Faith, Hope and Charity—triumph transcendent—grace our altars ere man learns that

“—because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.”

Diogenes was content with a tub, while Alexander sat down by the ever-moaning sea and wept his red bandana full of brine because Cristoforo Colombo has not yet come to enlarge his knowledge of geography, to intimate that the Christian Amazons of the City Book Store of Emporia, Kan., still remained unconquered and unconquerable. And now both Diogenes and Alexander are dead—“gone glimmering through the dream of things that were”—and little it matters to them or to us whether they fed on honey of Hymettus and wine of Falernus, or ate humble pie with a knife and guzzled moonshine whisky out of a gourd—whether they dined at Delmonico's or worked a farmer's wife for a cold potato and absorbed it in the fence-corner. The cynic who housed in a discarded soap-suds receptacle and clothed himself with second-hand cotton-bagging is rich to-day as he that reveled in the spoils of Persia's conquered kings and kicked the bucket by trying to shoot out the bar-room lights while carrying a load.” The mold of either may stop a crack in a colored Republican's cabin to keep the wind away; but the life, the soul, no longer chained to this paltry me, “uncumber'd wantons in the Force of All.” King and cynic, tub and palace, lantern and scepter, all have perished; he that butchered thousands to glut his greed for what fools call glory, shines no brighter through the murky shadow of the centuries than he that made a worthier conquest of

himself. The haughty empires Alexander reared have long since crumbled into dust; the wild goat browses in their deserted capitals, the lizard sleeps upon the broken thrones and the jackal slinks about the forgotten altars and ruined fanes. Even the land that boasts his birth hath become an appendage of the barbarous Ottomite—stands, like “the Niobe of nations,”

“An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago,”

but the philosophy of the other lives on from age to age to point the folly of such mad violence as that of Philip’s imperious son, who sought to make the world his monument, yet sleeps in a nameless sepulchre.

And you, who are neither Diogenes nor Alexander, what strive ye for? It is said that one eternity waited for you to be born, that another is watching to see what you will do now that you are here. And canst do naught better than burn incense at Mammon’s shrine, attire thyself in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day? Is that the work for which one eternity waited, for which another is watching? Know ye not that the poorest beggar, sleeping in hedges and living on “handouts” is an earth passenger also and thy brother, traveling his hundreds of millions of miles per annum—where think you? Among the stars—circumnavigating the sun! For him as for thee does Aurora gild the east and Apollo hang the western sky with banners of burnished gold; for him as for thee does Luna draw the limpid waters around a rolling world and “Bootes lead his hunting dogs afield in their leash of sidereal fire”; for him as for thee have heroes set their breasts against the bayonet and Christ given up the ghost on Calvary. If you do but accumulate

and do not create, then you are an object more pitiable than the beggar, for the toilers must suffer the cost of both your keep, and he is content with crumbs and cast-off clothes, draws from the general fund only to consume and not to hoard—is only a pitiful nuisance while you are an insufferable curse. What would I have thee do? Even the work that lies next thy hand. Cast thy petty ambition and paltry pride to the dogs and do somewhat to honestly earn the grave in which thou shalt sleep so long, forgotten of men—something quite other than hoarding the treasure of others for thine own pusillanimous posterity, and, like the foolish peacock, displaying thy rich plumage on dress-parade, injecting notes of dissonance into the divine harmony through the opening in thy head. Wait not until a man be driven to crime by the iron law of necessity, a woman to dishonor, a child to beggary, then organize some fake relief expedition for thine own glory; but extend a helping hand in time to avert the sin and shame. True, there is more joy in heaven over one sinner saved than over ninety-and-nine who had not gone all the gaits; but you are not expected to push people into the sea that you may throw them a life-line and tickle a lot of hermaphroditical angels by exhibiting them as salvage. Your shoulders are broad and strong; let the weaker fall in behind thee and be shielded somewhat by thy strength. The soldier strikes not in his own defense but for the honor of his flag, in defense of those who cannot fight; strike thou, not for the promotion of thine own selfish purpose, but for the honor of thy race, in the name of those who falter and fall in the grim warfare against Want. The noblest success this world can boast is the man who creates wealth and uses it wisely and well—he is the hero of the industrial war, the leader of the host and champion of the helpless; the most pitiful

of all failures is the man who succeeds only in making money, who bows himself to the dust before the work of his own hands. A thieving fox will fatten where an honest dog will starve to death, will live at ease where the other is scarred with wounds; and we have too many sleek Reynards nosing about the sheep-pens and dovecotes of the people, too few faithful Gelerts doing stubborn battle with predaceous beasts.

When we have altered our ideals; when success is no longer a synonym for vain show; when the man of millions who toils and moils for more is considered mad; when we learn that all the precious metals of Plutus cannot equal the splendor of the sunset sky beneath which the poorest trudge, the astral fire that flames at night's high noon above the meanest hut; that wealth cannot recall one wasted hour, restore youthful strength, or bid the loved and lost return to regale us with the music of their laughter; that the "almighty dollar" is lord only of the brute in man, good only to protect him from the weather and fill his belly; when we have ceased chasing foolish bubbles through the Serbonian bogs of Make-Believe and become real men and women instead of simpering puppets wound up by stale custom to cut fantastic capers before high heaven, then may we throw our social drugshop with its panaceas to the dogs. We must learn that "it is not by money or money's worth that man has his being"; that "there is a God's universe within our head, whether there be a torn skull-cap or a king's diadem without." The chief trouble with this nation is not too much or too little tariff, but rather too much artificiality and plausibility—too much of that silver-spoon pseudo-respectability which felt itself degraded by association with Bobby Burns, tolerated Shakespeare and "patronized Providence." A

thorough-paced rascal—Satan himself with his principles frankly declared and faithfully adhered to—were preferable to one of your good God devil fellows, your moral mugwumps and intellectual hybrid who is neither cold nor hot. “Glorious, heroic, fruitful for all Times,” says the philosopher, “is the constant speaker and doer of Truth. If no such is to be vouchsafed us, let us at least have the melancholy pleasure of beholding a decided Liar.”

* * *

CREDIT AND PRICES.

I WILL have to mix it a little with A. J. Uteley, who writes a very curious article for the July *Arena*, in which he attempts to demonstrate that the contraction or expansion of credit has no effect upon the level of prices. Mr. Utely is evidently a close student of economics, but has succeeded in arguing himself into some very glaring absurdities. As the questions with which he deals are important, I will state his premises and conclusions briefly and endeavor to steer him out of the logical labyrinth in which he has become lost.

Mr. Utely accepts the quantitative theory of money, approved by most economists since Adam Smith, and which assumes that, other things being equal, prices rise or fall in consonance with the expansion or contraction of the exchange media in circulation; he agrees with the standard authors that the value—the purchasing power—of money does not depend upon the intrinsic qualities of the materials of which it is made, but upon the effective supply relative to the money-work to be done; that whatever is generally recognized by the people as an exchange medium is money; he quotes with approval the view of John Stuart

Mill that even inconvertible paper will act on prices; denies that gold and silver alone possess this power, and cites the period of the civil war when, with little coin in the country, prices ranged phenomenally high, then while admitting that bank checks, bills of exchange, etc., do money-work, declares that neither these nor any other class of credit can possibly have any effect on prices. He adds: "From the time a bill is drawn until finally paid, an amount of money equal to the demand of the bill must be held out of circulation for its payment. It adds nothing to the circulation, and in no sense does it constitute a part of the circulating medium." Further on he says: "The most conservative estimates place the national, municipal, corporate and individual debts in the United States at \$30,000,000,000. The secretary of the treasury estimates the amount of money in circulation at \$1,600,000,000. There is not in fact one-third the amount available for use."¹

This puts us face to face with a perplexing problem: With less than one-third of \$1,600,000,000 available for use, how do we manage to hold out of circulation an amount equal to the bank checks, bills, etc., floating about? And how does it happen that more than 90 per cent. of all bank receipts are in checks and bills of exchange? According to Mr. Utely, America is holding out of circulation to meet its floating bank paper a good deal more money than any two nations in this world have got! Men who learn political economy altogether from books are quite apt to fall into ludicrous errors. It is not true that from the time a bill is drawn until it is paid a corresponding amount of money is withheld from circulation, any more than it is true that government keeps a gold dollar in the treasury for the redemption of every outstanding paper dollar. With his nose deep in the dust of his

library, Mr. Utely is unable to see how we manage to make a check or bill of exchange good without locking up sufficient money to meet it on demand, and concludes that such is the practice of commerce; but it isn't. Thousands of others harbor the same hallucination—imagine that 70,000,000 people transact all their business with a currency which Utely estimates at less than \$7 per capita. We have almost quit doing business with the dollar, have made the banks our exchange medium. "But," they cry, "you cannot check money out of a bank unless you put money in." Good sirs, we neither put money in the bank nor check it out except in trifling transactions; we simply loan our property to the bank in a specified amount, and it is transferred from one to another on our order by the banker's bookkeeper. Let us see if Mr. Utely is correct in the assumption that checks, drafts, etc., add nothing to the volume of the effective exchange media: I sell 100 bales of cotton at \$50 each and I am paid in a check as a matter of course; but instead of drawing the money and hiding it in a rusty stove-pipe, I have the cash value of the cotton passed to my credit. I owe Mr. Mann a \$50 stallion fee and give him my check therefor. Instead of cashing it, Waco's *arbiter elegantiarum* places it on deposit. He owes Col. Parrott \$50 for services rendered, gives him a check for same, and all the latter receives for it is a brace of crooked marks in his bank book. Col. Parrott owes judge Clark \$50 on account and gives him a check in that amount, which the latter transfers to Mr. Dupree to help establish a genealogical institute for the benefit of North Carolinians who aspire to shine in Waco society. The latter makes it payable to a St. Louis jewelry firm—perhaps—the latter deposits it, and it is passed to the account of the bank on which it is drawn. None of us need money unless we are confronted by the

contribution box, get into a two-bit poker game or want to buy the beer. I really placed 100 bales of cotton with my banker, and then transferred one bale to my creditor, who passed it on in the discharge of his obligation to another. And the other 99 bales: Does the banker keep them corded up, metaphorically speaking, awaiting my order? Certainly not. He knows about how much money, or rather how much wealth, he will be made custodian of each month, and about how much he will have to return, and the surplus is loaned—passed to the credit of others for a consideration. This system of exchange is practiced throughout the civilized world. Cities and states and nations effect their exchanges just as do individuals—employ the banks as a medium for the transfer of commodities. Mr. Utely says:

Suppose that every dollar now claimed to be in circulation in the United States should be withdrawn from the channels of trade: Prices would fall; would, in fact, be completely annihilated.

It would certainly demoralize business, but could not annihilate prices. People would still require clothing and food and fuel; to secure them exchanges would have to be effected in some manner, even though by primitive barter, and where there is exchange there must be exchange value. The farmer would not give away his surplus pork and potatoes because there was no money in the country; he would trade them for sugar and soap. The withdrawal of all our governmental money would be very bad for business, because we require a universally recognized exchange medium for our smaller transactions, and because it would deprive us of our unit of value. It would be like taking the yard measure from the cloth merchant. It would indeed be an awkward predicament; but what

would happen if, instead of abolishing our governmental money, we abolished all our banks, eliminated from circulation the non-governmental paper now doing 95 per cent. of our money-work, destroyed all credit and came squarely down to that chief *desideratum* of so many forks-of-the-creek economists, a "cash basis"? That would be a rather awkward situation also. Every dollar would have to do the work of twenty, and granting the correctness of the quantitative theory of money—would have twenty times the purchasing power it now possesses. In other words, prices would fall so enormously that a commodity that now sells for a dollar would bring a nickel. Our 75 billions of wealth would shrink to less than 4 billions, but our 30 billions of debt would show no decrease. That would look something like the "repudiation" we have heard about in the recent campaign—would, I opine, be more serious than being reduced to the necessity of barter. One of Mr. Utely's arguments against credit as a factor in price is unique enough to have been picked up at some country lyceum in Kansas. He says in substance:

One of the most familiar illustrations given by those who contend that credit will raise the general level of prices is that of a man entering the market to buy cotton. They say that if he buys \$5,000 worth for cash and \$5,000 worth on credit, the second purchase will tend to advance the price in the same manner and to the same extent that the cash purchase did. Let us suppose that he purchased the second lot on 90 days' time: At the end of 90 days he must pay for it. If he draws the \$5,000 with which to pay this debt from money invested in the cotton trade, such withdrawal will tend to depress the price of that staple to the extent that it was stimulated by the credit. The withdrawal of that sum from some other industry will tend to

depress prices in the industry from which it is withdrawn, and the general level will remain unaltered.

Men buy cotton (real, not speculative,) for one of two purposes: to use or to sell. If the man in question bought for the former purpose we may expect him to pay for his purchase with the product of his mill; if for the latter, it is reasonable to suppose that he will sell in time to discharge his debt. In either case he pays for the cotton with the cotton itself, maintains his credit and his credit is a portion of his working capital. Let us say that I require two cars of book paper for this issue of the *ICONOCLAST*, and that I have only money with which to pay for one: If I have no credit I can use but one car-load, the effective demand for book paper is contracted that much and has a tendency to lower the price; but if I can secure the extra car on credit, I use it, pay for it and make a profit. It is true that this credit, while enhancing my effective capital, adds nothing to the general stock, for I but borrow from the general stock with which to conduct my business; but it makes capital more effective by providing a profitable market for two cars of paper where only one could have been otherwise used, increases the efficient demand for a product and thereby stiffens the price. Nor is this all: The extra car of paper which credit enables me to purchase must be made. It must be printed, mailed, and distributed by the postal department. This means more employment for labor, with a consequent tendency to a higher wage rate, and the wage rate is an important factor in determining "the level of prices." It means more people with purchasing power, greater consumption of general products, with a tendency to enhance prices. Of course it may be urged that in borrowing capital to use in my business I prevent the owner employ-

ing it in some other enterprise where it would have a similar effect on price—that my credit simply makes a hole to raise a hill, and the general level remains unaltered; but let us turn the plank around and look at it from the other end. Suppose instead of having too little capital, I have double what my business requires: Of course I could employ the surplus in new industries; but I find that to give them the personal attention necessary to make them profitable, I must relinquish my present business. Clearly I must either lock my surplus capital up or loan it. Naturally, I decide to do the latter, and the result is that my capital has double the effective power that it possessed before. Many prosperous farmers and professional men are so situated—most loan the surplus or allow it to remain idle. Men become wealthy and do not wish to be longer burdened with business—somebody must take their capital and employ it. There is something like 2 billions in the American savings banks, the property of 5 million depositors. The employment, the continued purchasing power of many of those people, their efficient demand for the products of others and its inevitable effect on prices, depends upon the loan of their capital; yet Mr. Utely writes a dozen pages to “prove” that credit has no effect upon prices!

Abolish credit and the country would go to the bow-wows. I do not mean by this that debt is a blessing by itself considered, or that every man who borrows a dollar is a public benefactor; but that without credit, with the counting and transfer for cash with every transaction, our exchanges could not be so expeditiously effected; that it makes it possible to employ all our capital, and that to its fullest capacity. If we transact but 5 per cent. of our business with two billions of governmental money, how much would it require to enable us to transact it all by

that medium? Evidently twenty times as much, or some 40 billion dollars—a fact for the careful consideration of all who believe that our every dollar should be intrinsically worth 100 cents, else have such a coin behind it! Money, of whatsoever make, must be paid for by the people employing it, just as they pay for all other trade tools; hence one-half of the national wealth would not suffice to provide us with a gold and silver currency equal to our needs if we eliminate credit. But credit, like many other good things, is badly abused. Capital taxes production and exchange too heavily for its help, takes too large a toll. A very small fraction of the 30 billions of American indebtedness is in low interest-bearing bonds. Some of it costs 10 per cent. a month, while probably 7 per cent. per annum is not far from the general average. That means an interest charge of more than two billions a year, or about \$150 for every actual wealth-producer, to which must be added the cost of an extravagant government, the maintenance of schools for both embryo philosophers and incipient idiots, pensions to men who ruptured their conscience dodging the draft, churches in which goose-headed gentry preach Prohibition and other brands of politics, rent to descendants of rat-catchers, whose holdings have become valuable through the industry of others, profits to middlemen and monopolists—every penny of which must, directly or indirectly, come from Labor's thin purse. Is it any wonder that the American workingman is poor! It has been urged that I am inconsistent in advocating the free coinage of silver, in urging an increase in the volume of governmental money, while pointing out that the bulk of the nation's business is done with a commercial currency having for basis, not a few buckets of gold and bushels of silver, but the wealth and credit of the people. It is quite true that our system of bank transfers is being

steadily perfected, making governmental money of ever less importance as an exchange medium; but this does not reduce the currency question to a demagogical nonentity, and for the very simple reason that the governmental dollar remains our measure of value, 5 per cent. of our exchanges are still effected with it, and it is "the little leaven that leavens the whole lump." So long as the dollar remains our unit of value, through law or custom, and we are compelled to transact a portion of our business with it, the quantitative theory applies as forcibly as though we had no other exchange medium. So long as there remains an amount of work, be it large or small, which only the actual dollar can do, the currency question must remain one of very considerable importance. As wealth-creating machinery is perfected, the wages of labor affect less and less the cost of production; but so long as we must have men to manage our machines and there remains considerable work which can only be done by hand, it matters a great deal whether the entrepreneur can secure a full complement of help. The purchasing power of our generally accepted unit of value is governed by the supply relative to the demand, whether that demand be large or small, for a few millions or for many billions, and as it rises or falls all checks, drafts, etc., must of necessity do the same, just as when the value of gold rises or falls, all paper money based thereon must follow suit, hence it is important that we prevent undue appreciation of our "money of final payment" by an arbitrary reduction of its volume while its legitimate money-work is actually increasing, although it may be relatively decreasing.

A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

I LEARN from the *Chicago Drover's Journal* that "one roof now shelters Millionaire John Bradbury and his pretty wife who had deserted him, but pride still stands between them and reconciliation"; also that "Bradbury says he is willing to forgive his wife, but being the offended party he expects the overtures to come from her." The *D-J* assures us that they have a suite of rooms at the Hotel Wellington, but "are still occupying separate apartments"; that "a few tears and a husband's kind word will bring this romance to a dramatic finale." The *D-J* slings in a great deal more soup from the same putrid pot, calculated to raise the gorge of even *Town Topics'* readers. Who in the name of Balaam's talkative burro is Millionaire John Bradbury? So many "pretty wives" of millionaires—money covers multitudinous ugliness as well as sexual sins—are having escapades, "romantic" and otherwise, and getting themselves forgiven, that a scandal in high life is ancient history ere it is two weeks old. "Millionaire John Bradbury," eh? Isn't he the Californian with a pint of Injun blood surging about inside of him, whose wife run off with a crummy English tramp, whom she supported by peddling the Bradbury jewels among the pawnbrokers? Wasn't this interesting couple overhauled by the police in a 'Frisco hotel at the request of the injured husband? Didn't we hear considerable at the time about Mr. John Bradbury's murderous Injun blood and the sinister light in his ebon eye when he discussed the subject? Didn't the press make us shudder and groan by predicting that John would give his Injun blood a chance to hump itself, would wreak an awful r-r-revenge on the bloody Hinglishman who was strumpetizing the wife of his buzzum? And isn't the "fell destroyer" alive

and enjoying three square meals per day—paid for with the Bradbury diamonds? I'm not sure that John is the heap big Injun who "never forgets or forgives," and who was expected to lay for the destroyer of his home with a two-edged tomahawk in each hand, even follow him across the tumultuous wave though he had to walk—to rest not until the scalp of his enemy dangled from the ridgepole of his palatial wigwam, yet who didn't so much as make a toy-pistol play when he had the opportunity; but I incline to the view that I'm on the right reservation. He is willing to overlook what the *D-J* euphemistically calls her "romance," to restore a debauched woman to her old place in his heart and home, if not in his confidence; but this terrible "pride" prevents him doing so until she suggests that it would be agreeable—until she intimates that she prefers a round million—with her husband to beggary with her paramour. John is hanging around her door with absolution ready, waiting to be "asked"! It seems to me that "pride" of that kind needs a carbolic acid bath and a coat of calsomine. The husband who receives back into his home a libidinous old heifer whom he knows has dishonored him, has no more idea of manly pride than has a hound pup, no more conception of gentlemanly self-respect than has a dunghill rooster. Men of some little respectability have married reformed Magdalenes; but no man of honor ever received back a wife who had become a bawd. The man who does so, be he millionaire or mendicant, makes a mockery of marriage, insults every decent woman in the world by proclaiming that wifely purity is a thing of little worth, that the ruined honor of a family can be repaired as easily as a broken bike. But Bradbury is not the only animal of his kind on earth. We do not have to go as far as California and hunt up half-breed Injuns to find men equal to such infamy—men who boast

of their family "pride" while hanging their hat on a cuckold's horns and keeping what Othello would call a "cistern" that had been befouled by lecherous toads. Even here in Waco, the hub of chivalry, the Camelot of King Arthur's court, where honor is supposed to be the all-in-all, it were not difficult to find a creature who can give Bradbury pointers in the science of shamelessness and double discount him in all that makes for human degradation. Suspecting, like Tolstoi's Poydyschew, that somebody was poaching on his preserves, he proceeded to investigate, and like the hero of the Kreutzer Sonata, he seems to have found that his prophetic soul had not played him false, whatever his wife had done. Producing a six-shooter as big as a sugar-barrel, he shut his eyes, blazed away—and killed a horse, which seems to have been the only respectable member of the informal picnic party. Having recovered his property, the Waco warrior hauled it in triumph home, and boasted, so it is said, that the escapade would soon blow over and she would be received into Waco's best society! The gay Lothario still lives, but the horse is dead—offered up to the immortal gods a sacrifice for sin. It seems that the male offender squared himself at home by pleading that it was a repetition of the Potiphar and Joseph episode, and that when laid hold of, his garment, unlike that of the pious Hebrew, was too tight to slip and too strong to tear. Anyway, I'm pleased to learn that husband, like the hero in the play, "arrived in the very nick of time." To this little melodrama, enacted in the suburbs of our eminently religious city, I shall offer no objection; for if the husband is content the world should be satisfied. Christ forgave Mary Magdalen. As he wasn't married to her at the time, it was unnecessary to satisfy the law regarding the wages of sin by boring a hole in an innocent horse. But while the Waco warrior

was "vindicating his honor" and frightening a tenderfoot with his noise, he was having a little "romance" of his own, the latter fact being my only excuse for defiling white paper with a recital of his rather interesting family affair, some knowledge of his equine sacrifice being necessary to a comprehension of his iniquity. There was a poor but eminently respectable widow living in the city with her young daughter and still younger son. It appears that this fellow had known them in another state, which fact he utilized to become the officious friend of the family. He watched over it like an old gander over a brood of goslings. The girl was about 18, one of those sweet, trusting maids who know nothing of the world and its ways. The friend of the family became very solicitous about the health of the mother. He gave her little son a situation. He paid surreptitious court to her daughter. It was Mephistopheles vs. Margaret, and with the usual result—lovely woman stooped to folly to find too late that men betray, as Mr. Goldsmith would remark. The maid became *enceinte* by this inhuman monster. The trusting mother was made to believe that she had some dropsical disease. The acquaintances of the friend of the family knew of the *liaison* and the unhappy consequences and begged him to send the maid out of the city, to take some steps to conceal her shame; but he treated the suggestion with brutal contempt. The mother, becoming alarmed by her daughter's condition, called in a doctor. "*Enciente*—seven months," and Æsculapius. The mother fell back in a dead faint. When she recovered consciousness she hurried with her family to the depot, not even pausing to take down her birds that were singing in the porch. She could not breathe during another day the atmosphere of a city infested by the unclean beast that had broken her heart. From a far northern city she wrote

to a real estate agent to sell her little home at any sacrifice—she had shaken the dust of Waco from her feet forever. And this animal hasn't been tarred and feathered. He walks the streets of Waco and white men speak to him as though nothing had happened. There was some talk of making him the subject of a surgical operation; but "what is everybody's business is nobody's business," and he is still virile and vicious. The widow is crushed; the life of her young daughter is forever blighted; her little son will be shadowed so long as he lives, by his sister's shame. And the author of this infamy is the fellow who vindicated the honor of his own home—by shooting a horse. If "money is omnipotent," as the French say, he will never be punished, not in the eminently respectable and ultra-religious city of Waco. But perhaps when the girl's brother grows up he will know how to handle a shotgun. "The years," we are told, "are seldom unjust."



BARONS VS. BARONS.

FOR many moons past a dozen or so letters a day from Republicans and Demmy-Reps., each bearing in its bosom a pale green postal order or velvety dollar bill and a vigorous protest couched in unmistakable English, have insinuated themselves into this sanctum. The pecuniary end of said epistles are carefully filed away for the benefit of the foreign mission fund, while the protest are deposited in the cast iron waste-basket, which is kept on the ice-box as a precautionary measure against spontaneous combustion. The complaints of these, my misguided brethren who have followed the Markhanna rainbow into the Serbonian bogs, are many and grievous, but the one that comes to the surface oftenest is that I allude to McKinley as the crea-

ture of the tariff barons, while the silver barons were sponsors for my own much beloved Billee Bryan of Nebraska—that it's a case of the pot calling the kettle black. Oh well, even little birds in their nests cannot always agree, every blessed birdlin', wants the worm and tries to spread its mouth widest. Prithee, good sirs, unbutton your collars and let us sit down a moment under the soothing influences of the electric fan and look into his baronial business, not with labored perscrutation and blood-heating partisanship, but with the passive interest that one views a last year's prize fight by means of the vitascope. Selfish old world isn't in it?—the purse such a powerful factor in shaping one's political opinions, what he calls patriotism, the *argumentum ad hominem* gets so near a fellow's heart! Yes, yes; "the smoke of battle has rolled away," as the *Houston Post*, Cypress Switch *Sentinel* and other great molders of public opinion would say, and we can now see clearly that the tariff barons expected to profit by the election of McKinley, the silver barons by the election of Bryan—that each gave up more or less stuff "for the good of the cause," the salvation of the country. This much is frankly conceded by both sides; and honest confession is good for the osul—granting of course that a politician's got a soul, that he isn't a corporation, with Greed, Gall and Gab constituting the board of directors. But that, as Kunnel Kipling—one of Billy Reedy's poets—would remark in his charming hair-trigger way, is another story. That the tariff barons put up the most dust is doubtless due to the fact that they had most to gain by electing their man. Thus far the two parties of feudal gentry—the Red and White Roses of the late unpleasantness—are on a political and moral parity, each championing the cause which he expected to fill his purse. each doing the "educational" act to further his own

interest. That's what we call "practical politics" in this country the *sauve qui peut* principle. Excuse my French; I have to take it out and look at it occasionally to assure myself that it's still there. But we were talking of the war of the barons, with "national honor," "good of the country," and so forth, as bone of contention. We will admit that each contingent of barons was a little worse than the other, just for the sake of argument; but this does not necessarily bring the respective candidates to the same intellectual and moral level. A great deal of money can be legitimately expended in a "campaign of education," in appealing to the reason of the people. To plead that a candidate is ignorant of the methods employed by his managers to secure his election, were to brand him a hopeless idiot. I have not heard of a single effort made by Chairman Jones or his representatives to corrupt the ballot, of one man who was offered money to vote for Bryan. On the other hand, Mark Hanna and his representatives bribed the very niggers of Texas, who don't know how to vote anything but the Republican ticket. The presidency was brazenly bought for McKinley, and with his full knowledge and consent, granting of course that he is not a miserable Toomtabard stuffed with straw; but no attempt was made to buy votes for Bryan; hence, whatever may be the respective merits or demerits of the silver and tariff barons, we must concede that in the matter of honor and patriotism the Buckeye suffers sorely by comparison with the Nebraskan—that the pot has good cause to animadvert upon the complexion of its culinary companion. Both the tariff and silver barons frankly admitted that the policy they advocated would redound to their pecuniary profit, but insisted that it would also benefit the whole people. We will not fight that merry war over again this hot weather. I freely concede that the

silver barons supported Bryan, and contributed liberally to his campaign fund for no more patriotic reason than that they believed, despite the solemn asservation of all Republicans and Demmy-Reps. to the contrary, that his election would put money in their purse. I say their asservation to the contrary, for they insisted and still insist that free coinage would sink the silver dollar to its bullion value, that we would have a 40 or 50 cent dollar, that Uncle Sam is powerless to raise the value of the white metal; and if this be true, it follows as an illative consequence that the people would be despoiled by the miner, that the latter would make no more than his present profit. Of course when they discourse learnedly of the wily silver baron selling Uncle Sam 40 or 50 cents worth of bullion for a dollar, they mean a 40 or 50 cent dollar, as otherwise these economic wiseacres would hang themselves with their own halter—would sprain a kidney and rupture a surcingle leaping from premise to conclusion. But I am not willing to unite with the “sound money” men in thus clearing the silver barons of all suspicion of selfishness, in apotheosizing them as patriots who have only the good of the people at heart. I insist that free coinage would help them by enhancing the price of their product, by making the much-talked of “40-cent dollar” impossible; and that it was the realization of this fact which induced them to support Bryan of Nebraska. I think they had a dim suspicion that whatsoever increases demand has a tendency to enhance price, and *vice versa*; that they had figured out that the law of supply and demand being still unrepealed by any worthy Populist, free coinage of the white metal would mean dearer silver and cheaper gold, that if our \$600,000,000 of “yellow boys” became frightened at their pale-faced brother and went abroad the effect would be to make the gold currency of other nations more

redundant, and that a redundant currency means a smaller purchasing power for the unit of value, and approach of the two metals toward a parity. No, gentlemen, you can't convince me that the silver barons are not selfish—that they simply wanted to make a few tons of 40-cent dollars to enable the Democrats to “repudiate their debts.”

* * *

KILLING OF CANOVAS.

Now that all the principalities and powers have condoled with Spain over the killing of Canovas; now that Golli has been sentenced to the garrote and our own “able editors” and oratorical wind-jammers have vigorously denounced him as a “cowardly assassin,” suppose we make a reasonable effort to understand what this slaughter by an anarchist really signifies. *Ogni medaglia ha il suo verso*, say the Italians, meaning thereby that what has a before must have a behind, that there are at least two sides to every subject—including even the killing of Canovas. Thanks to the pernicious activity of our “great public educators,” alias the press, the American people have a very anamorphic idea of anarchy and anarchists. They suppose that anarchy is synonymous with violence and disorder, wrong and outrage; that such condition is desired by its devotees; that the latter are composed altogether of the idle, the vicious and the criminal. Their idea of an anarchist is a cross between a Bowery bum and a vampire bat—a low-browed brute, a filthy fellow who loafs about the subcellar boozing dens of great cities, drinks gallons of beer, builds gaspipe bombs and shrieks for oceans of blood—all of which they gather from the foolish scribblings of ignorant editors who mistake an abnormal imaginative faculty for an inexhaustible tank of valuable information.

They will probably be a little surprised to learn that anarchism owes much to the teachings of Christ, that St. Paul is considered by many of its converts as the original high priest of the cult, that the utterances of some of the world's greatest philosophers are habitually quoted in its apologetics and that many of the best people of Europe subscribe to its principles. Strange as it may appear to those who rely upon the daily press for information, a man can be an enthusiastic anarchist without growing a crop of piratical whiskers, neglecting his bath and carrying an infernal machine in his hat, a bull-dog pistol in the hip-pocket of his "pants" and a dynamite bomb in each coat-tail pocket. The word "anarchy," according to the best authorities on the subject, "is employed to signify, not chaos, but an order of things that excludes the idea of external government, and depends on individual self-control and voluntary coöperation." Its avowed object is attainment of the fullest liberty, the highest possible development of individualism. Anarchists believe that all government is useless and oppressive; that without it there would be less crime, greater prosperity, more altruism, a happier life for the "common herd." Nihilism and anarchy are one and the same, practically considered. The nihilists are composed chiefly of the university students and the better educated people of the Russian empire. The reigning family, its immediate dependants, and the squalid peasantry, so recently serfs and still avatars of poverty and ignorance, are enthusiastic monarchists. Nihilism, or anarchism, reduced to its last analysis, means simply "nit," is a pure negation. That is also its significance in religion and science. Philosophic nihilism, so-called, would reduce even the super-abundant materiality of G. Cleveland to an equal status with his mentality—"mere appearances with no substratum of reality."

Anarchism is the legitimate child of political oppression. Seeing that government was responsible for so much evil, men concluded that it was wholly bad, unnatural, an insufferable nuisance, and began agitating for its complete abolition. Such a campaign of education did not please the powers, and the result was a terrible persecution. Occasionally the worm turned and some active enemy in high place perished. Rome persecuted the early Christians, and, because there were some who did not turn the other cheek to the smiter, all were denounced as disreputable, dangerous, and many crimes of which they were innocent were laid at their door. The cross was once hated, despised and dread more than the red flag is to-day. What the anarchists are to Europe, the Catholics were to England in the time of Titus Oates, the Huguenots to France in the days of Catherine de Medici—a people regarded as enemies of the established government and capable of any crime. Just as an occasional Christian struck at the pagan oppressors, so an occasional anarchist strikes at their persecutors. Conspiracies, plots, desperate ventures by individuals, may be expected whenever a class of people, for religious, racial or political reasons, is cruelly maltreated and is not powerful enough to make open war upon its enemies. Oppression is the cause of which anarchy is the effect. Atheism is the natural correlative of social anarchy, the dogma of nihility, or nothingness, carried to its legitimate conclusion. But it is more than a revolt against the scepter and the miter; it is a protest against conditions, social and industrial, in which “the individual withers and the world is more and more.” Anarchism would make every man an independent entity instead of a molecule in a mighty organism, the unconsidered fraction of a great machine. In my humble opinion the thesis of anarchism reduced to practice could but result in endless

confusion and the retrogression of the race; but while the dream is idle, it is beautiful, considered solely in its earthly aspect, in that it is of a perfect if an impossible ideal. When all men become just we will no longer have any use for law, and absence of law is political anarchy. In all Europe the anarchists had no more uncompromising enemy than Canovas. The tortures he inflicted upon many of them are too dreadful to be told—the soul of a Caliban would sicken at the recital. True, many of those he tortured had committed crimes; but the efficient cause thereof was his own tyranny—it was but an application of *lex talionis*—the law of retaliation. That Canovas was a statesman of considerable ability cannot be gainsaid; but he was the incarnation of cruelty. What Jack the Ripper was to the slums of London, Canovas was to the world at large. The atrocities perpetrated in the Philippine Islands by the Spanish soldiery had his sanction; Weyler, the Cuban butcher, was simply his creature and executed his orders. Canovas seems to have “got drunk with blood to vomit crime”—and the worm turned once more. I do not approve the principles of anarchism, I do not sanction assassination; nor can I regret the fate of Canovas. “The wage of sin is death”; this latter-day “Spanish fury” but reaped as he had sown. Golli is guilty of a terrible crime, but not of a “cowardly” one, as the “able editors” would have us believe. Brutal and bloody it was, deserving the world’s condemnation; but no coward deliberately does that for which he knows he must quickly die. Great Cæsar fell by the hands of those who professed to be his friends, and who hoped to grasp the reins of government as they fell from his dead hands; Canovas was slain by an enemy who expected no reward but the rope; yet we crown the bust of Brutus with laurel boughs and spit upon the grave of Golli. The one, ac-

accompanied by a patrician mob, struck down "the foremost man of all the world" because he was "ambitious"; the other murdered the servant of a petty queen because he was a monster.

* * *

A FRANK CONFESSION.

If these few solemn observations fail to cut short the next Republican vote crop by at least 'leven and a half, then "reason is fled to brutish beasts," and the American workman will require an arc light and a diagram to locate his own think-tank after dark—is incapable of ratiocination as a dead rabbit. In the August ICONOCLAST I demonstrated that the whole tendency of the Republican policy is to reduce wages—and five days later a prominent trade journal, regarded as the especial mouthpiece of Mark Hanna and all engaged in the same and cognate industries, frankly confessed that such is a fact, and broadly intimated that the man who doubts it is a fool. The *Iron Trade Review*, published at Cleveland, O., says editorially in its issue of August 5:

The impatient, oft-times sneering, "Is this prosperity?" which accompanies newspaper announcements of reductions in wages, indicates that there are many who utterly fail to appreciate the conditions under which "prosperity," of whatever proportions it may prove to be, will come to this country. Wage reductions are certainly a feature of the new prosperity.

It then proceeds to explain that because of the small margin of profit enjoyed by American industries, the American workman must accept lower wages. Hear ye it:

“The scale of profits is gone. The basis of values is often treated as temporary and transitional. That is a characteristic that promises to stay until industrial capital and labor grow used to it. An element that may be reasonably looked for in the prosperity to come is larger tonnage, much of it gained in foreign trade, which can only be had through lower prices and lower wages. With this will come steadier employment for labor. The prosperity of the future will consist rather in having much to do than in having large profits or high wages.”

Compare that with the argument and promises of the Republican leaders in the late campaign, by which they captured so large a contingent of the tin-bucket brigade! Prosperity then meant both higher wages and steadier employment—blessings assured by the Republican policy of protection. Now, according to the Hanna organ, it simply means more labor for less money! It means that our prosperity can come only from abroad, and that to secure it must come squarely down to a wage rate that will enable our bosses to export our products, pay freight and import charges, then undersell that very “pauper labor” from whose pernicious competition we were to be protected at home! It means that if we failed to prosper while working ten hours a day five days in the week for six dollars, we can grow fat and saucy by working twelve hours a day six days in the week for five dollars. All of which suggests the enterprising merchant who got rich selling goods 50 per cent below cost—“because he sold so dam-many of them.” I think the *Review*’s statement ought to be plain enough to enlighten even those toilers who pilgrimed to Canton and wore out legs and lungs torchlight processioning. They “utterly failed to appreciate the conditions under which prosperity will come to the

country!" Aye, so they did; but who was responsible for that fact? They took McKinley at his word, believed him when he solemnly assured them that protection meant higher wages. When they learned that "wage reductions are certainly a feature of the new "prosperity" they tore down his pictures, trampled upon them and went out on strike. They appreciate the situation now. They understand that the McKinley brand of prosperity is solely for the consumption of the plutocrats who paid the expenses of his campaign. They now appreciate the fact that while protection enlarges the margin of the *entrepreneur's* profit, thereby enhancing the cost of subsistence, it enables him to push the wage rate to the starvation point. They are beginning to see that we pay for our imports with our exports; that a high tariff, by reducing the volume of imports, must reduce the volume of exports, thereby decreasing production, and that whatever has a tendency to limit production in any line makes for lower wages by increasing the number of idle men pressing for employment. I presume, however, that the Republican brand of "prosperity" will be eminently satisfactory when the American workman, as the *Review* suggests, *gets used to it*.

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JESUS AND JUDAISM.

A CORRESPONDENT takes me sharply to task for saying that Jesus of Nazareth was not the founder of the Christian cult, and pulls scripture on me *ad libitum* to prove to me that I do but dream. Perchance I did not make my meaning quite clear to the incensed correspondent. The idea I intended to convey was that the Christian church is a non-Jewish organization, and that Christ lived and died in the faith of his fore-fathers. He seems to

have attempted nothing more than a reformation within the existing church, a kind of religious revival. And why should he attempt more? Was not the God of the Jews the founder of their faith? And could the Son be expected to improve on the wisdom of the Sire—and that too while encumbered with an earthly corporeality? Christ's attempted reformation of a church grown corrupt caused dissension, added a sect or schism to those already extant; but it was not until sometime after his death that Christianity existed as an entirely independent cult, no longer observing the Jewish law. Thus in 41 A.D. we find Peter proclaiming himself a Jew and requiring a special vision to induce him to do an unlawful act in visiting the Roman Cornelius who had sent to him for instruction. When Christ sent his twelve disciples to teach, he "commanded them, saying, Go not into the ways of the Gentiles and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not; but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." Christianity soon spread among the Gentiles, however, and it bears internal evidence of having been materially modified by those pagan peoples. It is not a creation of Christ's, but the result of religious evolution which would, in all probability, have followed much the same lines had he never been born. Should Christ arise from the dead to-day he would bend his steps, not to one of the churches erected in his name, but to the Jewish synagogue. I am not to blame for this fact; I simply record it as I find it. True, the New Testament makes him speak of establishing his church; but the same work likewise makes him entirely subject to the God of the Jews, the author of the Sinai law which was written to endure forever. If he attempted to add to or take from one jot or tittle of that law it became the imperative duty of the Jews to put him to death. No such charge was preferred against him

when he was arraigned before Caiaphas the high priest. The latter asked him regarding his doctrine, and he replied: "I spake openly to the world; I ever taught in the synagogue, and in the temple, whither the Jews always resort; and in secret have I said nothing. Ask them which heard me, what I have said unto them." Yet the worst evidence that could be produced against him was that he had declared himself able to destroy the temple of God and to rebuild it in three days. During his entire ministry the Pharisees and Sadducees watched him narrowly for cause of complaint, but appear to have been able to detect no serious departure from Jewish dogma. He seems to have incurred the bitter enmity of the church people of his time, not by questioning the truth of their creed, but by boldly rebuking the hypocrisy of its professors. I incline to the view that had the ICONOCLAST been in existence, then, Judas would have been the only disciple to denounce it.

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EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

My attention has just been called to a little New York paper called *Life*. How the poor thing ever managed to get so far from home I cannot imagine, unless some crockery jobber used it in packing a consignment of Yellow thundermugs which he was sending to Texas for the negro trade. I thought I had seen all New York's journalistic freaks, from the *Police Gazette* down to *Town Topics*, but *Life* is one abnormality which I had hitherto overlooked. I shall place this copy in my cabinet of curios, it being the only journal on earth having absolutely no shadow of excuse for existing. It is too stupid to be witty, too ignorant to impart information, to epicene to be even immoral. It suggests a castrated donkey that is

too spiritless to bray, too lazy to die and simply leans up against a fence and slobbers. The party who discovered this copy of *Life* requests me to "roast" its editor for printing a picture of a mob of Southern school-boys lynching a poor little pickaninny while the master and a bevy of girls look on approvingly. I shall do nothing of the kind. I am too humane to step on a tumblebug that wearily rolls its ball of compost across my path. Go thy way, poor insect. It is not thy fault, but nature's that thou art but a poor scarabæus rooting in excrement, instead of an eagle soaring at the sun.

We are now being told how delighted the Irish people are to have Victoria's grandson, the Jook of York, "in their midst" for a few days. But he is not "in their midst"; he is but hobnobbing with the minority ascendancy men, who are no more Irish by blood or sympathy than they are Kaffirs or Kanakas. The Irish people proper have neither lot nor part in the royal blow-out—care never a baubee whether the miserable scab be banqueting with the bootlicks of Belfast or scratching fleas in Bombay.

The New York *Voice* is having one conniption fit after another because Princeton University permits an inn on its premises to serve visitors with wine. The *Voice* will have to digest its spleen. Experience has amply demonstrated that Prohibition is a howling farce. The intelligence of the world condemns it. The fact that the *Voice*, ablest of all Prohibition organs, has had to embark in the fake bicycle business to avoid bankruptcy. proves that the fad is flickering.

"Silver's fall causes a crisis in Mexico; the rise in exchange has reached a point that is considered dangerous!" Such are the startling headlines which the *Globe*

Democrat puts over a dispatch reciting that there has been a sharp decline in the commodity value of silver, and that the foreign indebtedness of Mexico, both principal and interest, is payable in the yellow metal. A correspondent wants to know what I think. A decline in the value of silver is very unfortunate for any country that produces much of that metal, just as a sharp fall in the price of pork would be a hard blow to a country that produces many hogs; simply that and nothing more. It appears to be utterly impossible to beat the idea into certain heads that a country does not discharge its foreign debts with its money, that being solely for domestic use—that it pays them with its products, whether such products be gold or silver bullion, bumble-bee cotton or red corn, beet sugar or soft soap. Mexico is affected by a decline in the commodity value of silver just as the United States would be affected by a decline in the commodity value of corn: She must give more ounces of silver to satisfy a claim for a million gold dollars just as we would have to give more bushels of corn to discharge a similar debt. The “rise in exchange,” which so alarms the *G-D*, simply marks the decline in the commercial value of silver bullion, and has exactly the same tendency to produce “a dangerous crisis” in our sister republic as would a similar decline in the price of any other of her products of equal commercial importance. The decline in silver has the same tendency to produce “a dangerous crisis” in the United States that it has in Mexico, because we are also large producers of the white metal. Whatever reduces the commercial value of *any* American product decreases by that much our total wealth and curtails our debt-paying power.

Many years ago, as the story-books say, there lived two brothers named Astor in Heidelberg, Germany. One

of these, Johann Jakob by name, came to America and embarked in the fur business in a small way, the capital being loaned him by his brother, who remained in the fatherland. He prospered, and at the time of his death left property valued at \$30,000,000 in coin of the realm. He neglected to pay his brother, but said: One of these days my rich son will repay you." But the rich son and the richer grandsons and the still richer great-grandsons inadvertently overlooked the obligation. The descendants of Johann Jakob's accommodating brother did not prosper, and finally one family of them came to this country hoping to better their fortune. Old Ludwig Astor, his son Karl and the latter's wife and children live in Jersey City, are poor as poverty and without employment. Old Ludwig called one day at the office of his dear cousin, Johann Jakob the present, and asked that he give his son Karl employment so that he could support the family. The request was refused. Old Ludwig called again to plead with his rich relative and was arrested. He then wrote him a pathetic letter, which remains unanswered. The aster is a pretty flower, but the New York variety smells too much like the muskrats and other rodents upon which the family fortune is founded. That the original Johann Jakob named his "rich son" William Backhouse Astor argues that he had a reasonably fair conception of the eternal fitness of things. If anybody will start a subscription for the relief of the Jersey City Astors and Russell Sage's Illinois kindred, they may count on the aid of the **ICONOCLAST**. I'm willing to share my sow-belly and cornbread with the poor relations of our multi-millionaires. If Bro. Rockefeller and the Vanderbilts have any blood relations in a starving condition they will please send their address to this office and receive by return mail the price of a square meal.

As I pen this paragraph the cable reports that our ambassadors abroad are asking the various European governments whether they will remain neutral in case Uncle Sam should interfere in the Cuban affair for the protection of the lives and property of his own citizens, and that said ambassadors are not receiving much encouragement. I sincerely hope that the shameful report is untrue, that this nation has not yet become so puerile that it must beg permission of Europe to protect its citizens in the western hemisphere. If we can avoid a rupture with Spain without sacrifice of national self-respect and dignity, by all means let us do so; if it is our duty to drive the Spaniard out of Cuba at the point of the bayonet, in God's name let us do *that*, regardless of the assent or dissent of any potentate or power between heaven and hell. If we must ask Europe's consent to protect the lives of our citizens we had best make a bonfire of our constitution and petition Canada to take us in out of the cold. Let this nation do its *duty*, regardless of the consequences, for we had better all be dead and damned than owe allegiance to a foul rag that is used to polish the cuspidores of European courts.

Having neither seen nor heard of the *Railway Age* for nine months past, I supposed that it had blown out of its breech-pin in the late campaign—that the railway magnates had become weary of supporting a servant that run so much to slobber and so little to sense. But the world is not yet rid of this bad rubbish. Somebody sends me a marked copy—why I know not, unless he imagines that I may take a languid interest in learning that this mangy dog of Dives is puking upon the ICONOCLAST because it refused to come arunning when Mark Hanna whistled on his fingers. I rather enjoy an artistic “roast,” even

when I occupy the gridiron; but must be excused from wasting time reading such insufferable rot as that which passes for pasquinades with the ligneous-headed editor of the *Age*. I greatly enjoy, however, reading his political editorials. They are the finest specimens of unconscious humor this world affords. They are more amusing than *Æsop's* jackass trying to do the lap-dog act, or a country schoolmarm teaching elocution. The *Age* editor intimates that at his wise suggestion the railway employes elected McKinley and saved the country, that the tidal wave of prosperity is even now rolling mountain-high despite the efforts of the Bryanites to hold it back by the mane. As the *Age* probably never had a paid circulation of 5,000 copies, and every self-respecting railway employee would consider it fulsome flattery to apply to it those epithets with which an engineer sometimes regales a balky locomotive, the humor of its egotism approaches the colossal. The *Age* is of, for and by the bondholder and the boss. In its palmy days, when it required at least two flour-sacks to hold an edition and its postage bills rose to \$2 a month, trainmen despised and spit upon it; but they do so no longer—having altogether forgotten its existence. So the *Age* editor, by using his powerful pull with railway employees, elected McKinley, and thus by main strength and awkwardness dragged Uncle Sam back by the coat-tails from the brink of the yawning abyss! Gewhizz! What a pity that is!

Some of the good people of Olwein, Ia., have requested me to take a fall out of an anonymous correspondent of a little hydrocephalous sheet, published at Des Moines and called *The Commonwealth*, who spews his slime on Father P. S. O'Connor for the alleged awful iniquity of having a case of beer sent to his house. How often must

I serve notice that this paper cannot afford to waste space on creatures so vile that they attempt to destroy the reputation of others by means of scandalous screeds which they lack the sand to sign? The man who writes an anonymous communication in which he impeaches the character of others, is sunk so low in the scale of human degradation that one standing on the moral level of a mangy simian could not tangle a fish-hook in his coat-tails with a line a million miles long. The fact that Father O'Conner has incurred the enmity of an anonymous correspondent of such a clabbery sheet as *The Commonwealth* is ample certificate of his respectability.

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A CAMBELLITE FAMA CLAMOSA.

REV. GRANVILLE JONES CONFESSES A FORGERY.

It will be remembered by Christians—or Campbellites as they are sometimes called, not derisively, but as a sect designation—that in the July *ICONOCLAST* I printed a letter from Miss Jennie M. Howell, of Tillman, Fla., asserting that Rev. Granville Jones, while pastor of a church at Austin, Texas, having failed in an attempt upon her virtue, tried to silence her by means of a scandalous lie contained in a forged letter. The young woman pleaded that she was poor and unprotected, appealed to the *ICONOCLAST* to place her in a proper light before the public, and named as references a number of Texas people of good reputation. I wrote to her references, and they replied that she was a worthy young woman whose statements I could depend upon. I thereupon published such portions of her letter as I deemed advisable. I refrained from comment, simply stating that the complainant had furnished

satisfactory references, and that I gave her a hearing in her own behalf. In a few days I received a letter from Jones, dated Manor, Texas, asking for space in which to reply to Miss Howell's statement. I answered that space in this paper equal to that used by complainant was at his disposal. I notified him, however, that before publishing Miss Howell's letter I had made some inquiries, and responsible people had certified to the correctness of its contents. Up to the present hour I have heard nothing further from the preacher. Whether he means by silence to give consent is none of my concern. The incident had passed from my mind, but was recently recalled by a second letter from Miss Howell, calling attention to a virulent eructation by a Dallas paper called the *Christian Courier*, and edited by one Rev. W. K. Homan. I was unable to secure a copy of the *Courier* in Waco or of the Dallas newsdealers, could find no one who had ever heard of the sheet, and began to think Miss Howell must be mistaken, that there was no such paper published. However, a letter addressed to Homan with money enclosed, brought in return a copy of the so-called *Christian Courier*, and I have the interesting affair now before me. It seems a brutal shame to strike so weak a thing, to drag an intellectual infant out of its obscurity by the ear and spank the basement out of its little pantalettes in the presence of a million people; but David's wisest son warns us that to spare the rod is to spoil the child, and more in sorrow than in anger I undertake my disagreeable duty. Jones appears to have retained Homan as attorney to secure his acquittal at the bar of public opinion, and he labors at the task through three tedious columns, adopting the same tactics that he employed in the chicken-courts before receiving a "call to preach." I have never presumed to judge the defendant, nor shall I do so now—not being a

Baptist preacher proper, Jones is beyond my jurisdiction; but I am frank to confess that were the case being tried in a criminal court, and Lawyer-Preacher Homan's article constituted his sole evidence and argument, I would, if a member of the jury, cheerfully vote to give both counsel and his client nine-and-thirty lashes well laid on and ten minutes in which to leave the town. To an unprejudiced mind, Homan comes nearer proving Jones guilty than does Miss Howell. The latter is, as I understand it, the daughter of a Christian preacher in reduced circumstances, and has to earn her own livelihood. She is about 18 years old, motherless, rather pretty and very modest. Her father removed to Florida, but not having sufficient funds to pay his daughter's fare, left her with a respectable family in Austin and requested Jones to secure for her a situation. According to her story Jones called for her about six o'clock one autumn evening and carried her in his buggy to the residence of a lady in the suburbs of the city, where he recommended her as a worthy young woman, and she was offered and accepted a situation. On the return trip, according to her story, Jones made to her a highly improper proposal, and she attempted to leave the vehicle, but he restrained her by force. Fearing that she might complain of him to the church authorities—or the police—Jones wrote an anonymous letter to himself in which she was declared to be a woman of bad character. Having no mother in whom to confide, she made the Christian woman with whom she resided her confidante. The matter having obtained publicity, an investigation was ordered by the elders almost a year thereafter, when she was no longer in the city, but had joined her father in Florida. She received no notification to be present at the investigation, and could not have complied had she received it, as she was poor and no provision was made by

the church for her expenses. Her Austin friends having proved that Jones had forged the letter defamatory to her character, he confessed the crime to the committee which whitewashed him. Upon learning of Jones' acquittal and the false light in which the committee had placed her before the public, she asked that the case be re-opened, but this was flatly refused. She then asked that the letter which Jones had confessed to forging be given her; but this request was also denied. This, as I understand it, constitutes Miss Howell's complaint. As I am writing from memory I may not state each particular with legal exactness, but such is the substance. Jones' opens the case in true shyster fashion by indulging in a little holy billingsgate and sanctified blackguardism. He says: "A statement purporting to come from a young lady in Florida has appeared in a low and scurrilous publication at Waco," etc., then broadly intimates that the appearance of aught whatsoever in the publication aforesaid is *prima facie* evidence of its falsehood. I have frequently noticed that when a chicken-court attorney has no case, when he is retained to defend an infamous rascal against whom the evidence is overwhelming, he's very abusive of the witnesses and counsel for the other side; but when the law and the evidence are in favor of his client he treats the opposition with considerable courtesy. Bro. Homan begins like a lawyer who is "up agin' it." "Purporting to come from a young lady in Florida," is very good. Does he imagine that his client forged that letter also—just to keep his hand in? It is certainly not very complimentary to Rev. Grandville Jones that he should beg the privilege of occupying space in "a low and scurrilous publication." As the *ICONOCLAST* is now in its seventh volume, and is the only Texas paper good for a judgment in a considerable sum that has never had a single libel suit, I can afford to

ignore the coarse epithets of this meek and lowly Christian. The case before the court is not the character of the **ICONOCLAST**, but that of **Howell vs. Jones**, the motherless young girl seeking to earn an honest livelihood, vs. a pretentious Campbellite preacher. Counsel for the defense admits that others beside Miss Howell "are also charging that the committee which investigated the matter acted corruptly." That is indeed passing strange when we remember that such a just man made perfect as Rev. Wilyum Kesizh Homan was a member of the Committee. Shake not thy gory locks at me—I have preferred no such charge against the Austin areopagus. Who are these "others"? Give us their names that we may judge whether they be sons of Belial or good Campbellites, people of unblemished reputation. How comes it that they question the action of the committee? Upon what do they base the charge of corruption? Is it upon the alleged facts that Miss Howell's notification to attend the trial was misdirected; that provision was made for Jones' expenses and not for those of complainant? That defendant was "acquitted of any intention to injure the young lady" after having confessed that he forged a letter foully slandering her? that it refused to re-open the case after learning that the only evidence before it damaging to the young lady had been furnished under a grave misapprehension? Why should these people, who appear to be both numerous and respectable, persecute a worthy preacher? I am not a lawyer like Bro. Homan,—skilled in the esoteric art of "making the worse appear the better reason"—but it seems to me that a little information anent these matters might help the public to a correct conclusion. Had the learned Theban dwelt a little on these points instead of snarling at the **ICONOCLAST** for giving a motherless girl an opportunity to appeal from the finding of a church

committee to the public sense of justice, we might have more confidence in his cause. Homan says that, according to Jones' testimony before the committee, he carried Miss Howell "in his buggy one evening in the fall or winter to see a sister living in the suburbs" with whom he wanted to secure her a home; that while returning to the city he "requested the young lady, in view of the responsibility he assumed in recommending her, to explain some facts in her history which appeared to him to require explanation"; that "she became of offended at this request and attempted to leave the buggy." Y-e-s? That sounds smooth as vaseline; but why did he not ask for this explanation *before* instead of *after* recommending her to the worthy sister in the suburbs? Why did he not question her about it in the presence of his wife, or that of Mrs. Holsapple, with whom the young lady was living? Why did he drive with her into the village "suburbs"—two miles distant—"one evening in fall or winter"—say about 6 o'clock—when night comes so early—and after a visit of unspecified length, bring the subject up at an unknown hour and unnamed place—"in the suburbs"? Was a late hour and a lonely road the proper time and place to question a modest maid about such delicate matters? What does Bro. Walton of Austin, who seems to have been Jones' leading counsel in the case, think about it? As a cold-blooded proposition, how does it strike the Rev. Spoonen-Dyke Dutcher and Bro. Dillingham? What does Bro. C. McPherson, of the Black Waxy district, think of investigating a young lady's *affaires d'amour* "In the Gloaming O My Darling"—and "the suburbs"? The fact that, according to Jones' testimony, "the young lady became offended and tried to leave the buggy," would indicate that she considered his proceedings at such a time and place quite malapropos. During the 40 years of my

fair young life I've skalihooped around in the gloaming—and suburbs—quite considerably with handsome young ladies, in buggies built for two; and I've held some of 'em in, being an expert driver with one hand; but—they weren't trying to get out. And I never left any of them at Bro. Holsapple's house or elsewhere with a case of acute hysterics and undecided whether they wanted a policeman or a dose of rat poison. Bro. Jones seems to have played the jack instead of following suit—out there in the suburbs. It seems to me that Homan must have studied law with as little profit as he has chased theology, else he would not have permitted so damaging an admission by his client to come before the court. To be sure, it does not establish Jones' guilt; but it does demonstrate that he's either a Lovelace in everything but that roue's graceful tact, or *facile princeps* of dampools; and he can take either horn of the dilemma he likes. Homan admits that neither the young lady nor her father were present at the trial, and complains bitterly that she ignored the committee's request to "state distinctly the language and acts constituting the insult of which she complained." He neglects to say, however, whether Miss Howell received this request, or whether it was mailed as per directions furnished by Jones—sent to a town in Texas while she was more than a thousand miles distant. If she did receive it she might certainly be pardoned for declining to enter into the salacious details of what she alleges was a grossly improper proposal. I insist that it is the solemn duty of the court to warn the prisoner at the bar that his counsel is incompetent to properly conduct the case—that he has hacked around the country so long making Prohibition harangues to a lot of peruna-guzzling rubbernecks that he has forgotten the very little he once knew about law, Homan thus continues to work his man deeper into the

mire—while incidentally admitting that the charge of corruption preferred against the committee is pretty well founded. “The committee found that subsequent to the occurrence on which the complaint was made, Bro. Jones in defending himself against the charge, had done wrong in one particular, which wrong he had confessed in his written statement.” Why does not Homan tell us what that one wrong was? Why does he assume to be so frank with the public, yet carefully conceal the fact that it was the forgery of a letter aspersing Miss Howell’s character to which he confessed when (thanks to her friends) he found it impossible to conceal the cowardly crime? Does Rev. Homan consider it his duty to defend forgers in his religious paper and keep them out of the penitentiary? A forgery is simply a falsehood, and a man who will lie for money will steal if he has an opportunity, and the man who will steal will assassinate if he may do so safely. What then must be said of that minister of God who forges a falsehood against the good name of a helpless girl, becomes a foul thief of reputation, the assassin of a human soul? I do not say that such a man is unfit to be a minister where Bill Homan worships; but I do say that were I the Prince of Darkness I would not permit such a rascal to remain in my dominions, as his society would entail a deeper damnation on my spike-tailed devils. Of course this may sound “low and scurrilous” to the delicate 8 x 10 ear of the *Courier* editor; but it is

“Sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet
And soft as their parting tear,”

when compared with the lashings which the old prophets and apostles administered to liars. Is Homan quite sure that Jones committed that one wrong “in defending himself against the charge” of insulting an innocent girl?

Elsewhere the *Courier* says that no steps were taken to investigate the matter until the summer of 1896, when "an investigation was demanded by the friends of the complainant," and that "no definite charges" were preferred even then. Did not Jones forge that letter in the fall of '95 within a week after the alleged insult? beginning thus early to "cast an anchor to windward?" It appears that J. W. Holsapple wrote Jones, demanding an explanation of his conduct, that the latter replied, and this reply was before the committee. Is Homan quite sure that he does not read into it some things that were not here? After that ride—in the suburbs—and the gloaming—did not Jones set to work to see if he could find something somewhere that could be used to prove that in writing a forged letter to himself he had made a good Yankee guess? Did he not even write to her old teacher asking what reputation she bore—at the age of 12 years? Did he not appeal to parties in a North Texas town, telling his troubles, and pumping them regarding the reputation the girl had borne when she resided there, and receive in return a letter stating that it had *been rumored* that her relations with a former resident of the place had not been all right? Did not Jones exhibit this letter to the committee, and was it not largely on the strength of this *rumor* that he received his coat of whitewash? And did not the purveyors of this rumor afterwards deny that it contained an atom of truth and beg "Sister Jennie's" pardon? And is not this fact well known to the Rev. Homan? Has not Homan himself declared that Jones was guilty and that "if the girl were his daughter he would settle it at the muzzle of a shotgun"? All I know about it is that respectable members of the Christian church inform me that such is a fact. I learn from the *Courier* that the acquittal of Jones by the sacred smelling commit-

tee—complainant and her father being at the time in Florida—was not unanimous. That may signify nothing; but as rule when the friends of a preacher—by scraping the state—cannot secure a committee that will unanimously acquit him of a charge of too much mulierosity, there's something desperately rotten in Denmark. The brethren much dislike to convict a preacher of scandalous conduct, because it "hurts the church," has a tendency to bring it into contempt. A Waco Campbellite woman once assured me that "we have no right to criticize a preacher no matter what he does." And she's not the only damp—I mean there are others. It seems hard to pry a smooth, oily tongued preacher loose from the contribution plate just to protect the good name of a working girl—especially if she has gone to Florida and may never come back. Besides, *gil assenti hanno torto*, as King Humbert was wont to remark to me between mouthfuls of macaroni, signifying in Texanese that the absent are not in it. As before observed, I am not passing judgment on the Rev. Granville Jones; I am simply analyzing Homan's evidence and argument. I sincerely hope that Jones is a second Joseph who would tear his ministerial coat-tails off and flee to the mountains of Hepsidam to escape the wiles of a sensuous woman—that he is harmless among the fair sex as Homan himself, who always suggests to my mind one of those infecund hybrid animals that run mostly to ears; but I confess that it seems a little strange that a young woman, highly esteemed by so many worthy people, should falsely prefer a scandalous charge against a preacher so anxious to secure for her the advantages of a Christian home that he carries her two miles into the suburbs on an autumn evening—to ask her if she had ever held improper relations with the opposite sex. What had she to gain by it excepting unsavory notoriety? An ad-

venturess is liable to elongate the leg of a man of means if he gives her the opportunity, but she will scarce attempt to blackmail any baksheesh out of a village preacher too poor to reach the calsomining department without pecuniary assistance. Homan insists that the whole affair is a conspiracy to remove Bro. Jones from the ministry. If that be true the conspirators should certainly be ashamed of themselves for thus trying to unfrock a self-confessed forger. Five reputable people have assured me that Miss Howell is a good and truthful girl; but even Homan doesn't undertake to say that Jones is incapable of *falsi crimen*—in self-defense. Homan is the only witness for Jones I have yet heard, and his reputation for veracity is at a slight discount in this court. I do not undertake to say that he is constitutionally untruthful; but I do aver that he can give the best all 'round imitation of Ananias of any man I have recently met. He opens his article with two deliberate and malicious falsehoods about the ICONOCLAST—for which I'll freely forgive him if he can persuade the blessed Savior to do the same. The old scholastics used to say, *falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus*; which has nothing to do with the falling down of an omnibus, as Bro. Bill might imagine; but signifies rather that when you find one lie in a *Courier* editorial it is safe to assume that the whole thing is a flagrant falsehood.

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PRIZE IDIOT OF THE EARTH.

CHICAGO is, in her own terse vernacular "a hot number." She is great in everything—great in enterprise and anarchy, size and smell, but supremely great in gall. Chicago will never lose anything by neglecting to ask for it, nor be overlooked by anyone able to hear a trumpet

tooted on the housetop. She is not a modest floweret born to blush unseen, but a blottesque rococo which peals through the illimitable void like a Beardsley poster. Chicago justly prides herself on never doing anything by halves. When she erects a building she places the sub-cellar in Hong Kong and the attic among the stars. The "lost Pleiad" was pulled out of position with block-and-tackle because it stood in the way of the top story of a Chicago hotel. When the Windy City concludes that she needs more territory in which to hump herself she extends her corporate line in every direction as far as a carrier pigeon can fly in a day. She is bounded on the east by Lake Michigan and on the west by Hawaii. That's what's the matter with Japan—the Mikado fears that he'll wake up some morning and find Chicago holding a ward election in the portico of his palace. When Chicago puts down a foot she takes up six-and-thirty inches. She gets married in the Autumn to save fuel and divorced in the Spring to save ice. When Chicago has a conflagration it is one that can be seen a hundred miles, and when she produces an editor is willing to warrant him the finest specimen of the genus *Damphoolicus* and species Smart Alecicus to be found in the wide,wide world. New York imports its leading editors from the South and West, but Chicago makes hers by hand, having learned how to utilize every portion of the hog. After obtaining the meat and lard of the animal she pickles its feet and makes its ears into "souse," its entrails into sausage receptacles and its bristles into brushes; then, not wishing to waste the squeal, she soaks it in her fragrant river over night to give it the proper bouquet and sells it labeled, "Able Editor—Chicago XXX Brand." Chicago's editorial masterpiece now adorns the inner temple of the *Tribune*, and has distinguished himself by taking a tremendous fall out of Texas. The pro-

ceedings of the Democratic leaders recently assembled in this city failed to please him, which is indeed unfortunate. It is really too bad that the Texas Democracy, blundering about in its blindness, should have incurred the awful displeasure of a *Tribune* employee—one of old Pappy Medill's half-starved peons. In the course of his belly-aching he moans that Texas has silver dollars to the amount of 40 millions, which "the Waco yahoos" insist shall be reduced in value to \$17,000,000 by unlimited coinage of the white metals, thereby causing a dead loss of \$23,000,000 to the state; that "such is the fool logic which prevails in Texas, inculcated by Billy Bryan"—that "such ignorance and stupidity approach the mental status of the baboon." The *Gal-Dal News*—a two-headed fice that has wagged its tail off too short for decency and worn its tongue to a frazzle fawning on nigger Republicans and stuffed prophets—approves the *Tribune's* argument, while complaining that Illinois produced Billy Bryan, who led the Texas baboons into the bogs despite all its braking. Carlyle says in one of his essays that "in general cases when the brains are out the man will die; but it is a well-known fact in journalistic that a man may not only live, but support wife and children by his labors in this line, years after the brain (if there ever was any) has been completely extracted." A baboon must have some brains else it could not find food; but, according to the distinguished Scotch critic, they are in nowise necessary either to the life or labor of a daily newspaper editor—a proposition which the existence of the *Tribune* and *News* scribblers seems to substantiate. If these cheerful idiots only knew it, the thesis which the one advances and the other indorses has been emphatically denied and abundantly disproved by every political economist of repute for a century past. These pretentious "public educa-

tors" deliberately advertise that they are equally as ignorant as old Jasper, who indignantly denies that the earth circles around the sun. The proposition is so contrary to the universally accepted canons of political economy that had it appeared in a humorous paper it would have been accepted by John Sherman himself as a satire aimed at the monometallists, a coarse pasquil on the Cleveland-McKinley policy. Possibly Bryan and Texas Democrats "approach the mental status of the baboon"; but I promise to demonstrate beyond peradventure of a doubt that their Windy City critic and his *Gal-Dal* echo do not rise to the intellectual altitude of an acephalous louse. I will not accuse them of being destitute of brains; I will simply prove that the two do not possess one single atom of sense: It is a *practical impossibility* to either increase or decrease the cumulative purchasing power of a nation's currency by act of congress; it can only be done by increasing or decreasing the amount of money-work to be done relative to the money-available to do it. You may increase or decrease the purchasing power of the *unit of value* by contracting or expanding the volume of currency, but the sum total of purchasing power will remain the same. Reduce a bushel to pecks, the pecks to quarts, the quarts to pints, and you have more measures, but neither more nor less measuring capacity. So it is with money: Double the volume and halve the purchasing power of the dollar. Who says so? Who says so? Oh, a lot of stupid Texas "Baboons" and "Waco yahoos." It happens, however, that some other gibbering simions, among them Locke and Melcod, Mill and McCullough, Hume and Huskisson, Graham and Gillatin, Ricardo and Fawcett, Jevons and Grey, see fit to agree with them. "What fools these mortals be!"—the *Tribune* and *News* gymnosophists of course excepted. This is the quantitative

theory of money, approved by every economist of repute, admitted by both monometallists and bimetallists, "gold-bugs" and "silver cranks," which the Chicago idiot is trying to rip up by the roots while the *Gal-Dal* worshipfully holds the No. 6 thimble which he uses for a hat. You can only take 23 millions or 23 cents from the value, the purchasing power, of our present currency by adding enough new currency to level up this lacuna. You may inflate our currency with paper until it will require a dollar to purchase a paper of pins; but just so long as it is taken in trade the sum total of its purchasing power will remain unimpaired. Prof. Francis A. Walker and other accepted authorities have pointed out that an irredeemable paper currency would have as great purchasing power as gold if it were positively known that it would not be issued in excess of the money needs of the nation. Of course I do not expect the editors of the *Tribune* and *News* to understand these things—as Dr. Samuel Johnson would say, I am bound to find them in reasons but not in brains. I'll give a gold dollar, however, for a photo of the long-eared ass in the *Tribune* office who brays "baboons" at Texans for following the teachings of Mill and Hume—of whom he has evidently not heard. I want it as a companion picture to Thompson's colt and the headless rooster in my cabinet of curios. The idea of such an animal wagging its empty gourd at "Billy Bryan" and turning up its flyblown proboscis at the people of Texas! I've got niggers on my ranch who will know more when they are dead than does Chicago's atribilarious product of abio-genesis.

WHAT IS A JINGO?

A NEW YORK trade paper says: "The *ICONOCLAST*, a monthly journal afflicted with Anglophobia, appears to have a virulent attack of Jingoism also."

Jingoism is an epithet coined by toad-eaters. It is a term of reproach that, under various titles, have been applied by the enemies of this country to every American patriot since our gran'sires appealed from the tyranny of kings to the justice of God and wrote the charter of human liberty with the naked sword. Hancock and Henry, Jefferson and Jay, Washington and Warren were all "jingoes" in their day and generation. When Lincoln was making his first campaign for the presidency the New York press turned loose its billingsgate upon him just as it did on W. J. Bryan. According to the New York *Herald*, he was "a dangerous Agitator," "an ignoramus," "a demagogue"—in other words, a jingo, a man who placed national honor above boodle and would sustain it though it meant an effusion of blood. James G. Blaine, the typical American of later times, was sneeringly referred to as "the prince of jingoes," "the champion tail-twister." Blaine was proud of the fact that he was an American sovereign instead of some beery old tub of tallow's dutiful subject. He believed America the arbiter of her own destiny, not a pitiful appanage of England. He believed that this nation should maintain its every right with firmness and dignity—that it should protect its humblest citizen from wrong and outrage at whatever cost. I would rather be called a jingo, an Anglophobe with Blaine, "the Plumed Knight," than an Anglomaniac with Bayard, the bootlick. Elizabeth, one of those "good queens" of whom England is so proud—probably because it shattered her heart to give up a shilling—was fond of saying that it

took nine tailors to make a man. I will not take issue with so eminent an authority on men as Queen Elizabeth; but beg to add that it takes ninety-and-nine Anglomaniacs to make a man, and when made he's but an agglomeration of half-baked mud scraped from a foul sewer—a creature through whom you may stick your finger with as much ease as you can run an awl into olemargarine.

Who are these Jehushrans that prate of jingoism? They are alleged American sovereigns who use the carpet for a nose-rag and make their coat-tails the apex of a triangle whenever reconfronted by anything that wears a coronet, even though it be a moral bankrupt and mental mis-carriage—people whose ideal man is some foolish forked radish “stuck o’er with titles and hung ’round with strings,” anxious to board with a wealthy American wife to avoid honest work. It is those who gamble in fictitious values; whose country is the stock exchange; who suspect that a vigorous foreign policy would knock some of the wind and water out of their bogus securities. It is Dives and his servants—his seneschals and fuglemen, his potwollopers and panders in politics, press and pulpit—who would have Uncle Sam enact the rôle of Uriah Heep: people who consider soul and stomach as synonyms; whose idea of honor is something that can be *eaten*, patriotism a thing that can be made to *pay*, and who find in the jingling of the guinea healing for every hurt. It is those who sell their country for a plugged copper and throw in their risen Lord as lagniappe who are ever jouring about jingoism and pleading for peace at any price. These unclean harpies of greed and gall have been too long permitted to dominate the government. The result is that the greatest nation known to human history, the sum and crown of things, a country whose flag should be as much respected as were the eagles of imperial Rome, is an object of gene-

ral insult. If it be rumored that the president is considering the advisability of protecting our citizens in Cuba—is, like Hamlet the hesitator, dawdling between a dynamite explosion and an acute case of psychopathy—all Europe emits a growl and there is talk of rebuking Uncle Sam's "presumption," of standing him on his head in a corner to cool! If the gentleman in the star-spangled cutaway intimates that he may annex a small island or two at the earnest request of the inhabitants, there is more minatory caterwauling in the European courts, the Mikado of Japan gets his pigtail up, the Arhooned of Swat, the Nizam of Nowhere and the Grand Gyasticutis of Jimplecute intimate that they may send a yaller policeman over in a washtub to pull the tail feathers out of the Bird o' Freedom and unscrew its neck if it doesn't crawl humbly back upon its perch and acknowledge itself a buzzard. If a number of Americans are deliberately murdered, as in the Virginus case, we accept a flip-pant apology; if they are wrongfully imprisoned we wait until they are starved, shot, hanged or die of blank despair in dungeons foul enough to cause a hog to perish, then humbly beg permission to investigate, report that they are *dead*—and feel that we have done our duty.

While watching this country play cuspidore for second-class powers that it could pull in twain like a hungry hawk dallying with an angleworm, I sometimes wish that an old-time jingo like Cæsar or Scilla was its supreme autocrat for a year or two—just long enough to make nations that amuse themselves by treading on Uncle Sam's coat-tails imagine they had struck a universal earthquake or mistaken a buzz-saw rampant for a feather-bed couchant. Just imagine Gen. Weyler imprisoning and murdering noncombatant Americans in Cuba on suspicion that they sympathized with the insurgents, Japan fuming about the

Hawaiian annexation, John Bull seriously considering whether we shall be permitted to float our flag over a few mid-Pacific islands, Three-Eyed Billy getting his little Ebenezer up and threatening to go out before breakfast some fine morning and rip the Monroe doctrine up by the roots, if Julius Cæsar were in McKinley's seat—75 millions of people and as many billions of wealth at his back! And imagine such a man leaving the nation unprepared for war at a time when it may not long escape serious trouble even by a lickspittle policy—may suddenly find itself commissioners to European courts to ask their coöperation in the making of a domestic currency. But don't try to imagine these things all at once—take them on the installment plan lest you break the mainspring of your imager. A nation is just like an individual: Let it be known that a man will maintain his rights at any cost, that he fears naught on earth but dishonor, and few attempt to impose upon him; let it be known that he will not fight even on compulsion, and the very bootblacks pelt him with spitballs. In continually crying "peace! peace!" Uncle Sam is but making a bid for insult. The way to insure the blessings of peace is to be prepared for war, ready and willing to maintain our every right with the bayonet it need be. The millennium has not yet dawned, the "parliament of man and federation of the world" lingers in the far future, the sword is still man's court of last resort, and we should shape our policy to suit our surroundings.

It is time that America was assuming her proper place as the chief power of this planet. We owe it to ourselves and to civilization to move forward in the path which Destiny has marked out for us—"like a star unhastening, like a star unresting." We should seek by all honorable means the friendship of every nation; but never should

we suffer ourselves to be imposed upon by any principality or power that floats a flag in God's atmosphere. There was a time when to be a Roman was greater than to be a king, and the same high honor should pertain to the American sovereign. I want to see the day when in every quarter of the world an insult to Old Glory will be synonymous with suicide; when the simple words, "I am an American citizen," will draw around the speaker a sacred circle at which injustice will stand aghast; when our flag will be feared by every tyrant and fondly loved by all the free: when to those who suffer the oppressor's wrongs it will be a star of hope eternal in the heavens; when the blood of the innocent, whether shed in Cuba or Armenia, in India or Ireland, will cry to the Giant of the Occident for justice, and will not cry in vain.

It should be the mission of America to foster and protect, not to oppress weaker powers; to earn gratitude where Rome won only glory, blessings where England has covered herself with curses. As there must be a chief man in every community, so must there be a nation whose influence is paramount as a world-power, and makes for or against liberty, justice and law. That proud distinction was once the glory of Greece; it became the grandeur of Rome; it is now the British guinea. The dominant power of the world to-day carries its soul in its purse. Tennyson avers that Britain's sole god is the millionaire. Pounds, shillings and pence constitute John Bull's holy trinity, and international piracy is his established policy. And this vicious example is spreading contagion throughout the world. It is a power almighty for evil, imperils the very civilization it professes to conserve. Civilization cannot long exist on a basis of brute selfishness, the essence of savagery. Man must find other gods than the millionaire, nobler ideals than the almighty dollar. If Columbia can

purify herself somewhat of British poison; can "lose for a little her lust of gold, and love of a peace that is full of wrongs and shames"; if she can return to the faith of the fathers and place national honor above life and fortune; if—but how can we expect this, when the lust of gold and love of peace though it spell infamy, is steadily growing, when Anglomaniacs have their fingers on the throat of the government!

"There is the moral of all human tales,
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past:
First freedom, and then glory—when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption—barbarism at last!"

Will it prove so with us? Surely the trend of events is in that direction. We have traversed the circle from freedom and glory to wealth and corruption, and unless there be patriotism enough left in this people to wrest governmental control from those whose "one sole god is the millionaire," barbarism assuredly awaits us. Even those who love their country, who feel a proper national pride, do not appear to realize that something more is necessary to maintain governmental dignity than Fourth of July orations. They persist in disregarding the advice of the fathers and leave Uncle Sam naked before his enemies. Despite the frequent appearance of storm clouds on their political horizon, we have practically no army, but an indifferent navy, few good coast defenses—are deficient both in munitions of war and the necessary facilities to quickly manufacture them. In his farewell address, while pointing out the danger of an overgrown standing army, Washington cautioned us to ever "Keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture." Jefferson cautioned us to maintain "a well-disciplined militia." Scattered from Passamaquoddy

Bay to San Diego are 114,000 state militia, white and colored, men and boys, of varying grades of discipline—including more than 1,500 generals and staff officers, not half of whom could properly load a toy cannon or hit a flock of barns with a baseball bat. That, added to our regular army of some 25,000, composed largely of foreigners who take service for "the stuff," and officered chiefly by society swells who couldn't tell the smell of "villainous salt petre" from the subtle perfume of an old pair o' sox, is what we may have to feed to Germany's 4½ million fighting men. Turkey is called "the Sick Man of the East," yet Turkey made but one mouthful of Greece, which could put 200,000 trained soldiers in the field at a moment's notice. We could not muster 100,000 men—leaving out the veterans of the civil war who are too old for active service—who would be much superior to an armed mob. Yet according to statistics of the war department we have more than 10 million men physically able to defend the flag. Every man of them should be at least able to handle a musket.

I would suggest that every male American on attaining the age of 18 years be compelled to undergo careful military training for a period of six months, during which time he be considered as a regular soldier and fed and paid accordingly. At the expiration of his term of service he would be considered a member of the First Reserve for a period of 10 years, subject to call if needed by his country. At the end of that period he would pass into the Second Reserve, where he would remain until age or other cause disabled him for military duty. After the six months' instruction—which would prove beneficial to most of our young men—the only inconvenience such a system would entail on the citizen would be the necessity of notifying the proper authority whenever he changed his address.

Such a system would give us more than 10 million men who would but need to be thrown into regiments and companies and given a baptism of fire to make them equal to the veterans of Europe. And the day may come, when we least expect it, when we will need them in our business. One thing is sure: An enemy is not half so likely to straddle 10 million effective bayonets as he is to monkey with a mob. In this way or some other must we heed the warning "in time of peace prepare for war." The "balance of power" is no longer a European, but a world problem. As Uncle Sam grows larger and stronger there is a natural tendency on the part of European powers to make common cause against him. That's practical politics. Europe doesn't care a rap about Hawaii; she only objects to our taking it lest we next take Cuba in out of the wet and Canada out of the cold. There's no end to the mischief such a monster might do were he not kept disarmed by enemies at home and terrorized by the growls of enemies abroad. So long as he has neither army nor armament; so long as dancing masters are put in charge of our little military posts; so long as our navy is of the fifth-class and we have neither men to man it nor powder to fight its guns; so long as important naval commands are given to political favorites who couldn't navigate New York harbor with a tugboat without getting into trouble, Uncle Sam must of necessity sing small—the claws of the eagle are clipped and any monkey may spit in its eye. Some of these days, let us fondly hope, this government, by God's grace, will fall into the hands of men with wit enough to see that the star of empire in its journey west may breed universal war, may set the Old World against the New and compel this nation to fight for its very existence. If history be philosophy teaching by example, Uncle Sam cannot begin too soon to set his house in order for what

may prove the greatest conflict of all the ages. Destiny is thrusting upon him the wardship of this world, as Napoleon predicted it would, and it is to the interest of Europe in general and of England in particular to delay until the latest possible moment the transference of paramount power to the Western hemisphere.

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SALMAGUNDI.

THE press of the whole world is teeming at this time with accounts of the "desperate duel" between "Prince Henri" of Orleans and the Count of Turin, in which "never any died." It appears that the "Prince"—who is no more than Castellane's a count—published a dirty libel of the Italian army and was challenged to a saber duel by the Turinic Tybalt, but promptly turned tail. Being compelled by force of public opinion to make some kind of a flutter, he finally consented to meet Idalia's champion with those little French frog stickers which you can run through an able-bodied man without interfering with his appetite. As evidence of the awful dreadfulness of the weapons selected by ze Prince, the dispatches state his sword—Oh ma!—was "stopped and bent by a button on the count's breeches!—the correspondent (who did not see it) describes the fight as "a terrible affair"; and so it must have been, as it terminated when ze Prince got one little scratch—which did not prevent him "walking unaided to his carriage," after having lain on "honor's gory bed" long enough for the doctor to determine that the weapon had penetrated his noble person fully a quarter of an inch! It appears that the jingle of a pants button and the effusion of three drops of blood are sufficient to heal the hurt felt by the sacred honor of a "Prince of France!"

I am pleased to learn that the generous Italian "shook his fallen foe by the hand"—instead of pulling out a stem of macaroni and blowing a spit-ball through his quivering heart. Hundreds of columns have been written extolling the "Prince's" courage, even cabled to America and gravely printed in Texas papers. Imagine a brace of cowboys settling a dispute of long standing by one running a knitting-needle a quarter of an inch in the other's lumbar region, touching no vital spot, not even breaking his liquor bottle! An *affaire d'honneur* in this country means work for the coroner; yet a "Prince of the blood royal," with an abrasion of the cuticle no more serious than the sting of a bee or the bite of a red-bug, whines that "he can no more," "walks unassisted to his carriage"—and is slathered by the press of two continents with insufferable gush anent his "dauntless courage." Had ze Preence made that kind of a crack in Texas the very bootblacks would "giv' 'im d' guy," "Sacre honor!" "terrible duel!"—and nobody dead! O tempora! O mores! O hell! "Prince Henri of Orleans!"—"Peer of France," and all that kind o' thing. Faith I have a picture of the animal—a pug-nosed, dainty moustached dude with a carefully kept pompadour and ears like pies, suggesting a sensational preacher stuck on his shape—or a tenor singer. After making such an exhibition of his blondined liver, Henri should either jump into the Seine or beat his "sword" into plowshares and go plant hogs.

A. D. Hubbard, president of the Kansas A.P.Apes, was recently bundled into the penitentiary for embezzlement, having previously served a term in the same prison for forgery. If there is any prominent Ape outside of the pen he ought to be able to command a large salary at a dime museum, as a curiosity. The crimes for which most

of these holy patriots are in durance vile are theft, forgery, bigamy, embezzlement, murder, and sending obscene matter through the mails. If such be the product of "the little red school house" the sooner we abolish it the better. But public education did not produce the Ape; it was spawned by Ignorance and nursed by Impudence. A year ago the *ICONOCLAST* offered to pay \$250 to any prominent member of the A.P.A. who could prove good character for ten years past, and was a trifle surprised that not a single man applied for the money. The mystery is now solved—they were all either in the penitentiary or dodging the police.

According to the *London Chronicle* slavery still exists under the British flag and is enforced with British bayonets. While the English at home are said to associate with the nigger on terms of social equality, in some of the British possessions in Africa he is still regarded as personal property, and it is the duty of the gracious queen's officers to see that if he does any underground railroading he is caught and returned to his owner to be dealt with as the latter likes, even though the fugitive has to be dragged from a British mission house. I have ever held to the opinion that humane bondage is the best thing possible for the blacks; but what must we think of the hypocrisy of that nation which boasts that "when a slave touches British soil he is a slave no longer," yet not only recognizes slavery but sustains it by military force?

A correspondnet having asked the *Catholic Union* and *Times* "why the daily papers so often report sermons delivered in Protestant pulpits and so rarely mention anything said in Catholic churches," it replies that the published sermons are usually reported for the press by the

preachers themselves, and that priests have neither time nor inclination for such toil. I willingly testify to the truth of that statement. For a dozen years I was editor of daily papers, during which time neither a Catholic priest nor a Jewish rabbi ever sent me the synopsis of a sermon; but there was seldom a Monday morning when I could not have filled the paper with the self-reported pulpit oratory of Protestant preachers. Never did a priest or rabbi attempt to dictate the policy of a paper with which I was connected, or boycott it because it did not voice his religious views; but ask the editor of any prominent daily between the two oceans, and if he doesn't confess that notoriety-seeking preachers are the most incorrigible nuisance with which he has to deal, you may draw on me for the price of a year's subscription to his paper.

Mayor Gibbons, of Paris, Texas, has been advising the "Old Lady," alias the *Gal-Dal*, that she is the one altogether lovely, the pride of his liver, the idol of his heart and the joy of his mind. The people of Paris once lynched a buck nigger for the ravishment of a babe. The "Old Lady" opines out loud that lynchers of rape-fiends are a lawless and cowardly set of curs who should be hanged higher than Haman. It once put approving headlines over speeches by negro preachers who declared that they wanted white wives, and who proclaimed Fred Douglass, the saddle-colored miscegenationist, the equal of any white American from Washington down to the present day. Yet Mayor Gibbons goes out of his way to slobber over such a sheet. I can understand his recommendation of a paper which has every decent white man's contempt, only on the hypothesis that he's part "coon." It is quite natural that a lousy nigger should love the *News*; but why does Gibby sneer at the politicians, while himself an office-

holder? Gibbons seems determined to advertise himself as one of those unclean birds that line their nests with their own guano. It is possible that the high and mighty panjandrum of the village of Paree is a well-meaning fellow who runs too much to mouth.

Dallas, Tex., Aug. 16.

MR. BRANN: Is the Sid Williams, whom the papers state is holding religious services at Richardson, the man who once declared in a sermon that Col. R. G. Ingersoll was grossly immoral in private life, and when asked for his authority referred to Rev. Thos. Dixon of New York, who denounced the statement as a lie? I notice that this fellow is denouncing slanderers, all who speak evil of others? Where did Williams come from? What does he look like?

HARRY G.

Yes, Harry; that was Sid. But it has become so in Texas that to convict a man of a malicious lie does not interfere with his "usefulness" as an evangelist. In fact, the dirtier, bigger blackguard and more hopeless ignoramus he is, the better he seems to "take" with that class of people who usually vibrate between the campmeeting and the circus. In the matter of slander I suppose that Sid advises people not to do as he *does*, but as he *says*. I have no idea where he came from; but his total lack of culture, his ignorance and impudence, suggest that he graduated in theology in some river-front boozing ken or Boiler avenue variety dive. In personal appearance he somewhat resembles a cross between a bench-legged fice and a large catfish. He has the cut of a fourth-rate prize-fighter, and his language does not belie his looks. Sid is trying to give an imitation of Sam Jones; but the only thing he

has in common with the gentleman from Georgia is an unlimited supply of gall. Where Sam is audacious and slangy, Sid is slanderous and obscene. The one turns the pulpit into a not uninteresting circus, the other transforms it into a foul cesspool that would stink the very devil to death. Sid resembles Sam just as a louse resembles a hen-hawk, or a pin-worm a boa constrictor. I speak of the Rev. Sid Williams thus freely and frankly, because while editor of the San Antonio *Express*, he practically asked me to "roast" him into a little prominence, knowing that he could get no other kind of a free "ad." in any respectable paper; and I always like to accommodate a preacher to the full extent of my power. If this notice should attract more people to Sid's "gospel tent" and increase the collections by a few coppers, he will feel that he has "worked" me for space and rejoice with an exceeding great joy. It were cruel and unchristian to deny him a pleasure which I can so easily confer.

I have been reading a sermon by Rev. S. O. Mitchell, and a lecture by Mr. O. Paget, the distinguished free thinker, published side by side in a Dallas paper. Bro. Mitchell complains bitterly that "infidelity gives nothing in return for what it takes away." As this doleful moan has not been in the mouth of ministers for several centuries, I vote that it be given a vacation. As infidelity "takes away" the immortality of Man—confiscates Father, Son and Holy Ghost—I have sometimes wondered what the preachers expect it to give us as satisfactory "quid pro quo." Mr. Paget's lecture is on Hydrophobia, and he undertakes to demonstrate that no such disease is caused by the bite of a dog, that "it is simply the result of fear and false education"—an opinion held by some eminent

scientists. If Mr. Paget succeeds in demonstrating the truth of this thesis, what does he propose to give us in place of the death-dealing mad-dog, that the soul of Parson Mitchell may be satisfied? If Mr. Paget proves that there is no hell of fire must we consider him a public enemy unless he presents us with a hell of ice? If he finds out that there is no God, must he proceed to make one in order to escape the dreadful charge hurled at iconoclasm that "it destroys but does not create?" I suspect that Mr. Paget will fail in his attempt to abolish heaven, hell and hydrophobia—that when he hits the hereafter he'll find that Jehovah is no josh; but I emphatically dissent from the Mitchellian conclusion that a man is obligated to give us ought but the bald-headed truth as succedaneum for fatuous superstition, whether in religion or science. It were well for Parson Mitchell, and others who talk too much and think too little, to understand that you cannot possibly deprive a man of one idea without giving him another—that in the realm of mind there is no such thing as "taking and giving nothing in return. You can only supplant a falsehood with a truth, and a truth with a falsehood. The normal mind abhors a vacuum, and is absolutely honest with itself, whatsoever it may be to others. A man believes or disbelieves according to the evidence offered and his power of analyzation—is Atheist or Christian, not as he would be, but as he *must* be; hence it is that you can only deprive a man of one idea by giving him another which he believes to be better. While it is quite possible that Mr. Paget is mistaken in his opinions regarding hydrophobia and heaven, he gives us in his lecture much valuable information concerning which there can be no controversy; but Parson Mitchell's sermon is simply a string of shopworn banalities of which the very babes are weary. He

should ask that hereafter his homilies be printed on a different page from the lectures of Paget; placing them side by side makes the contrast too painful.

The question of white vs. colored labor in Southern cotton mills is now attracting considerable attention. It has been found that "colored labor will work cheaper than white, and is more docile, less apt to go out on strike"—and that is a powerful argument with the average employer; but it remains to be seen whether it is as effective, and can be trusted on the finer grade of fabrics. The Ethiop is simply an anthropoid. He has the imitative faculty of other simians, but cannot be trusted to take the initiative; hence it is impossible that he should ever become a serious competitor of the white man in any occupation requiring intellect. While willing to "work cheaper, and is more docile" than the white man, he is shiftless, lazy, takes no pride in his work, but does it perfunctorily. I scarce think that a satisfactory cotton-mill operator can be made of such material, but may prove mistaken. With its sparse population and undeveloped resources, there should be an opportunity in the South for all to earn a living. That there is not; that whites and blacks are quarreling over poorly paid employment; that able-bodied men are compelled to put their children in the mills instead of sending them to school, proves that there is something radically wrong in our industrial system.

Praise the Lord! I've learned who Jno. W. Davis of Waco, is. In fact, I knew the judge all the time, but thought his patronymic was Smith—that he was the party whose life was saved by Pocahontas. John was in Virginia, but Pocahontas had gone to the happy hunting

grounds. He was a good Republican while in the Old Dominion, but in Texas switched to Democracy. He became politically homesick, however, and followed off after the Cleveland heresy. Like Judge Clark, Judge Davis has to take his political latitude and longitude every morning and examine his label before he can tell to which camp he belongs. When they have reached ultra-Republicanism they will start back and strike the Democratic pen-fold in time to cast their ballots for Bryan. Clark will probably become a Democrat first, but Davis will remain one longer.

I am pleased to learn that D. G. Bickers, editor of the *Cracker*, published at Gainesville, Ga., has been licensed to preach. With the Grace of God permeating his soul like a perfume, perhaps he will refrain from cribbing his leading editorials from the *ICONOCLAST* and neglecting to give credit.

Several months ago the *ICONOCLAST* called attention to some features of the fire and life insurance business as conducted by the "old line" companies, that savoured strongly of buccaneering. That a Texas journal should have the "impudence" to criticize institutions which, by returning to the people one dollar for every three or four paid in by their patrons, had, in a few years, absorbed a sixteenth of the world's wealth, amused the organs of these concerns very much, and some of them in a cachinnatory spasm, must have ruptured their umbilical cord, as they are no longer on the earth. Those that still manage to lick plates and absorb stray crumbs in the house of the insurance-barons seem to have lost the linch-pin out of their hee-haw. In several American states the old liners are being prosecuted for entering into "combines,"

or conspiracies to defraud their patrons, and the indications are that the merry war is but in its infancy. The "old liners," not satisfied with playing the public with three chances out of four in their own favor, appear to have pooled issues and devised a bunco game by means of which they hope to grab the entire boodle. Twenty-eight of these "public benefactors" have been indicted in Mississippi, Ohio is on the hot trail of others, while a dynamite bomb appears to be ripening under the coat-tails of the "old liners" in Tennessee. By combining the companies are enabled to fix a rate that means brazen robbery, and then utilize their united strength in resisting the payment of honest claims.

W. F. Griffin of Dallas is now engaged in working the press for a fourth-class preacher. His success in this line suggests that he would make a splendid advance agent for a travelling corn doctor, a snake-show or a ten-cent circus.

W. C. BRANN: What do you mean in your article in the July number of the *ICONOCLAST* when you say, "When we have a redundant currency prices rise nominally instead of actually." What is your definition of price? Give us the distinction between a nominal rise in price and an actual rise in price. How do you determine or tell when the money in any country is redundant?

W. S. W.

(1) I mean that prices do not rise at all, but that our "measure of value" contracts. (2) The same as Noah Webster's. (3) An actual rise in price is an increase in the purchasing power of a commodity—when it will exchange for more of other commodities than formerly. (4) The currency of a country is redundant when, in

obedience to the law of supply and demand, the purchasing power of the unit of value sinks below the normal, just as the supply of cotton is redundant when it exceeds the efficient demand and forces the market price to a figure that does not yield the producer a reasonable profit.

. . .

“Dollar Wheat! McKinley and Prosperity!” shrieks a Minneapolis paper. Right you are, honey! Had Bryan been elected the American wheat crop would have been a total failure, while foreign countries would have raised billions of bushels of that cereal for export. By McKinley’s election the foreign wheat crop was blighted and American fields made to bring forth an hundred fold. Mark Hanna saved the country with his 20 million dollar educational fund, and shall have a niche four rods square in the hold temple of fame. But a great many of us grew cotton instead of wheat, and are still plugging along at 6 cents a pound. We rejoice with our fortunate wheat growing neighbors, even though purchasing power of cotton, as measured by flour, compels us to eat corn.

. . .

The super-esthetic editor of the New York *Sun* wants to substitute “clever” for “brainy,” the latter being a word which gives him an acute pain in what Mrs. Partington would call his “abandon.” A man may be “clever” without being “brainy,” and he may be a New York editor without being either, as exemplified by the *Sun’s* awkward attempt to be witty at the expense of Texas.

. . .

F. C. Moore, claiming Denver as his abiding place, writes me from the Palace Hotel at Antonita, Col., enclosing a newspaper account of the action of Bishop Finks, of the Kansas City diocese, in forbidding Catholics to at-

tend a Sunday picnic given by the Irish-Americans. Mr. Moore adds: "You say you're not a Catholic, but I'll bet \$500 you don't give this man a roast."

Shove up the long green, Mr. Moore, with any Denver banker, wire me, I'll cover it, and if I fail to give Bishop Finks a "roast" that registers 907 in the shade, you're \$500 "to the good." Being so anxious to have justice meted out to all alike, it follows that you must be an honorable man, and if honorable you'll make the proffered wager instead of going back on your word. Bishop Finks may as well get ready for that "roast"; may consider his fat already in the fire. Whoopee! Just let me get at him—\$500 worth.

* * *

GOVERNMENTAL FIRE INSURANCE.

W. C. BRANN: While you advise the governmental control of life insurance, you object to the same system applied to fire insurance. Why should not the latter be both plausible and practicable? A citizen makes a return to obtain insurance, and upon that valuation he would pay his taxes. Would not this be a good, if not the most feasible method to obtain the right valuation on man's personal property? The result is very apparent. The less he would estimate the value of his property, in order to evade taxes, the less insurance he would be entitled to collect, and conversely. He would be obliged to make a reasonably correct return for his own protection? Would not this be a solution of that very problem that the income tax attempted to solve? It would give the small property owner, who is principally the working man in this country, the smallest burden of tax, and each man on the ladder of wealth from him up, would pay in the right proportion, and each would receive

his insurance at the right price, and by means of a right and simple system the losses could be easily adjusted and paid.

PAUL L. FEISS.

Government has a perfect right to compel a man to insure his life in a sum sufficient to afford reasonable security that, in case of his death or disability, his dependants will not become a charge on the public. This is in accordance with the axiom that "one man's liberty ends where the rights of another begin." If government exercises that right, it follows, as an illative consequence, that it should provide insurance at an equitable price and be responsible for the payment of matured policies, instead of acting as steerer for private corporations already grown immensely rich on the fruits of robbery. The very people whom it is most desirable to reach by compulsory life insurance—the ones who are the chief contributors to our contingent of paupers—have little or nothing to protect from fire. Governmental fire insurance, therefore, cannot be justified by the plea that it is a preventative of pauperism; but Mr. Feiss urges that it would secure an equalization of taxation, in which event it is in accord with the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number. Clearly it would not accomplish this purpose, unless it were made compulsory, for many prefer to assume their own risk rather than pay an insurance premium. In this class, so I am informed, are many wealthy men, having property in divers places, as well as some of our largest corporations. If we make insurance compulsory, would not this non-insuring class have much the same temptation to place a low valuation on their property to reduce their premiums that they now have to reduce their taxes? If insurance be made the basis of taxation, would not

thousands of others reduce their insurance estimate to avoid paying what would be in effect a double premium? Would not the man who has a building insured for \$10,000 and assessed for taxation at \$5,000, be tempted to reduce his insurance to \$2,500, feeling that the amount thus saved more than repays him for the risk? How would governmental fire insurance, even though compulsory, solve the tax problem when it cannot be applied to land, while bonds, stocks and other increment-earning securities may be protected by fire-proof vaults? It might be urged in view of the buccaneering combines of "old line" companies that governmental fire insurance would be justified because it would, by its cheapness, save the people millions of dollars that now go to enrich the drones; but that proposition, carried to its logical conclusion, would mean applied socialism. There are a great many well informed men, however, who would not object to it on that account.



THE LAST OF OUR LIBERTIES.

WHEN an American citizen is not permitted to have his mail directed to whatsoever postoffice he pleases and delivered to whosoever he likes; when he is not allowed to request a fellow craftsman to refrain from working for starvation wages; when he is forbidden by the courts to walk on the public highway, and is shot in the back on the plea that he is imperiling the lives of his assassins, it would seem that we have precious little left of our boasted "right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The human battle at Latimer, Pa., was the most horrible affair that has ever disgraced American history. A party of half

starved miners, finding their wages insufficient to provide themselves and families with the simple necessities of life, had quit work, hoping that their wealthy employers might be coerced by their idleness into according them a living in exchange for their labor. Never had a great strike been conducted with so little violence—although a majority of the workmen and their families were actually suffering for food and clothing, life and property were almost universally respected. A party of these poor fellows were trudging peaceably and unarmed along the public highway when they were halted by a super-officious sheriff, accompanied by a hundred or more heavily armed deputies. He undertook to read the riot act to them—why only he and heaven know, as they were perpetrating no violence, committing no crime. Being for the most part Hungarians and Italians who spoke little English, they could not comprehend, but crowded about the sheriff, staring inquiringly into his face. And the poor miserable creature miscalled a man, conceived the fool idea that “his life was in danger,” that he was “about to be trampled to death” under the very muzzles of his own guns, before the eyes of his well-fed deputies, who could have put them to flight with their fists. “His coward lips did from their color fly”—his white liver turned green with craven fear—his chicken heart melted in his mouth—his currish blood curdled in his carcass, and in a voice hoarse with fear, husky with baby tears, he bawled out the order to fire. The miners hear the click of the gun-locks—they see the long line of rifles raised to the shoulder and divine their danger—but alas! too late. They turn to flee, terror-stricken, and a murderous volley is poured into—their backs!—then another! Two and twenty lie dead, fifty more are writhing with grievous wounds, pleading for mercy—“the poor people who have to work” are

slaughtered like sheep in the shambles, and for no other crime than walking unarmed on the public highway—huddled together because “misery loves company.” The sheriff and his deputies, having done their dastardly work, slink off like so many unclean jackals and ragged little children come creeping forth to peer into the ghastly faces of their fathers, while gaunt women bewail their widowhood in a foreign tongue, or kneel in the dust with clasped hands and faces of blank despair beside their still bleeding dead. Gracious God! what an ending to many a happy dream! what a breath from hell, blasting so many humble homes! What are the thoughts of that dark-eyed daughter of Italia, crouching like a lioness over the corpse of her lover?—of that Hungarian woman striving to staunch with her ragged skirt the life-tide of her lord while her almost naked children cling about her knees? Does she remember the day when an oily-tongued agent for the mine operators visited their humble shack and told them of the great country beyond the setting sun where the common people bear rule—where the lowliest laborer is a sovereign and the superior of Europe’s haughty lords? Does she remember how they dreamed and planned, how they looked forward to long years of happiness in “the land of the brave and the home of the free,” the “refuge of the world’s oppressed”?—how they toiled and saved to pay their passage to a country where a child born to them might become President? At last they took ship, and day by day strained their eyes to catch a glimpse of that western haven which was to be the portal of their heaven, and when they landed they could have kissed the land where “all men are equal before the law.” But the fond dream soon faded, they were more hopelessly enslaved than in the fatherland, compelled to live on less, answerable not to some haughty but generous nobleman, but to a

grasping, insolent and ignorant parvenue, willing to coin their heart's blood into boodle. And this is the end! The husband of her youth, already grown grizzly in the fierce struggle for existence, shot down by his fellow-citizens "because he chanced to walk on the public highway and there met a coward whose strange words he could not understand, lies dead in her arms, while around her his hungry orphans wail! I say he met a coward; but perchance I do Sheriff Martin too much honor. Cowards are born, not made; and if he inherited cowardice from a mongrel sire, or drew it in with his mother's milk, he should not be unduly blamed. Did he give that order to fire because he was frightened, or because he was instructed by the mine operators to "make a killing" that would terrorize the ill-fed and unarmed miners into submission to their hard terms? Is Sheriff Martin a cringing coward or a subsidized assassin? From the testimony before me I cannot tell; but I learn that the mine operators "consider that the killing had a good effect." I learn from to day's (September 21) dispatches that "a majority of the miners have returned to work, and that, with but one or two exceptions, at the old terms"—that "the backbone of the strike is broken"—since upwards of 70 in-offensive men were shot in the back! Napoleon learned long ago that a few well-directed volleys would break the backbone of almost anything, and the mine operators appear to have profited by his experience. The same dispatches state that the sheriff and a number of his janizaries have been arrested—the sheriff who pleaded in extenuation of his crime that his victims "were most all foreigners." They were foreigners brought here by the mine operators in defiance of the contract labor law, starved and abused until they laid down their tools—then shot at until they took them up again. What will be done

with the assassins? O, they will "be subjected to a rigid examination"—to satisfy the public and avoid international complications. They will have behind them the powerful influence of the mine operators, whom they have served so well, and the plutocratic newspapers and mugwump magazines will see to it that all who demand that they be properly punished are denounced as "anarchists." But one thing is sure as that there's a God in Israel: Every one of those assassins should be stood with his face to a brick wall and a pound of lead blown through his back. True, "the deputies obeyed orders"; but a man who will obey an order given by a frantic fool or hired assassin to slay inoffensive people, should not be permitted to halt four-and-twenty hours this side of hell. I am told that "the sheriff and most of his deputies are Americans." It's an infamous falsehood—no American ever did such a deed. A mongrel cross between a lousy yahoo and a mangy she-wolf were not capable of committing such a crime. They are not Americans, but unnatural monsters who committed their cowardly crime in this country, and Columbia can purge herself of the damning disgrace only by blowing the last one of them to fragments or hanging him in a hair halter higher than Haman. I once said that the workman was at least allowed liberty to starve to death; but even that poor privilege is now denied—if he attempts it he will be shot to death.

* * *

PAINE AND THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Columbia, S. C. asks me "Why the American people despise the memory of Thos. Paine," and "if it be true that President Washington de-

clined to interfere in his behalf when he was imprisoned by Robespierre."

The American people do *not* "despise the memory of Thos. Paine"—at least none do so but those who are grossly ignorant of their country's history, or consider its separation from "the mother country" as a heinous crime. Millions of intelligent and patriotic Americans emphatically dissent from Paine's religious views and deeply regret that he wrote "The Age of Reason"; but they cannot "despise him for frankly expressing his opinions and defending them with all his intellectual force. To do so were to deny liberty of conscience and freedom of speech, basic principles of this Republic. All Anglo-maniacs, and some splenetic ignorami who mistake cirrhosis of the heart and gangrene of the head for the Grace of God, *hate* Thos. Paine with the vindictive hate of hell; but to *despise* a man of titanic intellect, good moral principle and invincible courage, is a psychological impossibility. Paine was a devout Deist—believed in "one God and no more." His attacks on Trinitarianism, while almost appalling in their power—being to Ingersoll's cheap rhetoric as an earthquake to the patter of rain-drops on the roof, as the scimeter of Saladin to a painted sword—do not always exhibit a proper respect for the opinions of others equally honest, but "the audacity of genius" has passed into a proverb, the man of colossal mind ever "speaks as one having authority and not as the scribes."

But whatever right-minded Americans may think of Paine's religious opinions, they never forget that to him more than to any dozen others is due the fact that we are a nation to-day. Washington has been called "the father of his country"; but every student of history well knows that the real parent of this Republic is Thos. Paine, the "*bete-noire*" of backwoods parsons. Such is the testi-

mony of both enemies and eulogists. Even the *Encyclopedia Britannica* admits as much. After stating that he came to this country bearing letters of introduction from Franklin to the leaders of the nascent resistance to England's colonial policy, it says:

"His opportunity came when these leaders were dispirited and *disposed to compromise*. He then set the Colonists aflame with a pamphlet entitled "Common Sense." . . . There is a complete concurrence in testimony that Paine's pamphlet was a *turning point* in the struggle, that it roused and consolidated public feelings and swept waverers along with the tide. When war was declared and fortune at first went against the colonists, Paine, serving with Washington as a private soldier, composed by the light of campfire "The Crisis," which was read to the army and had a wonderful effect in restoring a courage considerably impaired by defeat. Its opening words, 'These are the times that try men's souls,' became a battle cry."

Such is the testimony of the great British cyclopedia, which bitterly denounces Paine as "a clever but crazy and dangerous political enthusiast," and adds that had he not written "The Age of Reason" "the final verdict of history upon his usefulness would have turned on the question *whether the United States did well to declare and fight* for its independence. Just how a politician can be both "clever" and "crazy" I cannot conceive; but that Paine was "dangerous" to the British monarch is evidenced by the fact that after emancipating the American colonies he went to England, where it was quickly found necessary to suppress his pamphlets and indict him for treason to prevent him pulling the throne from under the

House of Hanover and transforming that country into a Republic also. And what did his "treason" consist in? The authorship of "The Rights of Man"—now conceded by Christians and Infidels, Monarchists and Republicans, to be one of the noblest books of all the ages. We have it on the highest authority that Pitt, who caused the book to be suppressed and its author indicted, admitted to his confidential friends that "Tom Paine was quite in the right," but that it was necessary to proceed against him lest the judgments of the English people

"—should become too bright,
And their free thoughts be crimes
And earth have too much light!"

At that time the people of both Europe and America idolized Paine, and tyrants who feared not the wrath of God cowered before his pen. It was Thos. Paine who enriched the heavens with Freedom's Flag, who raised up armies to resist the insolent usurpations of England, who revived their failing courage in the hour of defeat, who induced them to endure the horrors of Valley Forge, to tramp with bare and bleeding feet over ice and snow, and hurl themselves again and again upon the Hessian scythes and British bayonets until the tools of tyranny were compelled to beg permission to leave the land they could not conquer. Throughout the war he was "the guide, philosopher and friend" of Generals Washington and Greene, sometimes serving them as aide-de-camp, sometimes seizing a musket and fighting in the ranks as a common soldier. He was the confidential friend of Jefferson and Monroe, of Adams and Franklin and all the prominent patriots of that stormy period. He was the *soul* of the Revolution, his great courageous heart a dynamo from

which an electric current coursed through the colonies,—a sagittary sending forth fiery darts of destruction. When the wisest and bravest stood irresolute, indignant but knowing not what to do, he showed them that, being *men*, they had no choice but to raise the standard of revolt and fight their way to victory or death, and lo! the Declaration of Independence (some say he wrote it) sprang to their lips, the gage of battle was hurled at the feet of Britain. When they became discouraged by defeat after defeat, the British and Hessians before them, the Indians behind them, the Tories among them, the land a desolation thick-grown with graves, apparently forgotten of God, he appealed to their manhood once more with words charged with electric fire, and again

“Freedom’s Banner, torn but flying,
Streams like a thunder-storm *against* the wind.”

Not once or twice, but time and again through seven long years of blood and tears must he lash the smooth-tongued peace-makers, the traitorous Tories into their holes, and plead with the poverty-stricken, half-armed patriots to fight on and ever on, to die if need be like the gaunt she-wolf “in silence, biting hard.” As the philippics of Demosthenes fired Athenian hearts, so did the pen of Thos. Paine stir the blood of men to mutiny. Never, in this country or elsewhere, did he accept a penny’s recompense for his writings in defense of freedom—that was a labor of love. But the struggle over, congress and various states testified the new-born nation’s gratitude by voting him sums of money or the confiscated property of traitors. It was then he said, “Where liberty is *not*, there is my country.” He returned to England to drag our old enemy, George III from the throne he so long disgraced, and would have

done so but for the promptitude of Pitt. Being elected a deputy to the National Convention of France, he went thither just in time to avoid the English noose. There this man, so long denounced by royalty-loving toad-eaters as "a bloody-minded monster," attached himself to the Girondist or moderate part, and by opposing the excesses of the Reign of Terror provoked the enmity of Robespierre. He was imprisoned and marked for death because of his humanity, because he was tender as he was brave and talented, but Washington, then President, took no steps to succor his old-time friend and counsellor, though appealed to by the American resident in Paris. James Monroe, then our minister to France, afterwards President, exerted himself in Paine's behalf, but received no support from the home government. Washington was flatly accused by prominent men of the guilt of base ingratitude, and both James Monroe and Thomas Jefferson echoed the sentiment, in more diplomatic but unmistakable language. After his release Paine, who usually said what he meant without waste of words, gave the "first in war, first in peace," etc., a red-hot "roast," of which the following is a sample: "As for you, Sir, treacherous in private friendship and a hypocrite in public life, the world will be puzzled to know whether you are an apostate or an impostor, whether you have abandoned good principles, or whether you ever had any."

That was pretty stiff talk, but the recipient managed to get it down without the aid of goose-grease. When Jefferson became President he did all that he could to serve Paine, cheerfully acknowledging the debt of gratitude due him by this country and mankind. Why Washington took no steps to save the life of the man who made possible the Republic of which he was President, I do not know; it has never been satisfactorily explained by his biographers—

being considered by them of less importance than the apocryphal cherry-tree incident. Washington was a great stickler for formality, and Paine could not be considered a subject for official intervention on the part of this government while a deputy of the National Convention of France; but a suggestion from the President that his release would be appreciated by this Republic would probably have been sufficient. The time has not yet come to pass final judgment upon George Washington and Thomas Paine. As the general in a successful revolution that appeals so strongly to national pride, and first President of the Republic we so dearly love, the temptation to apotheosize the one is strong, while it is at present impossible to view the other except through the distorting glass of religious prejudice. Some few are now willing to admit that the foster-father of his country had some faults, that he was a trifle phlegmatic, had an exalted opinion of himself, and was very much for Mr. Washington. True, he rebuked those who desired to make him king; but then Cæsar had the tact to put back the crown he could not wear. He wanted no pay for his services, but accepted it all the same. He was a Federalist, and feared the people might become too free, that the chief magistrate would not be quite enough of the monarch. Paine was a democrat to the heart's core, and at that time all powerful with the people—a rather awkward fellow to have around while the principles of the nation were forming. As a man Washington might really regret the peril of his "sincere friend," whose society he had sought, whose "services to this country" he once so earnestly desired to "impress upon congress"; as a practical politician he might consider it advisable to leave him in the Luxembourg where he could do no damage—Thos. Jefferson being all that the Federalists could well attend to. When "The Age of

Reason " appeared the Church of England people and the Puritans dominated the religious thought of this land. The clergymen of the first were royalists almost to a man and hated Paine for political reasons; the parsons of the latter had not become broad enough to tolerate a man who objected to boring the tongues of Quakers and witch-burning as mild religious diversions, no matter what services he had rendered their country and mankind. The author of our liberties was fairly hounded to death by these harpies, and ever since a putrid tide of "Christian" calumny has rolled across his sepulcher. To this good day the makers of American histories and cyclopedias dare not accord to Thos. Paine the credit that is justly his due, lest they lose a few dirty dollars. The "Columbian cyclopedia" while admitting that he "turned the tide" in favor of freedom, is so eager to belittle and belie him for its publisher's profit that it flatly contradicts itself and garbles dates in an heroic attempt to rehash all the old calumnies. (In this connection I desire to say that there is extant a recommendation of the "Columbian Cyclopedia signed by me made, I am ashamed to say, after an examination of the *plan* of the work, rather than of the work itself. The *plan* is excellent; but the d—dest set of ignorami on earth have been selected to carry it out. I will wager the publishers \$1,000 that I can find 500 ignorant errors on 250 pages, and that in their article on Thos. Paine they have made at least three statements they cannot substantiate. It is an Anglomanical work edited by idiots, and so shamefully unreliable that I have kicked it out of my library in disgust, and advised every honest seeker for information to do the same. It should be called Columbia's Cloaca, or Uncle Sam's Sloptub.) Gradually Paine's services to this country have been hidden under such piles of compost, and now the masses know him only as the man who dared

deny in the shadow of the guillotine that Jesus Christ was "the only begotten Son of God." But the tide of falsehood is ebbing, and some future generation will do him justice. The time will assuredly come when even the star of Washington will pale before that of Paine—when the creature of the Revolution will no longer outshine its creator. "The years are seldom unjust."

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